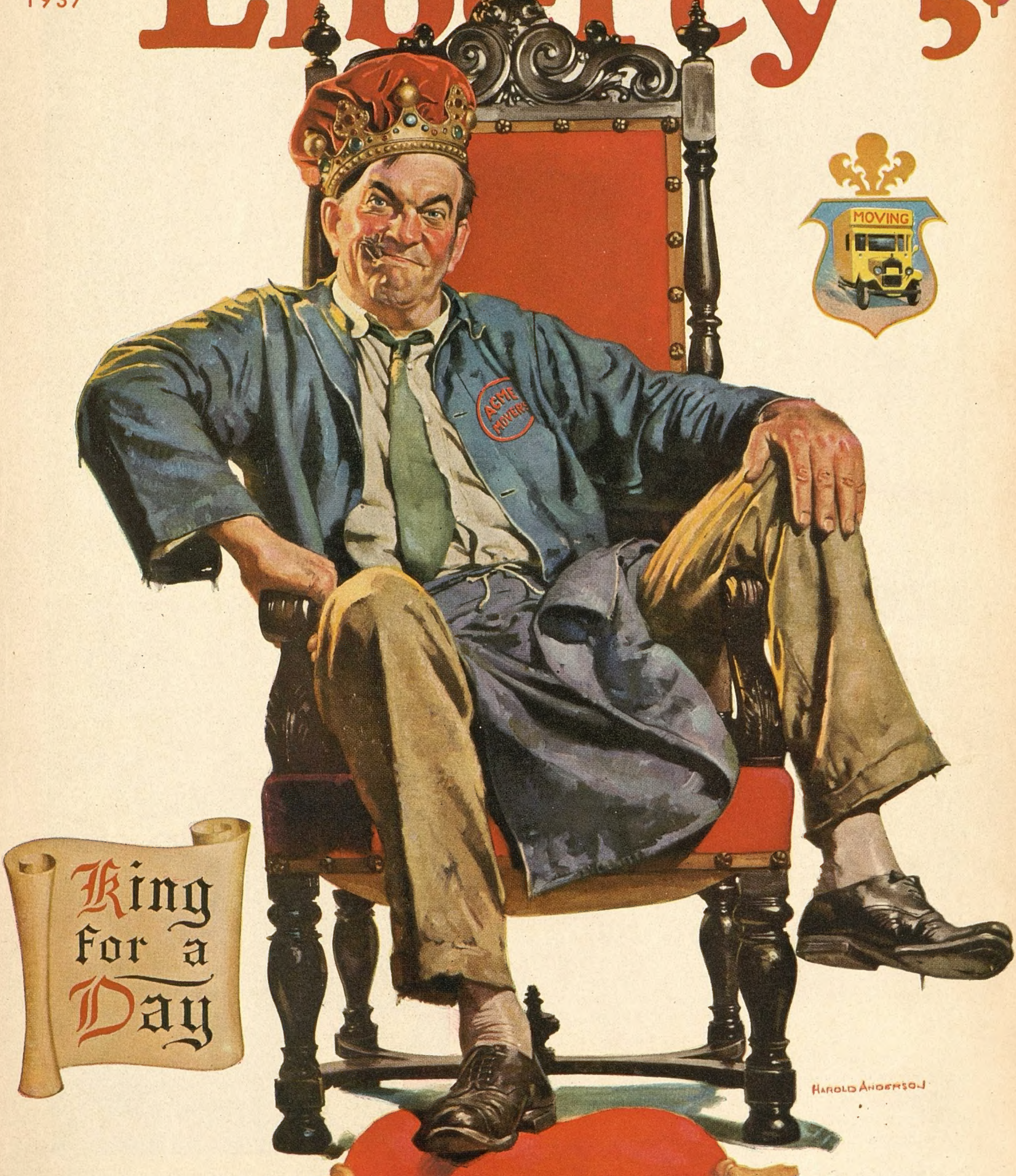
STUMBLE-BACKS—DOES FOOTBALL MAKE PLAYERS STUPI

A Challenge to Colleges by Frank Scully

OCT. 9,
1937

Liberty

5¢


MOVING
ACME MOVERS
King for a Day
HAROLD ANDERSON

SPENCER TRACY CONQUERS HIMSELF—An Inspiring Story of the Battle All Men Must Fight

It's Here! The Greater PHOTOPLAY In The NEW, LARGER, LUXURY SIZE!

PHOTOPLAY
OCTOBER
25c

America's Most Famous Writers

EXQUISITE PHOTOS

Joan Crawford by Adela Rogers St. Johns

LARGER PAGE SIZE 10½ x 14 INCHES

Full Color Portrait of CAROLE LOMBARD

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

The Love Story **JEAN HARLOW** Asked Me to Write

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ALMOST like a message from the beyond comes this poignantly thrilling romance which appears complete in the big luxury sized Photoplay for October. A midnight transcontinental call from Jean Harlow in Hollywood awakened Faith Baldwin at four o'clock one morning shortly before Jean was stricken. The result of their earnest conversation is "The Love Story Jean Harlow Asked Me to Write," by Faith Baldwin. Everyone who loved the much mourned star will thrill to this beautiful and touching tribute to her memory.

Another feature of universal interest is "Hollywood Morals—If Any," by Errol Flynn who tells the truth as he sees it with utter frankness and candor. Still another feature that will intrigue your interest is "Hollywood Does Not Understand Sex," by Gilbert Seldes. In fact, every page between the covers of this larger and most unusual magazine will please you tremendously.

The new Photoplay, in its larger luxury size is so rich in art, rich in color, rich in content that it is a pleasure to touch and a thrilling adventure to read. The price remains at 25c as formerly. So take no chances on missing it.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY—AT THE NEAREST NEWSSTAND

A Young Man with a Promising Future can't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

THIS young American is already looking to the future. He has ambitions—*and plans.* And, very sensibly, these plans include the proper care of his teeth and gums. Thanks to his dentist and his teacher, he already knows the meaning of "pink tooth brush," the importance of massage to healthy gums and sound teeth—*and he's doing something about it.*

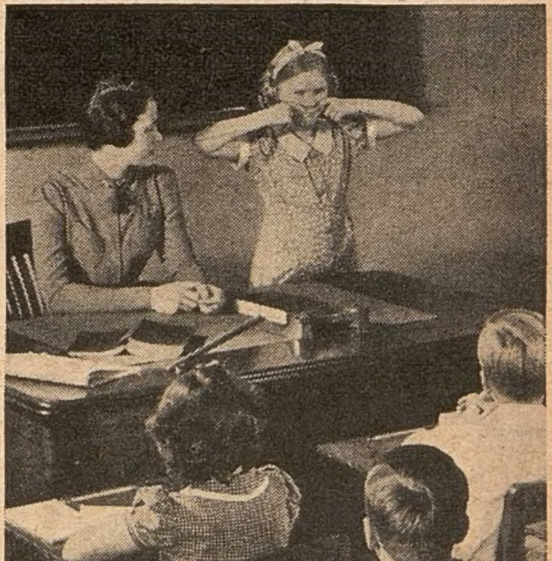
Today's soft, well-cooked foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. Robbed of natural work by our modern menus, gums grow weak and flabby. And then Nature flashes her warning signal—that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble—but let him decide. Many times, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need work—gums that usually respond quickly to the helpful assistance of *Ipana and massage.*

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage *today.* Let this modern dental health routine guard the health of your teeth and gums—help keep your smile brilliant, sparkling!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"
—every Wednesday over N.B.C.
Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.



GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
AS USED ALWAYS REP

IPANA—*tooth paste*

• In classrooms all over the country, teachers are doing much to help the future oral health of their pupils by instructing them in the technique of gum massage.

OCTOBER 9, 1937
Liberty
VOL. 14, NO. 41

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Ten Million Prejudiced Charity Voters

THE Gold Dust Lodge, a celebrated refuge for the down-and-out, was conducted in New York on the East Side for a number of years by the Salvation Army. But it is rumored that the need for voters closed this magnificent benefaction.

Nearly 2,000 men were lodged in a big factory building, but they were not entitled to the privilege of voting. They were charity wards.

And by the simple process of housing these human derelicts in lodginghouses their status was changed . . . foreigners excepted . . . they became legalized American voters.

Therefore politics might have had something to do with the closing of the Gold Dust Lodge.

When we realize that there are approximately ten million citizens in this country who are subsisting on government dole or on semicharitable work relief, and that they all have full privileges of self-supporting citizens, we may reasonably ask how is it possible for such voters to make a free choice as guided by their conscience and intelligence. They would naturally vote for those upon whom they depend for their bread and butter.

It is well to note how careful the Washington government has been to retain control of the distribution of these charity funds. Every victim of the present financial upheaval knows the source of his benefaction, and the value of such a situation when votes are desired can readily be determined. The loss of a charity job or removal from the dole list would mean a tragedy to such people.

Every self-supporting citizen is compelled, through taxation, to maintain these charity victims. Naturally, active workers question the desirability of giving such people the right of suffrage.

They should not be allowed to vote as long as they are being supported by a government whose officials become candidates for re-election.

These ten million charity votes would turn any election, regardless of who the candidates might be, and we may be sure that every such voter will be driven by every means that can be devised by practical politicians to support candidates in accordance with their instructions.

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

It is reported that on numerous occasions in the last election WPA jobs were given only to those who had registered as Democrats. If such applicants had registered as Republicans, they were instructed to change their registration or they would not be given a job.

A scandalous situation was disclosed in connection with the last election for governor in the State of Kentucky. All those who were on relief in that state received a circular letter mailed from Washington, in which they were told that the Roosevelt administration had been unusually kind to them, and it was hoped they would return the favor by voting for the governor favored in Washington.

Details of this situation were published at the time with caustic comments in the newspapers throughout the country . . . but the Democratic candidate was elected.

All sorts of precautions are used to insure honest voting. Every citizen is supposed to express his personal unbiased opinion when casting his ballot.

Because charity voters could automatically keep officials in office indefinitely, they should be disenfranchised.

Voters who pay the expenses of this government should be the controlling force.

Our ballots should be influenced not by financial interests but by intelligent consideration of the character and ability of the candidates. Then balloting would be reasonably honest.

Democracy depends first, last, and all the time upon the free, unprejudiced choice of the voting population. And as long as support of a voter's family depends upon the continuance in office of the party in power, just so long will it be impossible for him to make an honest selection when he enters the voting booth.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

FUGITIVE

The story of one who dared all to return to Sing Sing!

BY EUGENE LYONS

I DO not know how much of his story was fact. Since my return, I have hesitated to repeat it because it sounds so farfetched. I know only that I did believe him that day in my office in Moscow.

He phoned me: "I'm an American, and I'm in terrible trouble. I must see you—alone. It's life or death."

"What's it about?" I asked.

"I can't tell you on the phone."

"All right. Come on over."

"But promise me you'll be alone, Mr. Lyons. It's the end of me if I'm caught."

I promised, and in about half an hour there was a feeble knock on my door. At first glance he seemed just another ragged dirt-crusted Russian; then I saw that the man was sick, feverish, and that he was starved. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. I brought him sandwiches and tea. While he ate with trembling fingers, I studied his face. Imagine a tough, cruel, rogues'-gallery face beaten into a pulp by suffering—the face of a thug who has been through purgatory.

That he was an American was clear enough. But his American English, when he began to speak, seemed moldy from disuse. Some of his slang was years out of date.

"I am an escaped convict from Sing Sing," he began.

"From Sing Sing!" I ejaculated.

"Yeh; Sing Sing, in New York." He went on to tell me his name—let us say it was Jim Brown—and that, ten years previously, he had escaped from Sing Sing, where he had been serving a long term for robbery. In the prison he had met a physician doing time for a fatal illegal operation. The physician, a radical, had talked endlessly about Russia. The thought of Russia had stuck in Jim's head; if ever he escaped, he would try to get there.

He hid in New York, then got work on a ship and crossed the Atlantic. Without a passport and with little money, he nevertheless managed to reach Russia. In Minsk he was picked up by the G. P. U. They didn't believe him; they thought he was a spy—and in any case he had entered illegally. He was shifted from one prison to another and finally sentenced to ten years on Solovetskii Island—the dreaded Soviet "Devil's Island" within the Arctic Circle. There conditions were merciless. In comparison, Sing Sing had been a paradise. Gradually he learned Russian and became one of the gray undifferentiated mass of the condemned and forgotten.

As the end of his term approached, he dreamed of finding work in a Soviet factory somewhere and beginning life again. But orders came to send a lot of prisoners for labor in the far north of Siberia. When Jim protested, he was told that his sentence had been extended indefinitely. (There was nothing incredible about that.)

The task in northern Siberia was to turn a frozen marsh into a port for lumber. Conditions were even worse than in the island prison. Every day men dropped dead from exposure, starvation, and overwork. Jim fell sick with a high fever, but was driven to work despite that. In the end, he resolved to run away; to escape from Russia somehow, get to an American consulate, and surrender. He was going to risk his life to be back in Sing Sing!

Running away was easy. They were practically unguarded. But then there were hundreds of miles of arctic wilderness before him. It took him nearly three months to reach European Russia—and as he tried to tell me of those months, the tears rolled down his cheeks. He begged and he stole money and food as he went along. Ultimately he arrived in Moscow, where the first American he approached, a man whom he had known in New York, threatened to turn him over to the police. But from outcasts like himself he learned joyously that in Kiev there was a gang of frontier runners; for a good sum, they would help him cross the border. He succeeded (he did not tell me how) in laying his hands on a fairly large sum in rubles, and went to Kiev.

There the frontier runners only laughed at his filthy rubles. If he would give them fifty American dollars or the equivalent in any other foreign currency, they would undertake to get him into Poland.

So Jim Brown returned to Moscow. To be caught now by the G. P. U. would mean certain death. When he came to me, his rubles were gone, and for forty-eight hours he had been without food, and he was burning up inside and shaking with fever. But he had seen a number of Americans, whom he named; among them were two of my newspaper colleagues. Mostly they were suspicious of him. A few had given him money. He now had twenty-two dollars.

"Maybe you don't believe me," he said. "Why should you? But you must—or I'm a goner!"

Suddenly, like a Russian peasant, he went down on his knees and tried to kiss my hand. This from a man with a name like Jim Brown and speaking American!

"Look here," I said. "It's not the twenty-eight dollars. I'd like to give you that. But as a foreign correspondent I can't afford to take chances. What if I were caught helping an escaped convict to get out of the country? For all I know, you've been put up to this to frame me—anything's possible here."

"I know, I know, and I got a lot of nerve asking you. But what else could I do? You *gotta* believe me!"

I said I thought I did. But what if he were caught? Maybe some one had seen him come in here.

"Geez, if they pull my veins out one by one I won't squeal! Sure; you'd be bugs to give it to me—but—"

Again he wept, uncontrollably.

"Let me think it over," I said. "Here are a few rubles. Call me again at—no; come back here at twelve."

He slunk out. At twelve he was back. I handed him a roll of American dollar bills. He looked at them and at me, unbelieving, then fell to his knees again and began to kiss the hem of my trousers, as he must have seen beaten peasants do.

"Stop this nonsense!" I fairly shouted. "Now go on, and good luck to you!"

Jim Brown got to his feet. He looked me straight in the eyes and he groped for words.

"I—I don't know how to thank you—what to say. Probably I'll get shot, but if not . . . Cripes! I'll pay you back. I'll pray for something I can do for you that no one else can!"

He left. I watched him from the window, a furtive figure hunched against the sharp wind, until he disappeared from view. I never heard of him again.

THE END

DON'T LET "5 O'clock Shadow" START A WHISPERING CAMPAIGN

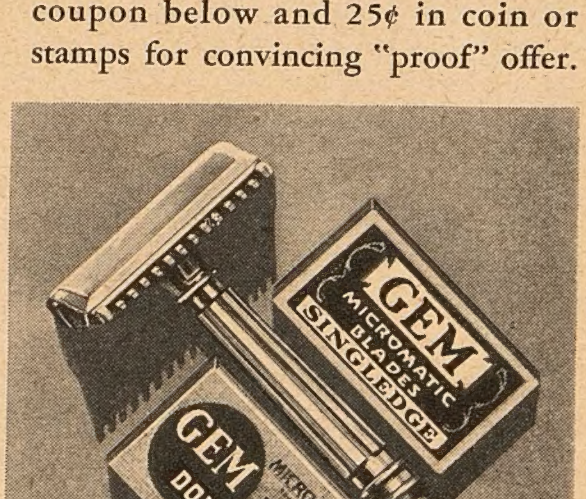
Let down a little in your personal appearance and it's just human nature for others to surmise that things aren't so good with you!

"5 O'clock Shadow"—that unsightly beard growth which appears prematurely at about 5 P.M., looks bad. It's caused directly by using inefficient shaving instruments which merely "top" the beard. Note this well: *A Gem Blade in a Gem Razor guarantees shadowless shaves which last to the end of the longest day!*

For the Gem Micromatic Razor is scientifically right. Its built-in, face-fitting bevel hugs every facial contour; compels the long, smooth, gliding stroke of the master barber; shaves at the *one* correct angle, clean and close at the dermal line. All one piece, Gem is the world's easiest razor to use. Twist, it opens; twist, it closes.

The Gem Micromatic Blade is made of 50% thicker surgical steel and its deeper beveled edge is stropped 4840 separate times to incredible, *lasting* keenness. You get cleaner shaves and *far more of them* to each blade.

Stay clean with Gem! One dollar buys a Gem Razor with 5 blades, handsomely cased, at all dealers. Or send coupon below and 25¢ in coin or stamps for convincing "proof" offer.



SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L46, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME________________
STREET________________
CITY________ STATE________

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

LOVE STORY

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

WE were up to our necks in the Noble Experiment, the gangsters were running wild, women were wearing their skirts high, Dempsey was champion of the world, nearly everybody had plenty of money, and I was a cop. A young cop, just graduated to plain clothes and attached to the burglary detail of our department.

Twelve years ago! . . .

Sometimes, when I look back at that young cop that was me, I get feeling sad. I'm a long ways from doddering—but he was such a husky, enthusiastic young guy. He still believed most people were honest. His stomach hadn't begun to bulge and he still had his hair.

He was so ambitious, that young cop. He was studying law in night school . . .

And he was in love. . . .

She had a good job—that is, so far as the money went. She was a hat-check girl in one of the town's flash speakeasies, and her tips ran her a lot more than she could have got earning a living in a way that would have been more up her alley. Hat-check girls have to take an awful lot from drunks and guys on the make. But she said she didn't mind them.

There was something so cool and clean and sweet about her. She had a quiet, happy little laugh; her hair was naturally blonde and smelled nice; and her eyes were like a couple of fresh-picked violets—if you get what I mean.

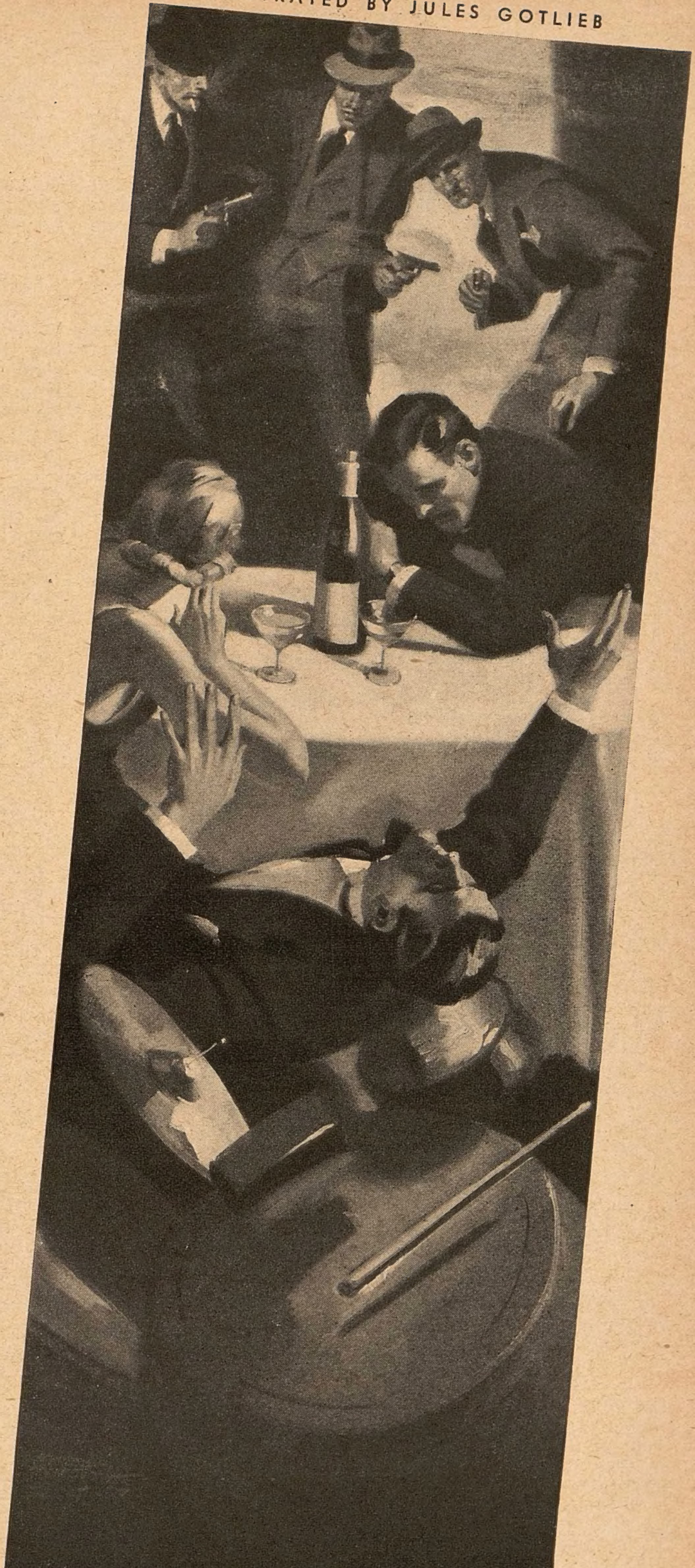
"There's you and me—and there's the rest of the world," she told me, after we'd been going together for a month. "What difference does it make?"

It did make a difference to me, though. I always had the feeling that sometime I was going to be calling for her in that speak when some guy would talk out of turn and I'd have to clunk him. The worst thing about the set-up, I thought, was the guy she worked for—the owner of the place. He'd gotten rich in the alky racket and was tied in with one of the big gangs, although it had never been proved on him. He was a back-slapping, oily guy.

She said he never bothered her.

A detective-author gives you a grim slice of life—A tale of terror, heartbreak, and a girl

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



Suddenly all three of them had fired at Crispi.

"He'd better not!" I told her. "Just let him try it once!"

You may wonder why we didn't just up and get married. Well, there I was, taking that night course in law, figuring I was going to be a big shot some day. It was a four-year course, nights, and I'd only finished my first year.

But I wanted Ella, and she wanted me, and we wanted each other in the right way, and it wasn't long before I was skipping classes and she wasn't giving me hell for doing it. She would type my notes for me in her apartment after she got home from the speak. She would quiz me about cases at two o'clock in the morning, before she sent me home.

Then it got so we talked about other things besides law before she sent me home. Making dates with each other for dinner and for her nights off.

You can't kid nature. One night—I'll never forget it—she looked at me, and I looked at her, and we knew we were going to have to get married if we wanted to keep the record straight. . . .

So that's what we decided to do, law or no law.

We decided to make a real wedding out of it, too. Ella didn't have a relative in the world and I only had a great-uncle; but that didn't make any difference. We lined us up a minister, and sent out engraved invitations to all our friends. The other hat-check girls and the two cigarette girls from the speak were going to be bridesmaids, Cap Mattison of the Burglary Detail was going to give the bride away, my partner Jim Ellis was going to be best man, and some of the other boys from the detail were going to be ushers. I was going to get a week off for a honeymoon in Cap Mattison's cabin up at one of the mountain lakes. Oh, it was a swell set-up, and did the presents begin to roll in!

Ella only had a few more days before her week's pay check came due where she worked, so she stayed on there. I kept on going to school nights, trying to keep my mind on *my* work. . . .

And then the damned thing happened.

It happened on Ella's last night at the speak. She called me on the phone at my night school. She was crying, and her voice sounded like she was scared stiff. She begged me to get down to her as fast as I could.

You can guess how I felt, and about how long it took me to get across town to her. All I could think of was that boss of hers. Maybe he was mixed up in it. Maybe he'd made a pass at her and she had—

But he was the first guy I met when I slammed into the place. It was about ten thirty, I remember, and I also remember how I got cold all over when I saw a couple of our squad cars out in front, and an ambulance.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"Your boys are all inside," he said. "I been waiting here for you."

"Where's Ella?" I asked, grabbing him.

"She's in there with them," he said. "Don't get excited! She hasn't done anything. There's been a killing—"

I STARTED toward the heavy curtains that divided off the lobby from the rest of the speak, but he held me. "You won't put her in a spot, if you know what's good for her," he said.

"What do you mean, if I know what's good for her?" I said, pulling away from him.

"You'll see," he said, letting go of me and following me through the curtains. "I just wanted to warn you."

I'll never forget how that speak looked. It was full of customers, most of them sitting kind of frozen at their tables, pretty scared. On the little dance floor, just in front of the orchestra, a guy in a tuxedo with blood on his face was lying all sprawled out, and a couple of ambulance boys in white were getting ready to load him on to their stretcher. I recognized about half a dozen of the boys from Homicide standing around at the doors like they weren't going to let anybody leave. My only thought was for Ella, of course—and there she was, at a table over in the corner, with Captain Huston of the Homicide Detail. He was talking hard at her, and she had her face in her hands, crying.

"Here he is, captain," Ella's boss said as we crossed the dance floor to the table.

"Hello!" I remember Huston saying—and not paying any more attention to him until I'd gotten an arm around Ella's shoulders and had asked her what was the matter. She just looked up at me kind of hysterical for a second, then started crying some more.

"Maybe I better tell you," I heard Huston saying. He finally got my attention and told me what had happened.

The dead guy, he said, was Bones Crispi. The name clicked with me right away: one of the half dozen big-shot gangsters in the city. Not the real big shot, but big enough.

Crispi, the captain said, had come into the place alone that evening, and had been sitting at a table on the other side of the place, eating a spaghetti dinner and minding his own business. When he finished, he went over to the orchestra leader; they were old friends. He'd been standing there, talking and kidding with the leader, when suddenly three guys had stepped through the curtains from the lobby. Three guys who'd been in plain sight of everybody at that end of the room. All three of them had gotten their rods out and had fired at Crispi, right across the heads of the customers.

CRISPI had crumpled up, dead, on the floor, and the three guys had stepped back through the curtains and disappeared.

But what about Ella? I wanted to know.

Huston said in a hard voice, "*She* could identify them, if she wanted to! She was alone out there in the lobby—in the checkroom!"

"I tell you, I didn't see them!" Ella looked up and half screamed it at him. "I tell you, I didn't!"

"You couldn't help seeing them!" Huston said. "They had to pass right by you!"

"Wait a minute!" I said. Captain or no captain, he wasn't going to talk to my girl like that. "She says she didn't see them!"

He kind of shrugged.

"Maybe you can get some sense out of her."

"I'll talk to her," I said. "But not here, in front of all these mugs."

I put my arm around the poor kid and the oily one went ahead of us to his office.

"Remember what I told you!" he said as he left.

"Get the hell out of here!" I said to him, slamming the door.

The first thing I did, naturally, was take her in my arms. She was shaking all over like she had a fever. I got her set in a chair, and after I'd gotten her a drink of water from the cooler and had wiped the tears off her face she began to get hold of herself.

"I wanted to wait till you got here," she said.

"I'm here, sweetheart," I said, holding on to her hand.

She started to cry again, then got hold of herself and didn't cry any more, like a brave little girl.

"I was lying to him," she said.

"I figured you were, sweetheart," I said. "Let's have the low-down."

She grabbed hard on my hand and gave it to me.

"I *did* see those men go out," she said. "Saw them come in, too. Saw the shooting—the whole thing."

"Why didn't you tell the captain?"

"I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to say anything—until I had talked to you."

"But you know I'd want you to tell the truth always, sweetheart," I said as gently as I could.

"That's just it," she said.

"Scared?" I asked her.

"Awfully scared!"

"Of what?"

"They saw me in the checkroom as they were going out," she whispered. "I thought they were going to kill me too. One of them came over to me with his gun. He said if I opened my mouth—they would come back for me too—and you know how they do—"

The yellow hop-heads! I knew only too well how they worked! No wonder the poor kid was scared stiff!

"Did you know any of them? Ever see any of them before?" I asked her.

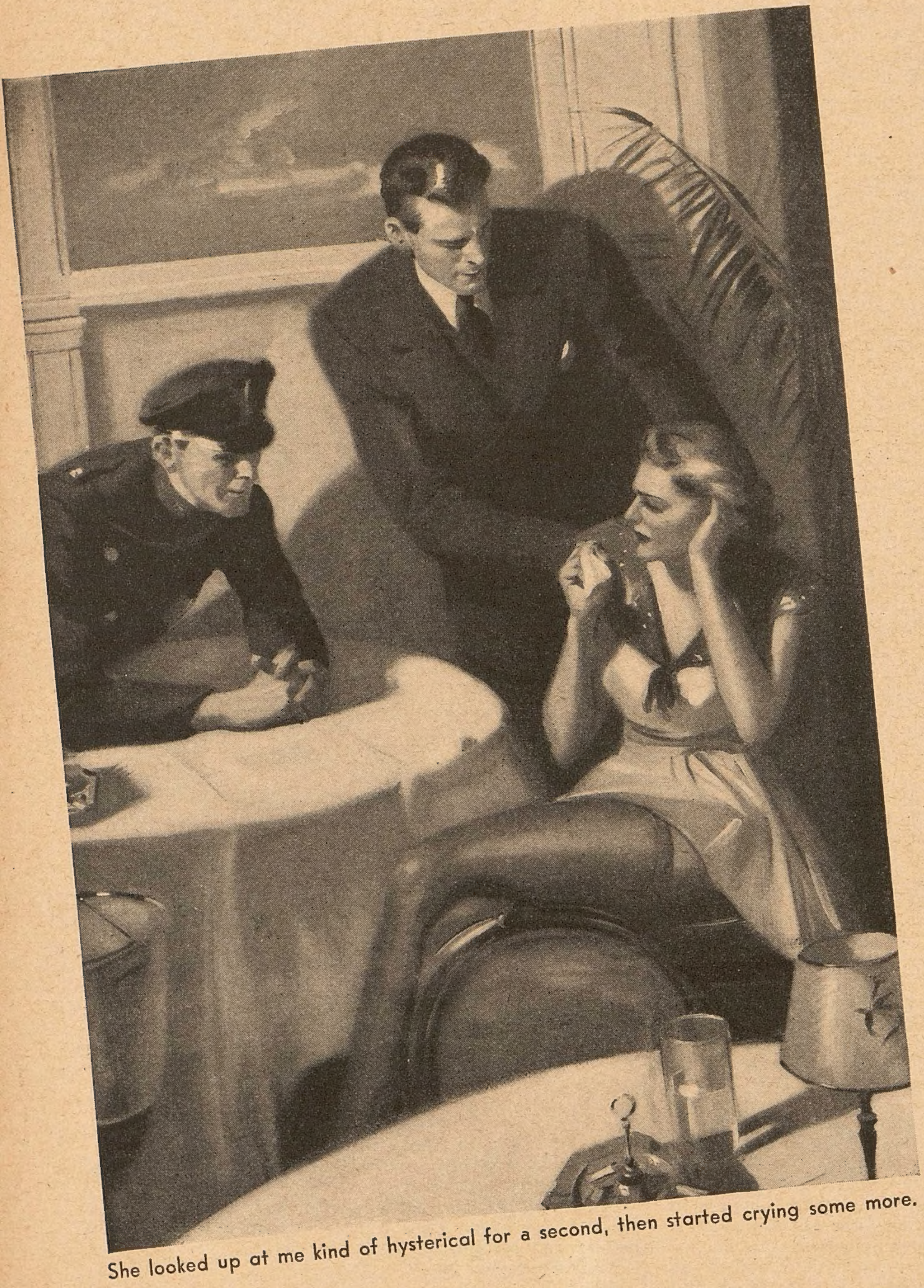
"I'd seen one of them before, in here," she told me.

"Know his name?"

"No. But I'll never forget him. He was the one who came over to me."

"Could you remember the others if you saw them again? Recognize their pictures?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'm pretty sure I would know them."



She looked up at me kind of hysterical for a second, then started crying some more.

It was just bull luck she was alive, I realized as I pulled her up out of the chair and into my arms. And as I held her hard there and kissed her I realized how lucky I was, too. A quarter of a grain more of hop in that gunman's head, and I wouldn't have been holding her there in my arms like that.

"Do I have to get mixed up in it?" she asked me.

"I'm afraid so, sweetheart," I said. I was beginning to get a little worried myself at that point, too. Of course I could bodyguard the girl I was going to marry; but our wedding, the honeymoon we'd planned—everything would have to be changed. It was a cinch the kid was going to be practically a prisoner until we'd rounded up those killers, tried them and hung them. Even after that I'd have to be careful about her for a long while. The gangsters were like that twelve years ago. . . .

We talked it all over, and she understood just what she was up against. I didn't kid her a bit about it.

"Anyhow, it means we can get married right away. Tomorrow, if you want to," I said. "Then I get down to some real bodyguarding!"

"Why not tonight?" she asked.

"The license bureau isn't open," I reminded her.

I REMEMBER we had a little laugh about that, and I remember how I gave her a kiss and left her there in the office to go get Captain Huston. I remember how she said she didn't want to go back into that speak before all those people, and for me to bring the captain to the office and she'd tell him everything. I remember how Huston said "Good!" when I told him my girl had come through, and how he told all the people in the place they could leave and they started getting up from their tables. I remember running into the oily one as Huston and I came back into the lobby . . . and went on into the office. . . .

Ella wasn't there!

I hadn't been gone two minutes—*but she wasn't there!*

There was a bathroom opening off the office, and she wasn't in that either. She wasn't in the checkroom, and there was no other place she could have been, out there.

Huston and I ran to the entrance doors, and out on to the sidewalk. But the street was empty except for the squad cars. I looked at Huston, and he looked at me.

They had her!

I don't like to think about it, even now . . . and I don't remember very well all that happened in the next hour or so. I was in hell. . . .

Because I had left her there . . . alone!

I do remember going for the throat of her boss. I remember crashing down with him on to the lobby floor and Huston pulling me off of him and a lot of people milling around us, and the guy insisting he didn't know anything about it—hadn't seen anybody—didn't know what we were talking about—

Then, after that first awful hour or so, things began to clear up a little for me, and I realized I'd have to keep some kind of hold on myself. But it was like I was walking around in a nightmare.

Huston arrested Ella's boss on suspicion, and started the wheels of the whole department moving inside of five minutes. You can say what you want about policemen, but I'll say this for them: when a brother policeman is in a real spot like I was in they'll move heaven and hell for him. My department sure did it for me.

And you can say what you want about so-called police brutality, but sometimes—well, never mind. If you've never been a cop in a big American city, there's no use arguing about it. The boys worked over every known gorilla they could get their hands on in twenty-four hours. They didn't get even the smell of a lead out of any of them. All the stoolies in town were lined up, and they didn't know anything, either. The Chief of Police himself took a hand in it—just about getting down on his knees to the big shots. They promised they would do everything they could for him; the administration hadn't been bearing down hard on the speaks, at that. But the big shots either weren't an awful lot interested or really didn't have any line on the snatchers.

Ella had been taken for a ride. I knew it like I knew I was living and breathing. Huston and Cap Mattison tried to kid me. Tried to make me believe they wouldn't dare hurt her; that they were only holding her somewhere, waiting for the right time to proposition us. Even the Chief came to see me and promise me he was ready to listen to any proposition they might make. The main thing, he said, was to get me my girl back. He'd been invited to our wedding.

But I didn't kid myself.

They weren't snatch-minded twelve years ago. If Ella had been taken out of that office during the couple of minutes I'd been careless enough to leave her in it alone, it had only been for one reason. They had wanted to stop her mouth. And by that time they had stopped it forever. The only hope I had left was that they'd let her have it quickly and without any pain. That they hadn't torn her clothes off of her, first, and—

Huston finally gave in and let me go to town personally on her boss. I'd have done it anyhow, sooner or later. But all I got out of it was a bunged-up left hand where his teeth poisoned me. It was almost certain the guy had fingered her for the snatchers. I remembered what he'd said to me about putting her in a spot, and I remembered Huston and I running into him when we started back to his office. He'd been just coming through the curtains from the lobby. But if we couldn't make him talk, where were we? We held him as long as we could, then got habeas-corpused out of him.

The days dragged on . . . and the nights, too. . . .

It's a funny thing—hope. You go on hoping for days. Months. Years, maybe. Then one day you get up out of bed in the morning and look at yourself in the mirror, and there isn't any more hope. It's all gone. And you realize you've got to take your life in your two hands and start it ticking again.

That's what happened to me. After about a year. It took me that long.

I WAS still young. Life was all ahead of me. And I remember how I told myself, when I got up that morning and looked at myself in my mirror, that Ella would have wanted it that way. Would have wanted me to go on. Not to forget her—but to go on.

So I went on. . . .

There isn't an awful lot to tell about the next few years. They went by. Law by night and gangsters by day, and often by night too. I guess the old saying that time is a great healer covers those next few years as well as anything. I killed me a couple of gorillas who'd belonged to the old North Side gang, damned near got rubbed out myself a few times, and finally finished my law course and got admitted to the bar. I remember looking at myself in my mirror again, the day I got admitted, and realizing I wasn't a young cop any more. The eyes were different.

I took the civil-service examinations for deputy district attorney. I passed them fairly high in the list and in due time my appointment came along. And the job gave me a bigger opportunity than ever to work gangsters over. I'll say this for our D. A.: the gangs didn't have any strings on *him!* He knew something about what had happened to me, and when I came into his office told me the sky was the limit.

I don't like to sound boastful, but in the five years I was in the D. A.'s office I made quite a little reputation for myself, prosecuting gangsters. Each of the rats I helped put away I always figured *might* have been one of the three in that speakeasy that night. *Might* have been one who had gone back after her—

Gangsters . . . racketeers . . . killers. . . .

The Noble Experiment finally fizzled out, and a new breed of them mushroomed up. But for five years they were my life in the D. A.'s office. Maybe you remember Tony Vasari, and Mike Sepchik, and Toodles McVey? Well, I sent them up to be hung after that big fur robbery out in Palomar three years ago. Remember it? Where they held matches under the night watchman's feet, then killed him? It was my last big case for the office. They'd operated together a long time, those rats. Three of them. And there'd been three in the speak that night. *Three!* It was silly—but when the judge sentenced those three to hang, something told me they were the right guys. The feeling was so strong it was almost as if Ella was there in the courtroom telling me. Putting the finger on them for me!

She'd been gone—let's see—almost nine years when I sent those guys up.

NINE years. But there still wasn't an hour in the day when I didn't think about her, and about what might have been. Of course, as the years went by the memory of her had gotten softer. Didn't hurt so much. Finally turned into something that helped more than it hurt, if you get what I mean. It's a good thing memories are like that, or we'd all go crazy.

I met the girl I'm married to now not long after I sent those three guys up, and about the time the Governor appointed me as a judge of the Municipal Court, the job I'm now in.

My wife, whom I love dearly and who is the mother of our two fine babies, a boy and a girl, always insists she married me because I wasn't eating right and needed somebody to look after me. My friends have been kind enough to tell me the Governor appointed me a judge because he figured I was the right man for the job. That's harder to swallow than my wife's kidding, because, outside the law and a lot of hard knocks, I never had a great deal of education and still look, act, and feel like the average middle-aged copper.

But be that as it may, my wife, my kids, and my job—they're my life now. My youngest kid—my girl—was born only last week. She's just another reason for the love I have for my wife—but not my big reason now.

My big reason now?

Well . . . I found out what it is only last night. . . .

My turn to handle night court came around again last night. I was sitting up there on the bench, grinding out the nightly grind, one part of me listening and handing out fines and jail sentences and the other part of me out in the hospital with my wife and that new kid of mine.

I didn't even see the woman at first, when they stood her up before me. I was checking over a list of gadgets my wife had asked me to buy for the kid that afternoon. I didn't look down at her until the clerk had finished reading the charge. The same old thing. Soliciting, on a downtown street corner. "Sixty days in the Detention Home," I started to say—the same old sentence—

And then I looked down at her—and the words froze in my mouth.

A painted prostitute's face with tired mascaraed eyes. Tired violet eyes. Eyes that looked up into mine with half-scared recognition—

You've guessed it—

Ella!

"What's the matter, judge?" I could hear my clerk saying from a long ways off. "Sick?"

It was as good an out as any. I adjourned proceedings and let him help me into my chambers. I didn't care!

He asked me if I wanted a doctor, but I told him I didn't need a doctor. All I wanted was for him to bring that woman in to me . . . that woman who'd just been up before me. . . . *Ella!*

"That tart?" he asked, looking kind of surprised.

"That tart," I told him.

Ella!

I was standing on my feet, ready, when the bailiff brought her to the door of my chambers and, giving me a funny look, pushed her inside and stood waiting.

"Close the door!" I ordered. He gave me another funny look and closed it.

And there we were—together again after twelve long years!

"My dear!" was all I could say. Then I kind of lost control of myself, I guess, and started for her. And the next thing I knew, she was down in a chair and my head was in her lap, and I was crying like a baby.

For quite a little while neither of us said anything. Then:

"I didn't walk out on you—that night," she said.

As if she had to tell me that!

"Ella!" I said. "For God's sake—*why?*"

As I sat there on the floor with my head in her lap, she told me. Stroked my head while she told me, while I held tight on to her other hand. I couldn't look at her; I didn't want to look at her.

He was coming from the lobby.

Right after I'd left her in that office, she said, the man had come in to her—one of the three who'd done the shooting. The gorilla had had nerve enough to come back! He'd put a gun on her, she said, and had told her to come along with him. She'd started to scream, but the man had clamped his hand over her mouth and told her that if she didn't come along with him he was going to blast *me* just as soon as I came back into the office.

"What else could I do—but go with him?" she asked me.

God! It had been as simple as that to her! What else could she do but go with him, when he'd said he would kill *me?*

She said the man had taken her out to the street and down to the corner, where a car was waiting. The other two who had been in on the shooting were in the car and had pulled her into the back seat with them. They had started off at top speed. She was hazy, she said, about the next hour or so—

That next hour or so, when I'd been in hell! . . .

It had seemed like they were out in the country for a while, she said, then had driven down toward the ocean. . . .

And then they had pulled off the road into a field where there were some trees—

Yes, she said—with a hard little laugh—they had. And she guessed that was why they hadn't killed her. After they'd finished with her—that way—they'd talked some about killing her, she said—and she wouldn't have cared much if they had. . . .

"For God's sake!" I asked her, holding hard on to her hand. "You don't think it would have made any difference to me—the thing they did to you!"

"No," she said. "It might not have made any difference to you—then. But it does now, doesn't it?"

I couldn't answer her.

"Look at me!" she said.

I couldn't—

"All right," she said. "I don't blame you."

They had talked a lot about killing her, she said; and then one of them had had what he called a better idea. The South American trade. . . . The other two had thought that was a swell idea, too. It would take her out of the picture and mean a piece of change for them as well. . . .

"They put it up to me," she said. "They told me it would be that—or they'd put *you* on the spot. They told me just how they were going to do it. What else could I do?"

There it was again—*me!* Not herself—*me!* What else could she do?

I looked up into her face for the first time. There didn't seem to be any paint on it. It was beautiful. . . .

"Got a cigarette?" she asked.

I gave her one, and she went on. That night they'd made a deal for her with a man in the trade in Havana. A year there, she guessed. You could stand it, she said, after you'd gotten kind of hardened to it. Then all over South America, with a couple of years in the Orient thrown in.

"I can speak Spanish, anyhow," she said, with a laugh that sounded more like a cough than a laugh. "A little Malay, too!"

She could have pulled out of it and come home a lot of times, she said. But they'd always told her what would happen to me—to say nothing of herself—if she did.

Me! Always *me!*

DIDN'T it ever occur to you," I asked her, "that I could take care of myself?"

"It occurred to me," she said. "But how was I going to *know?*"

"You could have written. Telegraphed. Not kept me in hell!"

"And you would have told me to come."

"Of course I would have told you to come!"

She crushed out her cigarette.

"Would you have wanted me—like this?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Thanks for saying so," she said, with another laugh like a cough, "but you're a liar!"

I guess there weren't any more tears left in me.

"Why did you come, then?" I asked her.

"I got it bad—here," she said, touching her chest. "The climate didn't agree with me. And one day I saw a paper from the States. It had the pictures of those three guys you convicted and who got hung."

"Were they—"

"Yes," she said. "They were."

Then she *had* been there with me that day in that courtroom!

"What do you mean, courtroom?" she said. "I been in and out of a lot of courtrooms in the three years I been back, but never in yours until tonight! And what the hell—I wasn't doing anything. Just trying to get along."

I got up on my feet, and she did too. And as I looked at her the paint began coming back into her face, God help me! It's hell the way men look at women, isn't it?

There was just one more thing I wanted to know. . . .

"I did look you up," she answered me. "The day I got back. It was the day after you got married."

For a full minute we stood there looking at each other—and twelve years is a long time to crowd into a minute. Then she coughed, and cracked a hard little smile.

"Anything else, judge?" she asked.

"For God's sake, Ella!" I said. "Isn't there *anything*—"

"Give me another break next time I get picked up," she said. "Is that asking too much—outside of another cigarette?"

She pulled her hat down over her eyes, lit up the cigarette I gave her, and opened the door of my chambers.

"Scram, copper!" she said to the bailiff, who was still waiting outside. I nodded to him, he gave me another funny look, and she went on out of the place. . . .

For about an hour, I guess, I sat there in my chambers looking at the cigarette ashes she had dropped on my carpet. Then I went out to the hospital and told my wife all about it.

"Of course we'll name the baby Ella," my wife said, after I'd told her. "I think it's a swell name!"

I think that's the big reason why I love my wife now.

THE END

The Boy Who Shot His Father

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH THESE BOYS?

One blew off his father's head with a shotgun because the older man would not return home.

Another shot his father through the heart because he was beating his mother.

There are hundreds of others in one place, each with his own shocking story.

What would you have done with them?

Read what one good priest was able to do—and what still remains to be done.

THE worst and most numerous criminals in the United States are boys in their teens. All authorities on crime agree on this. Statistics prove it. The authorities are profoundly disturbed, for they have no solution for the problem. They blame heredity, environment, bad companions, lack of early training, books and newspapers and movies. They know everything there is to be known about boy criminals—except what to do about them.

But here's a man, a Catholic priest, who seems to have all the answers —Father Edward J. Flanagan of Boys Town, Nebraska.

"We have boy criminals," he says, "because we don't like boys—other people's boys. We don't invest in boys. How can we expect proper dividends from them?"

There are in this the richest country in the world, Father Flanagan declares, at least ten million homeless and underprivileged boys, many of whom will become criminals unless something is done for them.

"At least ten million," he sorrowfully insists. "Roaming like so many hungry and desperate little animals, unwanted, neglected, through our cities' streets and alleys. It is our fault, not theirs, if many of them become criminals.

The inspiring true story of a tragic waif who found a friend—and a wise man's way with a grievous problem

"Brats, we call them. Gutter rats. Gamins. How shameful, and how foolish! Here is material for great good or great evil. It would be so easy, so sane, so economical—if you like the word—to make decent citizens out of those boys. It takes so little money to feed and clothe and shelter a boy, to teach him, to make him into a fine man, a credit to society. Our crime bill at present is something like sixteen billion dollars a year. How much larger it will be if we continue to neglect our boys only the years will tell."

Father Flanagan is no theorist. He speaks with the authority of twenty years of experience—twenty years of making good men out of all kinds of boys. In more than four thousand cases he has had not one failure.

A little over twenty-five years ago, newly ordained, he rented a home for derelicts across the street from a police station in Omaha. He fed all the men who came, gave them what clothing he could obtain for them, sheltered them as best he could. The place was crowded every night with hopeless, homeless men.

One night a tired, ragged, hungry outcast boy begged for shelter—and then and there the priest devoted his life to boys. "When I looked into that cold pinched little face, I felt actually guilty. And I knew I was all wrong. I knew I should have to begin with boys to save men."

He borrowed ninety dollars and rented another house. He took in five boys whom nobody else wanted, borrowed and begged money to feed and clothe them and give them an education. For years he fought desperately to get a decent place for boys.

Today, on half a section of land ten miles west of Omaha, he has accommodations for hundreds of boys—a big dormitory, a gymnasium, a grade school approved by the county, a high school approved by the state, "the best teachers money can buy," machine and carpenter shops, a cobbler shop, a laundry, a tailor shop, a baseball field, a football field, a farm, a lake stocked with fish, and everything else needed for the making of men.

The place has been incorporated as a town. It's on the maps as Boys Town. It has a second-class post office. Like the Junior Republic plan, it is governed by a boy mayor, boy councilors, a boy commissioner of police. It has a fine football team, a great baseball team, a band, a choir, a magazine, a hospital, several chapels—and no jail. Its citizens are of many creeds and racial strains.

It requires a quarter of a million dollars annually to maintain the town, to care for the 217 boys. The expense is met by voluntary subscriptions. Every bed in the town is occupied. At least 500 boys are turned away every year. "It's heartbreaking," Father Flanagan says, "to realize that if we had only a little more money we could save those boys too."

Father Flanagan is tall and lean and blue-eyed, a kindly understanding sympathetic priest. The citizens of Boys Town look upon him as both a father and a saint. He knows them all, better than they know themselves—and he loves them all.

I never saw happier, brighter, manlier-looking boys. Where did they come from? Out of good homes? A few of them, yes. The others—what does the word home mean to them?

Here's a boy whose earliest memories go back to a cheerless orphanage and to a woman who adopted him—and who subsequently went mad and attacked him with a knife. She cut him in a hundred places, slashing his face to shreds, then hurled him down a flight of cellar steps to the concrete floor of a basement.

Father Flanagan has placed this child in many hospitals. Plastic surgeons have made his face look human; but so far no doctors have been able to cure the injuries to spine and hips. The boy will always be a cripple. Yet he's as cheerful as any other boy in town. Everybody likes him; everybody is good to him. Some day he may become a distinguished writer.

Here's one whose people lavished all their affection on his big brother and little sister, who were bright in school. They told him they'd rather see him dead than a dunce. They whipped him unmercifully for the slightest reason. He hated his home, stayed out late at nights, became a thief. Put in a house of correction, he escaped and came home because that was the only refuge he knew.

His father whipped him until he was covered with blood, until the father himself dropped from exhaustion.

"That poor little boy isn't normal yet," Father Flanagan says. "But he will be. He'll be a good man. Now that he knows we all love him, now that he plays with the other boys and on an equal footing, he's happy. Everything's all right with him, thank God. That's the essential thing for a boy—that he knows some one cares for him. The rest will follow."

Recently Father Flanagan heard of a little savage who kept appearing at a restaurant in Omaha and demanding a cup of coffee and a stale doughnut. For weeks he hunted him. Finally he found him and his mother, a prostitute, who seldom saw her son, had never taken care of him or provided for him, and never said a kind word to him.

"He was like a little lost wolf," Father Flanagan says. "Ah, you should see him now, see the eagerness to learn that shines out of that child's eyes! And you should hear him sing! There's a great singer or a great musician in that tender little body—and a fine mind, too."

There's even a bank bandit in Boys Town—or rather an ex-bandit. He snatched more than a hundred dollars from a bank teller's cage. He was so small nobody saw him. He carried a wooden gun. His ambition was to be another "Pretty Boy" Floyd.

Well, he wasn't altogether to blame. His parents had practically deserted him. He was arrested finally, charged with stealing strawberries. Father Flanagan gladly took him, and his brother too. They didn't even know how to play. Now they do. They play hard, and there's no wooden gun, no yearning to be a Dillinger or a Floyd.

There are two boys who killed their fathers. One was twelve at the time, the other fifteen. The younger boy shot his drunken father through the heart to save his mother from one more beating. The older boy adored his mother and sister. He loved his father in a way, but hated him too, because his father wouldn't leave another woman. One Saturday he went to his father and begged him to come home. His father promised he would, tomorrow, in time for Sunday dinner. The boy was so happy he ran all the way home. He helped his mother and sister scour the house, helped them decorate it, helped them plan and prepare the dinner.

Every few minutes, that Sunday afternoon, he went to the door and looked down the street. Every few minutes his mother would look at the clock and then at the oven. Every few minutes Sis lit the candles on the table, blew them out again.

At last they realized that dad wasn't coming home. Mother lay down on her bed and wept so you could hear her all over the house. Sis was in her room, sobbing too. The boy sought to dry their tears by taking them to a movie. They left a nice note for dad—supposing he should come—and went to see the picture.

After they came home the boy sneaked his father's shotgun out of the house, and went to a saloon.

"Are you coming home, dad?" he asked, looking in through a window.

The father laughed. "Hell, no," he said.

The boy blew the side of his father's head off, went home and waited for the police. He pleaded guilty to murder in the first degree. A judge was about to impose sentence when Father Flanagan stepped forward.

"This is the crime of a child who loved his mother," he said. "This was a staggering problem, too big for any boy of his years to solve. The underlying causes that drive youth into trouble are entirely beyond youth's control. This boy was not to blame."

He told of Boys Town, and of boys he had known and raised. He asked for this boy. He promised to make a respected citizen of him.

The boy's mother wept during the priest's plea. And every now and then the crowd in the courtroom wept or cheered. The judge couldn't restrain them. He could scarcely restrain himself.

The priest told what boys he had helped were now doing. Two were running a great foreign-language newspaper in the city of New York; one was publisher of a high-class magazine; one was a doctor, one a lawyer, half a hundred were in business for themselves; one had been signed up to pitch for the St. Louis Browns; one was an actor, two were manufacturers. He could tell where each of his old boys was, what he was doing, how he was getting along. Out of more than 4,400 boys not one was a criminal, not one was a failure.

On that record the judge paroled the boy to him.

Few of the boys in Boys Town have such pitiful backgrounds, yet there is tragedy behind every one of them. Here, for instance, is one whose mother left him with Father Flanagan when he was seven, saying she'd be back to see him in a week. She never returned. The boy was a cripple. He wore a brace on his leg, and at first he was lonesome watching the others play active games. Then the older boys took him on their backs. That made him happy. He is still a cripple, but he doesn't mind it now. He's learned that even a cripple can become a great man if he wants to—provided opportunity is given him.

Statesmen, educators, men in all walks of life have paid honor to Father Flanagan. He has been called Nebraska's best citizen. Statisticians have pointed out that he has saved the taxpayers of America millions.

"Nonsense," he says. "I haven't done much. I've never had the money to do much. Save the taxpayers millions? I don't know. Those are only figures. But I know what I could do with a tiny fraction of that money. I could take care of all the homeless unwanted boys in this country and make them into good men.

"This is the only country in the world where there are so many homeless boys, where so much human material is wasted, spoiled, turned into destructive forces. Ten million boys—why, that's appalling, isn't it, when you realize there are only twelve or thirteen times that many people in the country!"

THE END

Five Boys Town farmers come home at dusk, singing. They've heard the dinner bell.

FATHER'S NO FOOL

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY HANK ADAMS

BY WALTER BROOKS

THERE was a young man named Willard Meldrum who collected beetles. He also had a job in the New York firm of Wimson Dame & Phyfe. He lived in Westport which pullulates with insect life and he was never so happy as when turning over a stone to discover if perchance some hitherto unclassified multi-legged horror might not lurk beneath it. He was known to his colleagues as Buggy Bill. But he was known to Miss Elinor Phyfe as Bill darling. Miss Phyfe was the daughter of Mr. Phyfe of Wimson Dame & Phyfe and the Phyfes also lived in Westport.

Well Mr. Phyfe was a widower and took parenthood seriously and one evening he said Nell what were you and young Meldrum doing out there in the shrubbery tonight? Catching moths father said Miss Phyfe Bill has started me on a collection and look I've got two big Lunas already. Loony is right said Mr. Phyfe I'm not going to have you crawling around in the bushes all night with that boy. Why father said Miss Phyfe looking at him out of the corner of her eye we don't crawl around all the time! whatever gave you that idea? Tscha! said Mr. Phyfe or something that sounded like that. Anyway said Miss Phyfe we're practically engaged. What! shouted Mr. Phyfe. Now look here Nell I'm not going to have a bug hunter in the family and anyhow he has no money and no prospects.

Now this was not strictly true for Mr. Meldrum had a good salary and in spite of the bugs was well liked by both Mr. Wimson and Mr. Dame. But Miss Phyfe was alarmed for her father was one of those men who feel it a duty to stand by what they have said no matter how silly it may be.

The next evening when Miss Phyfe and Mr. Meldrum were pursuing their researches through a band of shrubbery which divided the Phyfe property from the lawn of the Corliss house next door a dark figure appeared in front of them and a gruff voice said Come on out of there! It's a cop whispered Mr. Meldrum You stay here quiet. And he pushed out into the glare of a flashlight.

That's the man officer said a woman's voice I've seen him hanging around here several evenings. O wait a minute! said Miss Phyfe scrambling out on to the lawn Mrs. Corliss this is Bill Meldrum and really we were just hunting for moths. Why Elinor! said Mrs. Corliss Is that you? and do you really know this man? So Miss Phyfe explained. Well said Mrs. Corliss I suppose it is all right then but I must say it seems a strange occupation and you frightened me dreadfully. We're sorry we frightened you said Mr. Meldrum. I should think so indeed said Mrs. Corliss coldly. And Elinor I can hardly believe that your father would approve of such a very odd way of spending your evenings—supposing of course that he is aware of it. That's a matter for Mr. Phyfe to decide isn't it? said Mr. Meldrum. I should think so indeed said Mrs. Corliss again.

You shouldn't have said that Bill said Miss Phyfe on the way home. Well she made me mad said Mr. Meldrum What business is it of hers? Well she sort of fancies me as a stepdaughter said Miss Phyfe. What! said Mr. Meldrum You don't mean that your father—can't we save him from her? said Mr. Meldrum We could go sit in the hammock and think about it said Miss Phyfe. So they did.

Now to Mr. Phyfe there had seemed little harm in a flirtation with the handsome gushing widow who buttered him so expertly with flattery. He had no intention of marrying her for under the sugar and spice he was keen enough to divine iron. What he did not realize was that the iron was a trap which had already clicked shut on his future.

So a couple of nights later he was sitting with Mrs. Corliss in her garden and she said Norman I've been thinking that it would be nice if I gave a garden party soon to announce our engagement. Our engagement? said Mr. Phyfe looking bewildered. Why Norman said Mrs. Corliss Didn't you mean what you said to me the other night? I thought—O she cried I am so ashamed! I am so crushed! I thought you really meant that you wanted me—O let me go hide myself! And she began to cry and started up sort of half-heartedly. So of course Mr. Phyfe pulled her down beside him and said There there Caroline don't be silly! of course I meant it. Though he hadn't said anything as far as he could remember—only kissed her for a while under the moon.

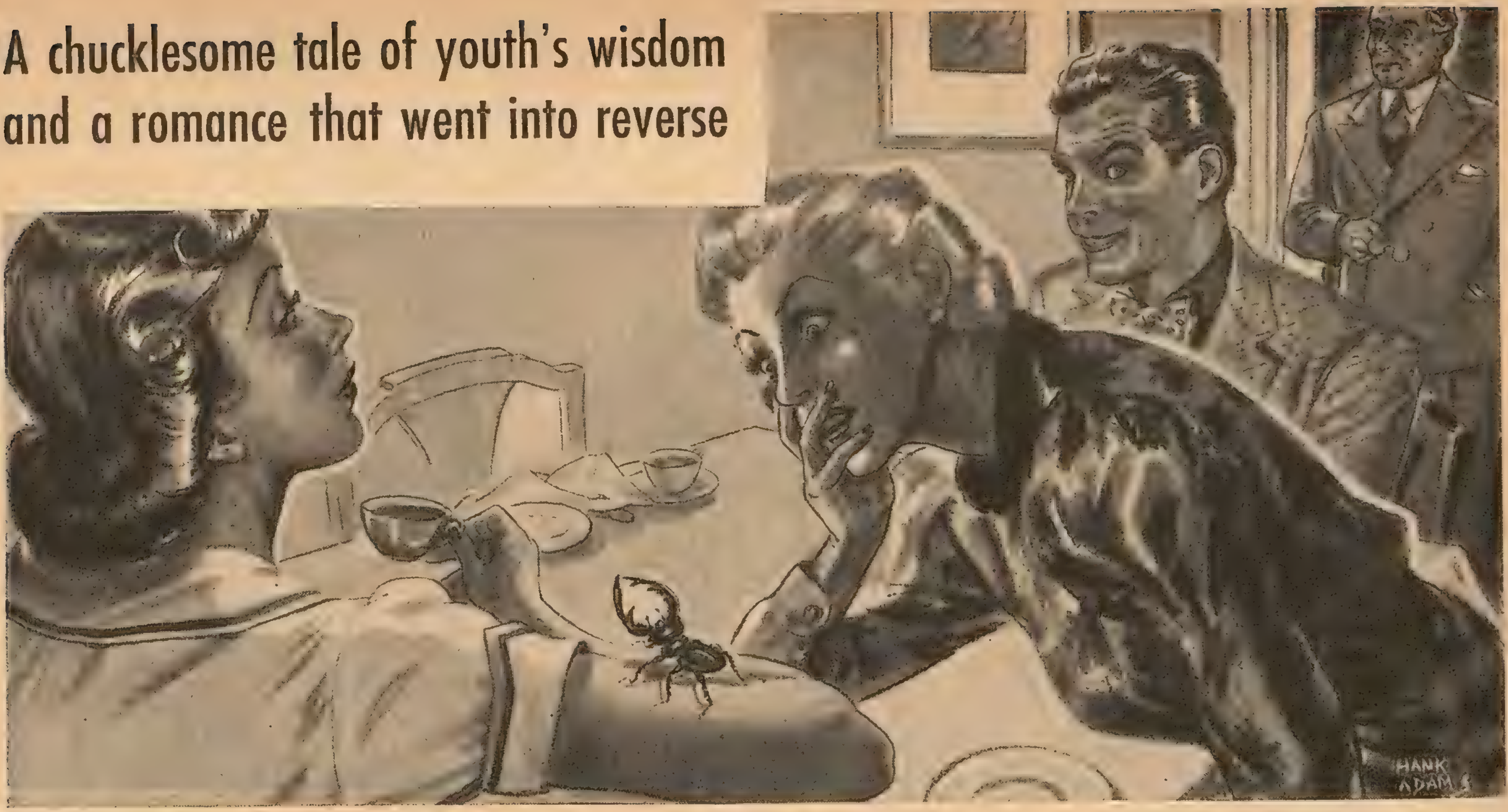
When he got home an hour or so later he found his daughter and Mr. Meldrum sorting their evening's take of cocoons in the library. He stood in the doorway for a minute and a sudden rage fizzed up in him and he said Take those damned things out of here! I won't have all these disgusting bugs in the house. Well all right father said Miss Phyfe flushing and she looked hard at him for a minute and then said Come on Bill. So they went out but pretty soon she came back alone. See here father she said you don't have to yell at us that way. Well I'm sorry said Mr. Phyfe but you might as well make up your mind Nell that this bug collecting has got to stop. I suppose I could put up with it myself but— Well go on said Miss Phyfe. I might as well tell you now said Mr. Phyfe Mrs. Corliss and I are going to be married. O said Miss Phyfe And after a minute he said Caroline has a horror of bugs —has had from a child—so you see we can't have this sort of thing going on in the house. Well congratulations said Miss Phyfe coolly and went up to bed.

Well the garden party came off and the engagement was announced and Mr. Meldrum viewed the festivities from a thicket of arbor vitae. After a time Miss Phyfe sneaked in beside him and they were sitting there snickering over the guests when an old automobile full of gypsies stopped by the gate. Quick Bill said Miss Phyfe give me $5 I've got an idea. Any time you get one darling said Mr. Meldrum and gave her the money and Miss Phyfe ran out and talked to the gypsies. Then she came back and they watched while one of the gypsy women came in the gate and walked around begging the guests to have their fortunes told.

Pretty soon Mrs. Corliss came to see what was going on and when she saw what a kick everybody was getting out of it she went up and held out some money and said Now what can you tell me?

Then the gypsy looked at her hand very soberly and said My message for you is not like these others. You will not like it. Nonsense said Mrs. Corliss and she laughed but her face looked stiff. And then the gypsy shrugged her shoulders and said in a singsong voice The souls of men when they die pass some into animals and some into birds and some into insects. For you there is a message from the soul of a man which has passed into many insects. I do not know their name but I can see them and they are large and black and have many legs and horns on their heads. Somebody laughed and said Bugs hey? what's his name. And the gypsy said His name was George.

A chucklesome tale of youth's wisdom and a romance that went into reverse



Just then the bug came out from under Miss Phyfe's plate and went up her sleeve. Mrs. Corliss yelled.

Mrs. Corliss turned pale for her husband's name had been George. She looked at the gypsy doubtfully for a moment and then she stepped aside with her and the gypsy talked earnestly for a few minutes and then turned and went out the gate. And Mrs. Corliss put on a little rouge and went back to her guests who tried to pretend that they hadn't been giggling.

That gypsy is the stuff Bill said Miss Phyfe. What did you tell her to say? asked Mr. Meldrum and Miss Phyfe said Just that her late husband was jealous and would haunt her in the form of a large black bug if she considered remarrying. Whee! said Mr. Meldrum And we provide the bug—those stag beetles of mine! Exactly said Miss Phyfe With black thread tied around their waists.

Once the engagement was a fact Mrs. Corliss began to take charge of things. She spent a lot of time at the Phyfes' and began ordering the furniture and the personnel around and she got Mr. Phyfe to banish Mr. Meldrum. But there was one fly or rather one big black bug in the ointment. This bug would walk across floors and disappear under chairs when Mrs. Corliss came into rooms or it would crawl out of the seat of a chair she was about to sit in and drop with a faint rattle to the floor. It was three inches long and had antlers. After the first few appearances Mrs. Corliss stopped screaming but she looked hunted most of the time and her temper got pretty short so that she bawled Mr. Phyfe out for unimportant things rather oftener than was wise. But of course she knew that he would not go back on his word.

Well one evening she was dining with the Phyfes. She sat facing Mr. Phyfe and behind his head was a portrait of Chief Justice Hambledon Phyfe and she saw the bug. It came up over the top of the portrait and leaned its elbows on the frame and waggled its antlers at her. She got up and threw down her napkin and said hysterically I can't stand it any longer! That bug is on the picture! Mr. Phyfe ran and took her in his arms and Miss Phyfe looked behind the picture and said There isn't any bug here. And Mr. Phyfe said There there Caroline dear this thing is getting on your nerves. Let's go for a ride. You never see it when you are away from this house.

Just then Mr. Phyfe was called to the phone and while he was out of the room the bug came out from under Miss Phyfe's plate and went up her sleeve. Mrs. Corliss yelled. Don't you see it? can't you feel it? it's up your sleeve she screamed. Why no it's not said Miss Phyfe Really Mrs. Corliss— And then she looked up and saw her father standing in the doorway looking at her. She didn't dare move although the end of black thread was lying in plain view across the tablecloth. But her father only said Come Caroline and they went out.

Miss Phyfe went out into the garden where Mr. Meldrum was waiting for her and they anointed a tree trunk with molasses and beer to attract moths and then they sat down in the shrubbery and kissed each other. Golly that was close! said Miss Phyfe If father had seen me—

When Mr. Phyfe's car came up the drive the headlights picked up his daughter and he got out and came toward her. Why where's Mrs. Corliss? she asked. I took her home said Mr. Phyfe heavily. She wouldn't come back. She—she has refused to marry me. O father said Miss Phyfe Why? It's those bugs said Mr. Phyfe That damn gypsy ought to be prosecuted! It's an obsession now and whenever she's with me she sees them. He shoved his hands into his pockets and leaned against the tree. She swears there was one fell down her neck while we were in the car he said. I—well I had to leave her. She was hysterical. She even accused me of bringing them.

Well Miss Phyfe didn't know what to say and she didn't have to say anything for Mr. Phyfe suddenly discovered that he was leaning against the tree that had molasses on it. But oddly enough he didn't fly into a rage. Damn it Nell he said mildly if you must spread this nasty stuff around for heaven's sake do it away from the house! Look at my coat. Give it to me father she said I'll take it and clean it off.

So he took off the coat and gave it to her and she carried it into the kitchen. But as she was looking at it she saw an end of black thread was hanging out of one pocket. She pulled at it and out came the other end and on it a big stag beetle.

Just then Mr. Meldrum stuck his head in the kitchen window. Look darling said Miss Phyfe Look what was in papa's pocket. Good grief! said Mr. Meldrum and then he began to laugh and he rushed in and grabbed Miss Phyfe and danced her around the kitchen. What's going on here? said Mr. Phyfe appearing at the door.

Mr. Meldrum said O I—er I just stopped in— Mr. Phyfe said Well I wish you'd clean off that tree. And then come in and have a drink. He glanced at the beetle on the table. And don't leave any of those things around will you? I don't want the cook to leave. And it seemed to them before they fell into each other's arms again that he had put a slight emphasis on the word *cook.*

THE END

SPENCER TRACY

If Spencer Tracy doesn't get the Academy award this year, the Academy is out with me.

A lot the Academy would care, you say? Well, maybe you're right. But if Tracy's victim of the mob in Fury, his fighting priest in San Francisco, and his heroic Portuguese in Captains Courageous are not the three best performances of any one actor in recent cinema history, I'll eat the Academy, gold statues and all.

There should be no need, of course, for any such sacrificial act; for everybody in the know stands ready to acclaim "the man who never gave a bad performance" as one of the best of our American actors.

Why, then, hasn't he long since received the official accolade? Well, that is the Spencer Tracy story.

It began seven years ago this last summer, when a lusty young man, with a freckle on his nose and a grin on his mouth and a dimple on his chin and a chip on the broadest shoulders you ever saw, strode into the Café de Paris. Wholesome, unaffected, genial, eager, vital—there was no end to the agreeable adjectives you might have applied to this newcomer; but no one in that crowded restaurant applied any of them. They were all too busy thinking of themselves.

The young man was thinking of them, too. His shining Irish eyes followed them as they came mincing in, those pretty boys with painted faces and satin hair. (This was before Gable and Cagney and Tracy and other real men had knocked the profiles out of pictures.) The luncheon rush was on. The stranger could hardly hope to retain sole possession of the corner table he had selected for his observation post. An olive-skinned oval-face pre-empted the other chair and launched himself on the usual Hollywood account of his own amorous and histrionic achievements. Then, grudgingly:

"And what do you do, mister?"

The famous star of The Last Mile, the season's biggest hit on Broadway, grinned good-naturedly.

"Me?" he laughed. "Oh, I'm just a mug!"

For six years Hollywood took Spencer Tracy at his own valuation. From Up the River, his first movie, through 20,000 Years in Sing Sing, to Now I'll Tell, by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein—which last would have been some title to stagger under even in a good picture!—Tracy played a long succession of mugs in some of the muggiest photoplays ever turned out in Hollywood.

20,000 Years wasn't so bad. There was an idea in that one. I remember talking with Spencer the morning after we previewed it. There was that glow about him which is a characteristic of all his efforts on the screen; and there never was a more excited young man, or one more sincerely anxious to be told that the picture was a success.

The picture *was*, and he was a success in it. Yet both facts helped to sink him even deeper in the morass of mugginess. For what must have seemed to him another 20,000 years, about the most eloquent lines he was called upon to speak were "Sez you?" and "Sez I."

In six years this indubitably Class A actor appeared in three really Class A pictures: the aforementioned 20,000 Years, a Warner production; The Power and the Glory, a Lasky production; and A Man's Castle, a Columbia production. For the most part, however, he spent those six years grubbing in his home studio.

The situation was not of Tracy's making. He was simply the victim of a Hollywood wisdom which let Victor McLaglen go "because he can't act," and didn't know, until it loaned Shirley Temple to another company, that it had on its pay roll—at $150 a week!—the greatest box-office money-maker since the pictures learned to talk.

That is the first and certainly the most obvious reason why Spencer Tracy has had to wait seven years in Hollywood for the wide critical acclaim which was rightfully his. To understand the other reasons, of a more personal nature, it is necessary to understand the personality of the man himself.

CONQUERS HIMSELF

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

The revealing chronicle of a famous screen star's victory in a battle all men must fight

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

Spencer Tracy's father was one of those long-sighted Middle Westerners who early saw the possibilities of the "horseless carriage." When his second son, Spencer, was born, John Tracy of Milwaukee was president of a large truck manufacturing and sales organization, and was able to support his family in luxury.

John Tracy was as Irish as they make them, and a devout Roman Catholic. He saw to it that Spencer and his older brother, Carroll—now in Hollywood as Spencer's business representative—were brought up in the tenets of that Church. Mrs. Tracy, however, was New England and Baptist, the great-granddaughter of that Baptist Brown who founded Brown University in Providence.

Carrie Brown Tracy, now well known to Hollywoodites as an all-year resident of Town House, is a gentle, reserved, soft-voiced woman who carries herself with a stately grace. She introduced into the Tracy home a New England atmosphere and a meticulously well ordered and thoroughly conservative family life.

INTO this peaceful home was born what common Milwaukee report describes as a very bad little boy, who *would* run away to the forbidden South Side of town and play "fort" in Donovan's Alley with the saloonkeeper's sons—a sturdy, freckle-faced, sandy-haired little brat who played hooky from school and liked to act tough and fought with everybody who didn't run away.

Spence says that his father understood, and that even when he was getting a spanking he was conscious of the twinkle in his father's eye. To Mother Tracy, however, it was a continuing wonder that she should have brought into the world this stubby little boy who cared not for the uses of prosperity or culture.

Schools without number young Spencer attended, with small benefit to himself and large grief to his masters. He says he wouldn't have taken the trouble to learn to read if there had been any other way to understand the printed titles of the silent movies. Finally, after a term at Northwestern Military Academy, he was graduated from West Side High School—where he had distinguished himself chiefly as captain and manager of the baseball team—and was thereupon sent to Marquette, which in Wisconsin is a school, although in Michigan it's a jail.

From the prison roles for which Tracy has been cast through most of his Hollywood career, there would seem to have been some confusion in the minds of the erudite movie chiefs as to which of these institutions the young man did attend!

Anyhow, his term at Marquette was a short one. Like a circus, the war came to town. Bands were playing. Parades were marching. And Spencer always was and still is nuts about a circus. Recently he saw Clyde Beatty's show twelve times, followed it all around the Los Angeles area, and was with difficulty restrained from joining up as a clown. That's the way he is about such shows—and the war was the biggest one he had ever hoped to see. So, although he was only seventeen, he quit school and joined the navy.

His companion in this adventure, as in many another before and since, was another brash young Milwaukeean, Pat O'Brien. Both boys thought they were going to see the world. All they did see was the Great Lakes Training School—where they had to listen to fellow gob Jack Benny trying to play the violin—and Norfolk, Virginia.

Back at school again—this time Ripon College in Ripon, Wisconsin—with visions of becoming a doctor; but when the ex-gob was called before the dean to explain his scholastic deficiencies, he became so eloquent that the dean averred:

"Young man, you have no place in a medical course. We need you on the debating team."

Thereupon Tracy forgot about medicine and concentrated on elocution and dramatics.

Meanwhile, Pat O'Brien took himself off to New York to go on the stage. Presently he began writing glowing letters to his old pal, Spence, who was now the Ripon Barrymore. Tracy's ambition was fired—and presently his college career was, too.

The boy had no easy time convincing his parents that the stage and not the trucking business held his future. Finally John Tracy allowed that he would pay his son's tuition at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, but that his son would have to support himself without help from home. That looked easy to Spencer: he had the thirty dollars a month which the government allowed ex-service men who wished to continue their studies, and he had *not* experienced the cost of living in New York.

Pat and Spence found a landlady on West Ninety-sixth Street, by name O'Sullivan, who mothered them a great deal and trusted them some; and the first few days of the month, after the government check came, they ate. The rest of the month they existed on stored-up energy plus an occasional nickel rice pudding split two ways.

After several months of this and of hard study at the Academy, Spencer landed a job with the Theater Guild's R. U. R. He played a robot at fifteen dollars a week.

Stock followed, but not too fast. In a White Plains theater where he was applying for work, he saw standing in the wings a tall girl in an evening gown, graceful and lovely. The girl saw him, too. She was Louise Treadwell, the leading lady. She is now Mrs. Spencer Tracy. They were married, in September of 1923, between a matinee and the evening performance of Stuart Walker's Cincinnati stock company.

SPENCER has always said that Louise was a better actress than he was an actor. Certainly the managers agreed with him during the first months of their marriage, for she played leads and he played bits. Seventy-five dollars a week, when he worked, was tops for Spence in those days. Came an engagement in Winnipeg, Canada, in deepest December; then the baby. Spencer filled in between engagements selling pianos. There were long periods when there were no sales, either musical or dramatic.

John Tracy was willing to help the couple by setting his son up in business, but not to be a party to continuing him in a profession where, from John Tracy's viewpoint, he was obviously a failure.

One night, Father Tracy was persuaded to go to the theater to see the boy act. Afterward he came backstage and sat silently in the dressing room while the actor changed. Finally Spencer could stand the suspense no longer, and pressed the old man for an opinion of his performance.

"Son," John Tracy said, "I just sat there thinking about a nice new five-ton truck we're building. It's a beautiful truck, and I couldn't help thinking that you'd look right at home on the driver's seat."

But Spence fought on—and finally, in a Grand Rapids stock company, he suddenly began to click.

It was at this point that Louise discovered that their child, their husky, cherubic, and beloved John, was stone-deaf. For six months she kept it from Spencer while she heroically made the rounds of local physicians in search of a hope they dared not promise her. It was only when she began to waste away under the strain that her husband was able to draw from her the secret sorrow they were henceforth to share.

Louise's heroism had not been in vain. Spencer, happy in what he believed to be his perfect family, had used those six months to attain new histrionic stature. Then came a break. George M. Cohan—still Spencer Tracy's idol—saw his work, brought him to New York, gave him featured roles in Yellow and The Baby Cyclone, kept him fairly continuously employed for three years.

The money thus earned meant the payment of all their debts, and the best doctors in the East for little John.

There followed engagements under the managements of Sam Harris, Lee Shubert, and Arthur Hopkins, and finally the climactic part of Killer Mears in The Last Mile.

During these Broadway years he had sought and received screen tests from most of the major companies. The verdict of the studio wise men in each case was "Terrible!" But now, with Tracy an established star on Broadway, these same wise men pronounced him "Colossal!" They couldn't wait to get him to Hollywood.

What Hollywood almost did to him as a man is the tragic part of the story.

With his new money Spencer bought a twelve-acre farm at Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley. Here he lived quietly in a rambling ranch house with Louise and John, who was growing up into a fine normal boy in spite of his affliction, and little Louise, popularly known as Susie, who arrived the year after the Hollywood hegira. Here he planted fruit trees and built chicken coops and bought dogs for the kids and smoked a dry pipe—a trick he learned from his favorite director, John Ford. He also read more than he had been able to for a long time, did a little fishing and hunting and a lot of swimming and boatbuilding with little John.

The sorrow they shared over John's hearing seemed to have brought the Tracys closer than ever before. Spence had his men friends: Pat O'Brien, Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney (whom he regards as the best actor, next to Lionel Barrymore, on the screen), and especially Will Rogers, who once called him "the swellest fellow in Hollywood." But restaurants, night clubs, previews, Mayfair dances, and parties knew not the Tracys.

ROGERS interested Spencer in polo. He joined the Riviera Club. For a time he even hired a room there, motoring out after dinner at Van Nuys, and getting out before breakfast to ride and hit all by himself.

His taking a room away from home didn't alarm Louise. He often did that when he was just learning a part. No one in the inner Tracy circle paid much attention when it was bruited about that Mrs. Tracy was living in Van Nuys and Mr. Tracy at the Château Elysée in Hollywood. More disturbing were the rumors that the usually reliable Spencer Tracy had walked out on two pictures in succession and had been A. W. O. L. for ten days on another film which required retakes.

I suppose it was bound to happen sooner or later. No one could go on playing the roles Tracy was getting without becoming either a dolt or a rebel; and think of the tumultuous child and rebellious adolescent that he was back in the Milwaukee days! The worst feature of the whole thing was that he not only rebelled against studio discipline but against discipline of every variety—even when represented by guardians of the peace.

Spencer's habits changed with his habitation. The man who never wore anything but sports clothes bought himself a dress suit. The man who never wore a hat of any kind stepped out in a silk topper. The man who never went to restaurants and night clubs was often in them now. The man who seldom drank—but why go into details? The newspapers of the period gave too many of them. The conclusion was inescapable: Spencer Tracy had left his home and gone berserk.

About this time his studio loaned him to Columbia to play opposite Loretta Young in A Man's Castle.

Now, Loretta is one of the great beauties of the world, and in 1934 she was not yet twenty-two. It also happens that she has a sweet and gracious nature. With such a vis-à-vis, it would have been quite understandable if the lonely and troubled man had fallen immediately in love; but both agree that it wasn't so.

"One night I asked Loretta to have dinner with me," was the way Spencer put it. "The whole thing was extremely casual. We'd been working late. I was tired of eating alone. It was just one of those things, offhand, unpremeditated. We did dine together, and the next day it cracked in the papers."

THE busy little gossip writers took it for granted that the gorgeous Loretta had broken up the Tracy home. Of course, nothing was further from the truth. As Spencer himself said, he had never spoken four words to Miss Young before he met her on the Castle set several weeks after he had left his Van Nuys home and established himself in bachelor quarters.

Spencer hates to talk about his own affairs; but in justice to Miss Young he was forced to state that he had been registered at the Château Elysée a good month before that meeting took place.

Louise Tracy loyally supported her husband in these statements. So did the register at the Château and the time book at the studio. So did the inside knowledge of everybody who knew the Tracys and everybody who knew Loretta. But, as usual, all the world heard about the accusations; few about the denials.

I don't know what quirk it is in human nature which makes a man and a woman, assailed by scandal, become genuinely interested in each other and, before they know it, fall hopelessly in love. But before long it didn't take a Walter Winchell to announce that this boy and girl, goaded on by the persecution, were now actually "that way" about each other. Finally an interviewer cornered Spencer with:

"Do you want to marry Loretta?"

"What man wouldn't?" he replied.

Within a month the papers carried the story that Spencer Tracy had received letters demanding $8,000 in cash on the threat that the writers, if not paid, would kidnap him or his two children *or* Loretta Young.

This was doubtless very annoying to the Hollywood magnates. It was also annoying to the Tracys and Miss Young. After the publicity had died down, the latter, lying on a hospital bed, issued a dignified announcement to the effect that: "Since Spencer Tracy and I can never be married"—they are both good Catholics—"we have agreed not to see each other again." And in January, 1935, following a Christmas and New Year's reunion, Spencer returned to his family.

Meanwhile the studio to which Tracy was under long-term contract had tired of their rebellious player; and the player had jumped at the chance to obtain his release. The day he got it, he signed the long-term contract with M-G-M under which he has made Fury, San Francisco, and Captains Courageous, and has emerged as the leading claimant for the annual Academy award.

More important still is the fact that Spencer Tracy has re-emerged personally sound. He must have his regrets and his memories, and so must Louise. But apparently they have taken up life where they left off. They and John and Susie are the pals they always were. Spencer is the same swell guy Will Rogers said he was.

He doesn't get into Hollywood very often of an evening nowadays. When he does, he brings Louise and John with him and they go to a movie; if it's a Shirley Temple, he brings Susie, too. Before the show, he invariably buys a bag of caramels. Just for the kids? Don't you believe it! For himself.

After the show he takes a double malted milk.

In twenty months he has tasted nothing stronger!

THE END

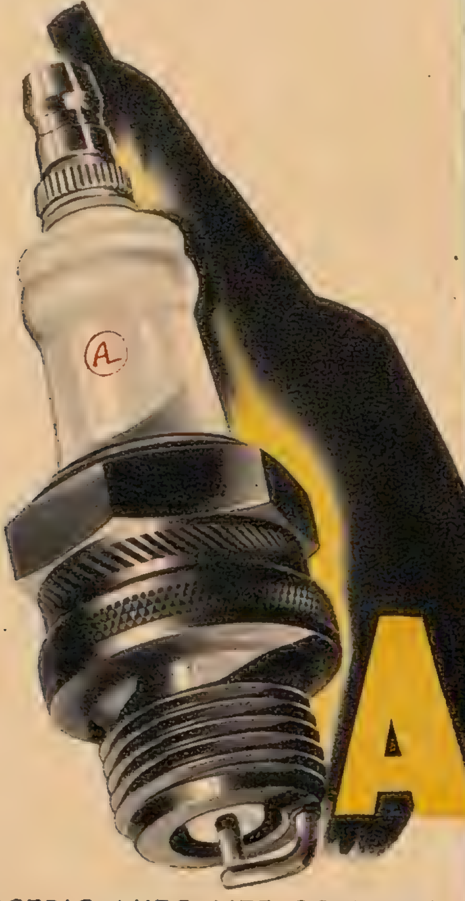
RONALD COLMAN
starred in David O. Selznick's
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
with MADELEINE CARROLL and
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
The most romantic adventure story of all time.

BOTH GIVE

"Perfect performance"

You appreciate "Perfect Performance" on the screen—you now have a right to expect it in the car you drive. Auto-Lite Spark Plugs give you perfect performance because they are built as a balanced unit of the ignition system—delivering a spark of the right characteristics, in the right place, at the right time. The result—greater motor efficiency plus maximum economy.

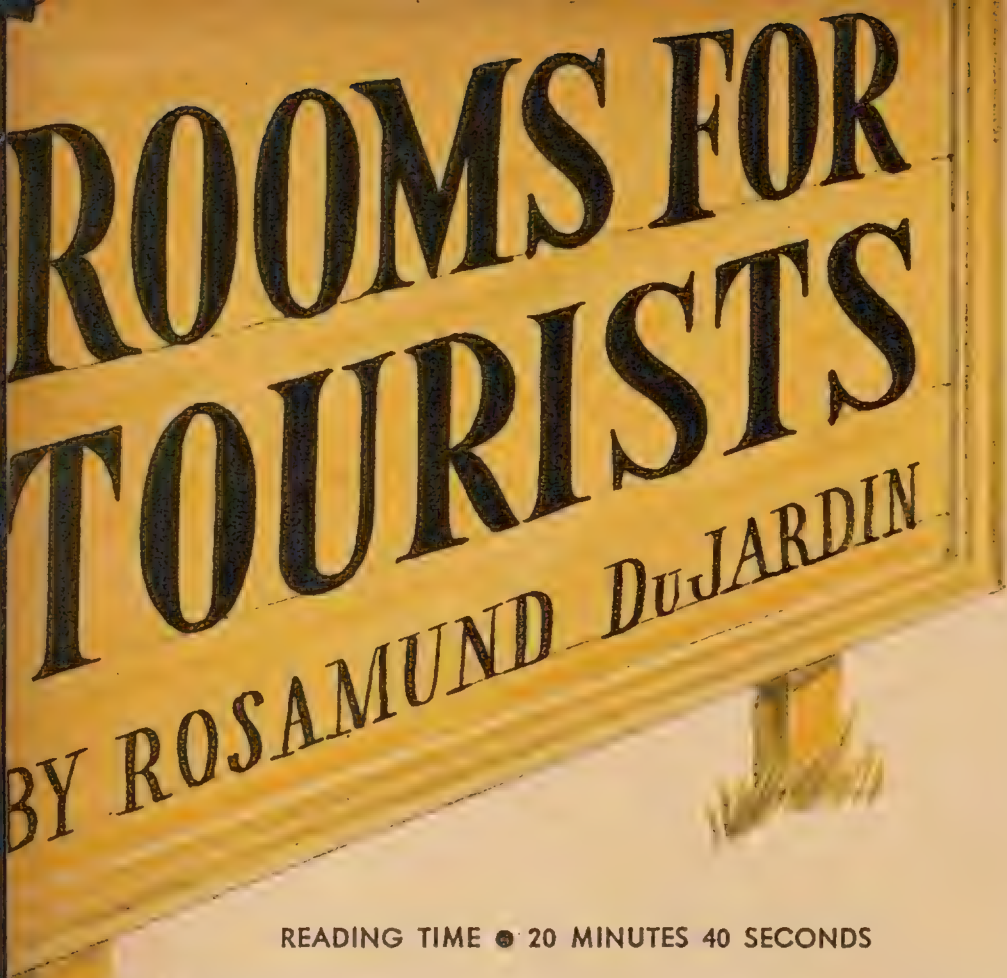
Renew the "New Car Performance" of your car by installing a set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. The improvement is instantly noticeable when you step on the starter. The economy is proven as you drive. Tell your dealer you want Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.



AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IGNITION ENGINEERED BY IGNITION ENGINEERS

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
MERCHANDISING DIVISION, TOLEDO



ROOMS FOR TOURISTS

BY ROSAMUND DuJARDIN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BEYOND the rusty radiator cap the road began to swing crazily. By a supreme effort of will Alan managed to keep his foot off the brake. He turned the wheel this way and that in a futile attempt to get the skidding car under control again. Sleet blurred the glass before him. Hang that temperamental wiper—it would fail him at a time like this! Slipping tires hit the low curb with a jolt, climbed it, plowed through sodden grass. A sign loomed ahead. There was a crash, a sound of splintering wood, of headlights shattering, and the ancient car came finally to a halt, its front wheels back on the road once more.

Alan's tense grip relaxed and the breath he had been unconsciously holding escaped in a heartfelt sigh of relief.

A flying figure in nondescript overalls and an old leather coat appeared from nowhere and landed on the running board. An angry voice proceeded to berate Alan soundly. A feminine voice. Gingerly he lowered the window, the better to hear and to behold this phenomenon.

Offhand, Alan couldn't recall ever having encountered a phenomenon with eyes so deeply blue between thick black lashes, with brown hair curling so damply from beneath a funny little cap, with lips so—with lips—

Those lips were demanding firmly and not for the first time, " What about my sign? "

Alan said soothingly, " Oh, it was your sign." And he asked, his gaze reproachful, " Aren't you being a little callous? I might have been killed."

" That," the heartless creature informed him, " is your business. The sign is mine. The last two people who ran into it got away. You're going to pay for it."

Alan began to be annoyed. Her tone, her manner aroused in him a latent stubbornness which he was usually able to control. He regarded the wrecked sign curiously, then stared beyond it at a rambling white house, badly in need of paint, which sat atop a gentle rise with poplars all around. Immediately across the road was a gas station, equally in need of paint.

Alan's quizzical dark gaze returned to rest upon her. " You figure I skidded intentionally? "

She frowned and her voice altered a little, grew faintly anxious. " Of course you couldn't help it. But it certainly wasn't my fault. You see, we rent rooms to tourists, and without the sign—" Abruptly her small pert nose wrinkled and she sneezed.

A rueful grin made Alan's lean, rather tired young face momentarily boyish. " You're getting drenched. If that's your station over there, can't we go in and talk this thing over? "

" There's nothing to talk over. I'll settle for ten dollars. That's what it cost to have it fixed before."

But Alan got out and led the way through the sleety rain to the little clapboard station. He opened the door and the girl preceded him, not very willingly, into a clean small room thick with the smell of oil. There were cans stacked around and a potbellied stove cast a welcome glow in one corner.

The girl wasted no time on preliminaries. " If you'll give me the money now—"

" Sorry," Alan interrupted curtly, " but I can't." Color crept upward across his cheekbones. " I'll send it to you later, though."

She'd heard that line before. " Oh, no, you won't! You're going to pay me right now or I'll—I'll—"

Her voice trailed off as she took in, one by one, the details of his appearance. Tall enough and broad enough, heaven knew, but with a discouraged droop of shoulder under a faded raincoat. Eyes shadowed with weariness, mouth faintly bitter. Thirty, maybe a little more.

She exclaimed, trying to convince herself as well as him by her very vehemence, " You must have that much money! If not, you shouldn't be driving around wrecking people's property . . ."

Alan crossed his arms resignedly and listened. But when the angry tears that pointed her lashes began to spill over, he stirred uncomfortably.

" Oh, come, now! " His tone was gruffly restraining. " A girl who runs filling stations with one hand and tourist homes with the other shouldn't give way like this."

Blue eyes blazed at him. " Are you making fun of me, you—you hobo on wheels? I suppose you think I enjoy getting my hands black and greasy and wearing clothes like these! Uncle Henry's rheumatism always gets bad in the spring when the weather's wet—that's why I'm running the station. And Aunt Bett takes care of the tourists. Although with the sign smashed—" Her voice faltered.

Alan said, " I'd be glad to repair it."

She considered his offer for a moment in silence. Then, " It's about the least you could do, under the circumstances. And there's plenty of lumber around. Do you think you could? "

" I'm willing to try."

She asked, her gaze level, " What's your name? "

Just then a mammoth truck drew up outside, brakes shrieking, horn honking arrogantly. Across its crimson side marched yellow letters: MILES CARTAGE COMPANY—CHICAGO.

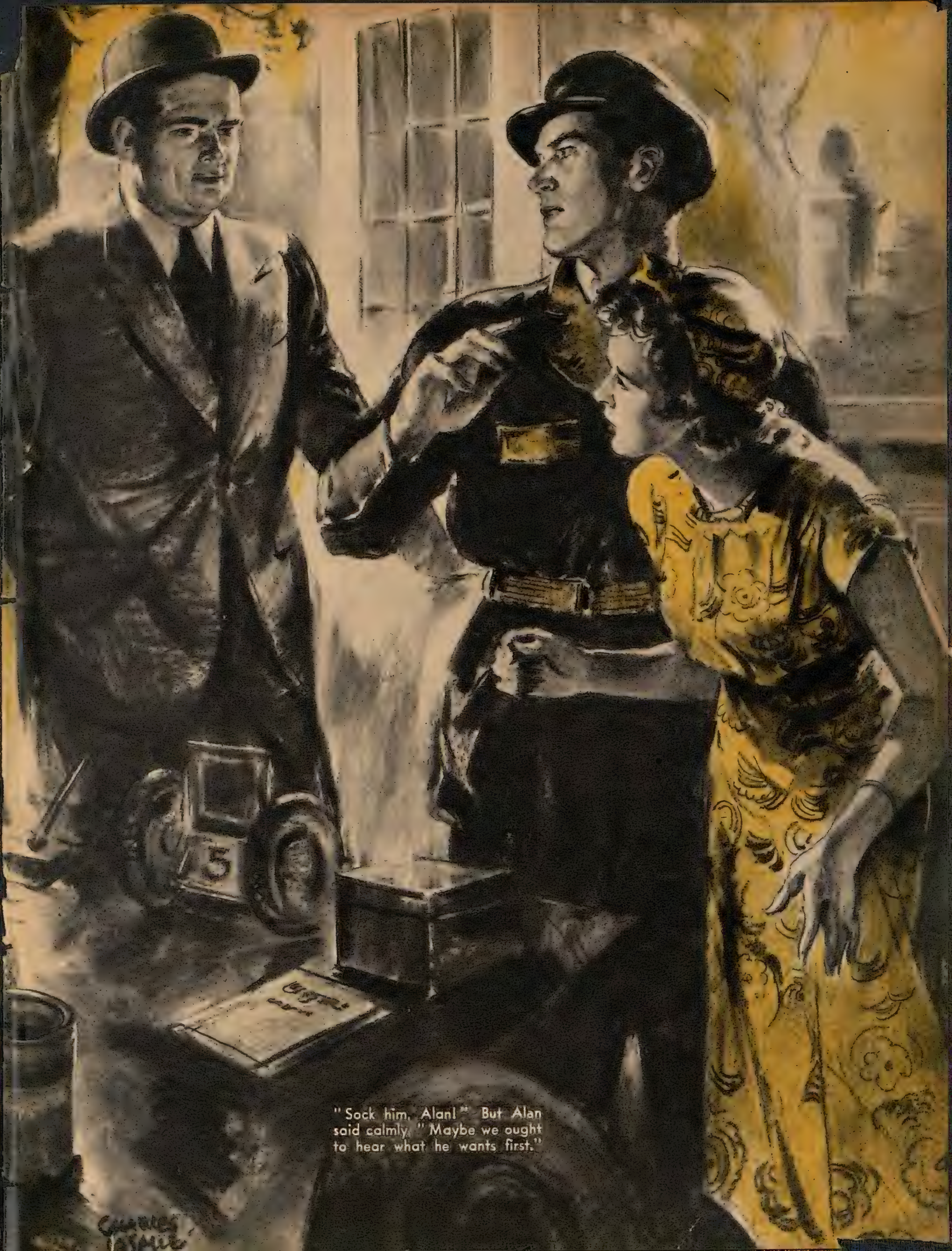
ALAN said almost smoothly, " Why—Miles. Alan Miles."

There was swift scorn in the girl's face as she hurried to answer that urgent summons. " All right, Mr. Miles. Better get that car of yours off the road. As soon as I'm free I'll show you where the lumber is."

The lumber was in an ancient barn behind the rambling white house. Rotting harness hung on the walls; farm implements stood about, rusted with disuse. The girl got out tools and nails and paint. When she had gone, Alan fell to work awkwardly. It had been so long since

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

Roadside adventure!—The sprightly tale of a rash young man who crashed a sign and drove headlong into love



CHARLES LASALLE

"Sock him, Alan!" But Alan said calmly, "Maybe we ought to hear what he wants first."

he had held a saw or driven a nail. But he got the hang of things soon. After a while he began to whistle. He was still whistling when the girl came to invite him into the house for lunch.

The kitchen was just as he had imagined it would be. Ruffled scrim curtains, snowy white. Scrubbed wood floor with green-checked linoleum in the middle. Huge glowing range with a basket full of cobs behind it. None of your modern step-saving nonsense here. It was a goodly walk from the stove to the square table by the window. But Aunt Bett didn't seem to mind. She waddled cheerfully back and forth, bearing steaming dishes, a plate of light biscuits, coffee in a gray enamel pot. Uncle Henry sat in a comfortable rocker drawn close to the warm range until everything was ready.

ROSAMOND DuJARDIN

began by writing for her high-school paper. Now she spends every morning in her office working on stories for magazines and various newspaper syndicates. She is married, has two children, a boy and a girl, and lives in a suburb of Chicago.

The girl had said stiffly, "Aunt Bett, Uncle Henry, this is the man I told you about—Alan Miles." Her eyes had met his squarely then, but he hadn't even colored. "Mr. and Mrs. Kent. And I'm Virginia Kent."

"Lucky you weren't hurt bad, the way you skidded," Aunt Bett had greeted him.

And Uncle Henry had added, "Seems like that sign of ours is jinxed. Last fall a bunch of fellers from Purdue smashed it up, comin' back from a football game. An' the spring before—"

All during lunch Aunt Bett and Uncle Henry were very cordial to their guest. Their niece, however, had very little to say, and she regarded him, when at all, with distrust and scorn.

Finishing a giant wedge of apple pie, Alan asked thoughtfully, "Doesn't your tourist business slump a little in the winter and early spring?" And then, as both Aunt Bett and Uncle Henry nodded concurrence, "Ever thought of adding some sort of auxiliary line, something to tide you over the slow seasons?"

Virginia pushed her chair back firmly and got up. She said coldly, "We've managed to get along so far without your advice, Mr.—Miles. And the sooner you can get back to work the better. The sign isn't helping business any out in the barn, you know."

Aunt Bett exclaimed, scandalized, "Why, Jinny!"

Uncle Henry patted Alan's shoulder approvingly. "That's not a bad idee, young feller. I'm going to give the matter some thought."

Virginia jammed her absurd cap on her bright curls viciously. "Please don't, Uncle Henry. I have just about all I can manage without taking on anything else!"

She went out, slamming the door behind her.

All afternoon Alan worked on the sign. At dusk Virginia's slim figure darkened the barn door once more.

"Aren't you finished yet?" she inquired thickly, ignoring the obvious excellence of the job.

Alan glanced up curiously. "Have you got a cold?"

Virginia chose to ignore that. "Aunt Bett says dinner's ready."

VIRGINIA didn't care for any dinner. Her head felt heavy. At frequent intervals she sneezed. Aunt Bett insisted upon giving her a hot lemonade and putting her to bed. Meanwhile Alan and Uncle Henry sat by the fire and talked. They covered politics and the weather and business conditions. From business in general they drifted easily to Uncle Henry's—and Virginia's!—business in particular.

Alan said, "It's no wonder she's sick. The idea of a girl running a gas station! How long's she been at it?"

"More'n a week now," Uncle Henry admitted, rubbing his back dolefully.

Alan leaned forward, a peculiar glint in his eye. "What you need around here is a good odd-job man. One who could run the station when you're laid up."

The old man's laugh was hollow. "That may be what we need, but there ain't none such t' be had—not around this town, 't any rate."

"You might," Alan suggested, "try one from the city." And then, as Uncle Henry eyed him blankly, "Take me, for instance. I was born on a farm, but I've lived in the city for years—long enough to make me appreciate this kind of life."

By the time Aunt Bett came downstairs it was all settled. Not that Aunt Bett had any objections to offer. By the time Virginia came downstairs three days later, still a bit pale and prone to cuddle close to the heat, the new arrangement was in full swing.

She burst in upon Alan where he sat in the little filling station, chair tilted back comfortably against the wall. Her hair was almost red in the pale spring sunshine, and she was wearing a blue-and-white printed frock and a tan tweed coat with the collar turned up around her ears.

She demanded, "I'd like to know the meaning of this! Talking my aunt and uncle into giving you a job; making them think—"

As she hesitated, Alan inquired, proffering his chair with grave courtesy, "Making them think I needed the job? That I would work for very little besides my room and board?"

She said firmly, "Making them think you're some one you aren't. I haven't told them yet, because I appreciate your fixing the sign and taking charge here until I got on my feet again. But I'm all right now. There isn't any need—"

"If I'm being fired," Alan put in smoothly, "I think I deserve a reason. And since your uncle hired me, isn't he the one to tell me if my work's not satisfactory?"

IT was fun to make her mad just to see her eyes light up as though there were blue flames in them.

She said, "I'll give you a reason! What's the idea, putting funny notions in Uncle Henry's head, trying to talk him into starting a lunchroom in connection with the filling station, trying to make Aunt Bett think her pies and light biscuits are heaven's gift to the starving motorist—"

When she paused momentarily for breath, Alan inquired equably, "What's funny about that idea? There isn't a decent restaurant for miles. And it would be a simple matter to add a room on to your building here and put in the minimum in the way of inexpensive equipment."

"Using what for money?" Virginia demanded. "And who'd run it?"

"You could. It would be a far more suitable occupation than the one you were engaged in when I came along. I'll take care of the station and your aunt can cook. Later on, when the tourist business picks up, she can get some one to help her. As for money"—Alan's tone was deprecatory—"your uncle and I discussed a sort of partnership arrangement, with me putting up the capital in return for a job."

Virginia said, "Well! And you're the one who couldn't pay me ten dollars for my sign!"

"I know," Alan soothed. "But for an opportunity such as this I'd be prepared to make a sacrifice. I thought I'd sell my car."

Virginia's hoot of laughter was derisive.

Alan said, frowning, "On second thought, I don't believe we'll let you run our restaurant. Some one with a more winning personality, a sweeter disposition—"

"Listen," Virginia interrupted. "If you can sell that wreck of yours for more than fifteen dollars you're a genius. I'd almost be willing to go into partnership with you."

"It's a bargain," Alan took her up quickly. "As soon as you're well enough to relieve me here, I'll attend to it."

He started out bright and early a few mornings later. Virginia watched him go, and she thought, an inexplicable tightening in her throat, He'll probably never come back. Why should he? It's going to be hard on Aunt Bett and Uncle Henry, though. They really believe in him. . . .

Uncle Henry excused Alan's absence as they sat down to dinner that night, "'Tain't easy t' git a good price for an old car these days, but he'll do it if any one kin."

When dinner was over, Aunt Bett washed the dishes and Virginia dried them. She put them away quietly one by one in the corner cupboard. Outside the poplars whipped in the rising wind with a sound like mourning. Virginia asked herself sternly, Why are you being quiet? Why are you listening? You know you'll never see him again. . . .

But there was a step on the porch, and Aunt Bett hurried to the door, drying her hands on her apron. Alan came in, beaming but weary, and limped over to the nearest chair.

"Had to walk most of the way home. This hitchhiking isn't what it's cracked up to be. And I went clear to Lebanon before I had a decent offer for the bus."

Lebanon was more than twenty miles away.

Alan reached triumphantly into his pocket, brought out a roll of bills. Carefully Virginia put down the saucer she had been drying over and over. He had got one hundred and fifty dollars for the car.

The Quick Snack opened for business on the 17th of April. Three wholly incredible weeks had elapsed since Alan's ancient car skidded into the sign. Weeks during which the piles of secondhand lumber purchased with Alan's money took shape and form under the increasingly skillful efforts of Alan's hands. Uncle Henry recovered almost miraculously to assist in this exciting new enterprise, and Aunt Bett's frenzy of anticipation reached fever pitch. Only Virginia remained aloof and faintly troubled, wondering.

ONCE she asked Alan point-blank, "Why are you working so hard, spending your money, when you don't intend to stay here?"

They had been walking in the sweet spring dusk, following the meandering course of a little stream that bordered the Kent property, and now they paused momentarily before turning back. The weeks just past had wrought a physical change in Alan. He was brown and muscular from long days of labor in the sun. There was a new alertness in his manner and the tension that Virginia had sensed in him at first was gone.

He asked slowly, not denying it, "What makes you think I won't stay?"

Her shrug was a fragile thing. "Do you stay any place very long? You lived on a farm. Then you went to the city.. After a while you got fed up on that."

"Maybe circumstances beyond my control had something to do with my —moving on."

"I thought you were going to say 'running away.' Not that it matters —to me."

"Good," said Alan lightly. "For a minute I was afraid you expected the story of my life."

He painted the Quick Snack white with a dull green trim. The same color scheme was carried out inside. Green-checked gingham curtains, green-painted tables with matching chairs, a long spotless counter along

The aroma...
delicious
the taste
Swell
better smoking
tobacco
Velvet
TWO YEARS IN
PIPE AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
for pipe
or
cigarette

FIVE REASONS WHY YOU'LL LIKE VELVET

1. *Fine old Kentucky Burley aged-in-wood.*
2. *Flavored with pure maple sugar for extra good taste.*
3. *An altogether different fragrance.*
4. *Cut to pack easy in a pipe —cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.*
5. *Every tin contains 2 full ounces.*

Copyright 1937,
LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.

the side. On the eve of the opening Alan conducted a last tour of inspection. Aunt Bett and Uncle Henry admired everything extravagantly. Virginia yawned.

Alan almost lost his temper then. “Can't you show any enthusiasm? Don't you like it at all?”

“It's very nice,” Virginia said politely. “My green-and-white aprons will be very nice, too—provided there's any one to see them.”

“I declare,” Aunt Bett confided in Uncle Henry later. “I don't know what's come over Jinny. She acts like she despises Alan, and he's gone out of his way to be nice to her.”

Uncle Henry chuckled. “Makes me think of the way you acted the first few times I asked to walk you home from Epworth League.”

Contrary to Virginia's doleful expectations, the Quick Snack seemed destined for immediate if unspectacular success. Salesmen and truck drivers patronized it. Most of the tourists who stopped at the rambling white house came over for breakfast. It acquired quite a local reputation. Virginia's opinion of Alan improved considerably when he refrained from saying, “I told you so.”

But Uncle Henry had no such qualms. He crowed, “Even the fillin' station's doin' better. Surprisin' how many folks figger they might as well kill two birds with one stone when they stop to eat. Alan had the right idee, Jinny.”

As day followed day, and Alan continued to bustle cheerfully around the little station, to spend the lengthening evenings contentedly in the house across the road, the sharp restraint Virginia had imposed upon herself began to crumble. And hope grew in her heart, terrifying in its intensity, sweet in its promise. If Alan stayed on . . .

She had gone into town one afternoon on an errand. Alan saw her returning, hurrying along, arms full of bundles, bright hair flying. Instead of crossing to the house, she came straight on to the station. Alan's welcoming grin faded at sight of her face.

She stumbled ahead of him into the station, her breath coming in sobbing gasps. It occurred to him, as he set her bundles aside, that she must have run most of the mile from town.

He caught her shoulders in his hands, shaking her: “What is it? Tell me!”

When she could speak she said, “Alan—there's a man in town looking for you. A—a detective, the postmaster thinks he is. I was so horribly afraid he'd get here first.” Her voice broke with despair: “They found your car where you left it—in a garage in Lebanon. I don't know why you lied to us, or where you got all that money. I—don't want to know. I'll make up something to tell him when he comes—only go now!”

Alan's chin set stubbornly. “I'm not going.”

Her eyes beseeched him through a bright blur of tears. She whispered, “Darling, you must! If it was bad enough to run away from before, it'll be worse now. Please—please—”

Now she was in his arms and his lips were hard and warm against hers and for a moment there was nothing else.

THEN Alan's voice, husky, exultant. “You think I'd go now? You think I'd leave you?” She repeated, clinging to him, “You must! Because I love you—because I couldn't bear—”

She whirled at the sound of the door opening. Whirled and stood there, her eyes wide with horror. A man was framed in the narrow aperture. A bulky, suspicious-looking fellow with a derby hat and very large flat feet.

Primitive emotions surged in Virginia. She was appalled to hear her own voice shouting, “Sock him, Alan! I don't believe he's got a gun!”

The bulky individual looked surprised and began fumbling in his pocket. Virginia screamed.

But Alan, one arm still about her trembling shoulders, said quite calmly, “I will if necessary, darling. But maybe we ought to hear what he wants first.”

“That's more like it,” said the bulky one, bringing forth—not a gun but a harmless-looking photograph.

YOU MAY BE NEXT

TIRE BLEW OUT
SEDAN CRASHE
S POST
BLOWS
CLOSE CALL
CAPSIZES
TIRE
OVERT
DIES O
F BURS

FOR REAL BLOW-OUT PROTECTION RIDE ON GOODRICH SILVERTOWN TIRES...WITH THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY...

THOUSANDS of motorists are killed or injured—thousands of dollars are spent for repairs, doctor and hospital bills every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control.

Keep *your* name out of the accident columns. Many of the blow-outs you hear and read about altogether too often are due to the heat generated *inside* of tires by today's high-speed driving. This terrific heat may cause rubber and fabric to separate. And, if it does, an invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER this blister grows until, sooner or later, BANG! You have a blow-out.

That's why Goodrich engineers invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply found *only* in Silvertown tires. This amazing Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat the Golden Ply protects you against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

Don't Gamble

The safe thing to do is to see your Goodrich dealer *right now.* Equip your car with a set of Golden Ply Silvertown Tires. You pay no price premium for these life-saving tires and they'll give you *months* of extra trouble-free mileage.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST
THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

The Only Tire With Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

This he proceeded to scrutinize narrowly, staring up at Alan every now and then for purposes of comparison. Finally he shrugged. "You're him, all right. No doubt about it."

Virginia said hoarsely, "No! No, he's not! I don't know who that is, but this is my cousin, J-John Kent from Ohio. I—I've known him ever since we were children. And he hasn't done a thing!"

A choked gasp from behind the detective heralded the inopportune arrival upon the scene of Uncle Henry. Virginia scowled at him warningly.

The detective removed his derby and scratched his head. "What's all this?" he demanded. "Ain't you Alan Miles of the Miles Cartage Company in Chicago? Didn't you leave there on the 15th of March, an' didn't you give your secretary a list of places where you'd inquire for mail, so that if anything important came up he could get in touch with you?"

Now it was Virginia's turn to stare at Alan. Blankly—unbelievingly. For Alan was nodding, agreeing.

"Yeah," said the detective, returning the picture to his pocket. "Well, your secretary got panicky when he tried to get in touch with you an' couldn't. Bein' the only one who knew you didn't go to Florida like the doctor ordered when you was threatened with that nervous breakdown, he got scared there'd been foul play. So he sends me down to this little burg of Lebanon where you'd cashed a check. He's goin' to think I'm screwy when I tell him you're workin' here. You better wire him yourself, Mr. Miles. He's in a stew."

WHEN the detective had departed, and Uncle Henry, looking slightly dazed, had followed him out, Alan wasted no time about taking Virginia in his arms again.

She said "Oh!" in a strangled tone and tried to squirm away from him. "Why didn't you go to Florida as you were told—instead of hanging around here, pretending you needed a job, deceiving me—deceiving all of us—"

"Not so much, darling," Alan said gently. "Only about selling the car. And that was the best excuse I could manufacture so you'd let me stay. And I had to stay. As for my not going to Florida—I knew what I needed better than the doctor did. Life wasn't any fun—that was mostly what was wrong with me. But back in the days when all I had was a secondhand flivver and a last year's suit, things happened. I wondered if they still would, if the circumstances were right—and I found out!"

His face was very close now, and Virginia had lost even the desire to struggle. Instead, anticipation rose within her. There was just one more thing she wanted to know. Had the shaken thrill of that first—and only—kiss been accidental, or would it feel like that every time?

Hopefully she raised her lips to find out. . . .

THE END

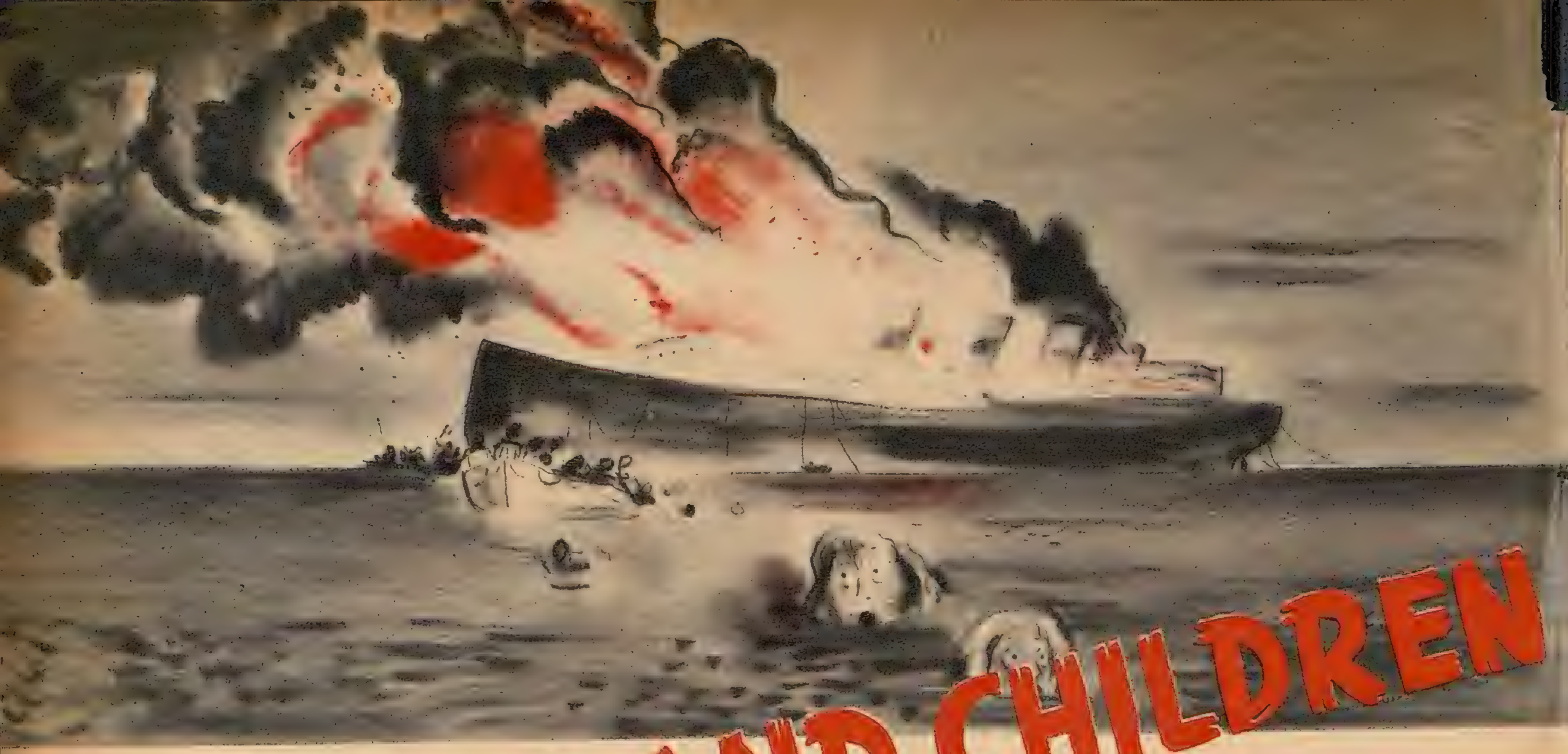
Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
GENUINE
BUCKINGHAM
SMOKING
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

You'll cheer during both halves of Half & Half. Cool as a tie with two minutes to play. Smooth as a touchdown that wins for your side. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



WOMEN AND CHILDREN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERVINE METZL

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

RECENTLY I made a long journey by sea. On the way out I traveled on a ship of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company; I returned on an American vessel—and thereby hangs the start of this tale.

I felt that my wife and children were safe on the Canadian ship; none of us felt safe on the American ship. On the Canadian ship we saw the most careful attention given to lifesaving precaution and fire drills; we missed these precautions on the vessel that flew the flag of our own country. We witnessed discipline on the one, and a lack of discipline on the other.

I give these personal experiences here only for what they may be worth. Not for a moment do I believe that all or even many American ships are poorly managed, or that all foreign boats are competently managed. But what I saw I conceive to be important to the safety of human lives at sea and to the good name of American seamanship. If these conditions can obtain on one American ship they can obtain on others. Having told of them here, I shall add some outside testimony to indicate that while they are not general, neither are they unique.

On the promenade deck of the Canadian ship there were boxes filled with ashes affixed at frequent intervals to the railings. A sign on each box suggested that passengers should not throw lighted cigarettes or cigars over the rail but instead should deposit them in the ash boxes. In addition to this precaution, when a passenger sat on deck and smoked, a steward at once brought an ash tray to the chair. Officers took pains to explain the danger of throwing a lighted cigarette over the rail because of the possibility of the wind carrying the lighted cigarette through an open porthole into the bedding of an unoccupied room, thus possibly setting the ship on fire.

No such precautions were taken on the American ship on which I sailed.

There were no boxes, no ash trays for those in deck chairs. I know because I am a constant smoker.

I saw lighted cigarettes and half-consumed lighted cigars thrown on the deck itself and hundreds of others thrown over the side. This was done in the presence of officers who made no remonstrance. I felt that because of this carelessness at any moment the ship on which we sailed could have had the same fate as the Morro Castle.

As soon as we were out to sea the first officer of the Canadian ship had a call sounded for a boat drill. Those passengers who did not put on life preservers and go to their stations were courteously persuaded to do so. As soon as they were assembled, the first officer made a little speech. He told the passengers that if they were to hear the six warning blasts of the ship's whistle they were not to give way to panic or even to assume that they were to abandon the ship. Instead they were to realize that at the slightest sign of danger the officers would take the most extreme and often unnecessary measures for their safety. They were to come to the stations wearing their life preservers and carrying overcoats and blankets. If it did become necessary to abandon the ship, the first officer went on to explain, they were not even then to be terrified, because they could step easily into the boats from the promenade deck, and there was plenty of room in the boats for three times the number of persons on the ship. Some lifeboats were motor-propelled and had sending-and-receiving wireless equipment.

All this was very reassuring. It inspired the passengers with a belief in and respect for the responsibility of the officers. What was even more surprising, immediately after leaving Honolulu the entire performance was repeated solely for the benefit of the new passengers who came aboard in Honolulu.

Again we find the contrast in the American boat line. From one Eastern port through the journey to three others there were no boat drills at all—as if the theory were that land was so near at hand, no such precautions were necessary. Yet the Morro Castle was very close to the Jersey shore when one hundred and twenty-two people were drowned or burned to death.

It was two days after heading homeward that signals finally rang for a boat drill. A few passengers put on their life preservers, but they felt as did the man who brought his harp to the party and was not asked to play.

Something for every U. S. citizen to ponder—The plain, unvarnished tale of one American's experience at sea

FIRST

BY FULTON OURSLER

EDITOR OF LIBERTY

They simply could not find where the drill was being held. As for myself, I did not put on a life preserver because there wasn't one available in my cabin for me to put on. I reported this and asked that one be sent up. This first request was apparently ignored or forgotten, and it was necessary for me to repeat this request on three different days before it was taken care of.

No officer seemed to be in charge of the boat drill. A few of the crew appeared to be playing with the davits of one lifeboat. It looked as if the machinery didn't work, so they gave it up as a bad job. No one even talked to the passengers, and whereas on the Canadian ship the officers inspected each life preserver to see if it were tied correctly, and gave special instructions to those found in error, no one did so on the American ship.

The whole business of lifeboat drills and safety measures seemed to be held in amused contempt by the crew, and this spirit communicated itself to the passengers. Much more important, to my way of thinking, than the actual neglect itself is this demoralizing attitude, which I firmly believe is not an evidence of skilled experience. If it is possible that conditions such as these exist frequently on American ships, then the Morro Castle and other disasters at sea become more easily understandable.

The lack of discipline all over the ship, in the crew, the cabin boys, the dining-room waiters, is not worth taking time to describe. Some of the ship's lesser officers actually sat at table and mocked the quality of the food in the presence of passengers. Considering the quality of the food, one could hardly blame them; I have never eaten worse fare in any public dining room, nor have I seen food more wretchedly prepared. Waiters were sullen, if not insolent, to passengers and officers. They quarreled noisily among themselves. All this reached a piquant climax two nights before we landed in America, when a gala party was held. The next day as passengers filed into the dining room the orchestra played The Prisoner's Song, and passengers began to laugh and clap. I inquired the reason for this of the steward, who said, "Oh, didn't you know that most of the ship's orchestra got so drunk last night that they had to be locked up in the brig?"

I do not write this in any resentful mood. Every officer on the ship did his best to make our party comfortable and we personally have no complaints. We went on the ship, against the protest of our friends, to see what an American vessel was like. Safety considerations aside, I state without hesitation that if any foreign country wanted to discredit American shipping it could not do so as well as this American ship is doing of itself.

One may well insist on knowing how general are these conditions. At once rises up the ghost of the burning Morro Castle. Here let me quote in part a recent editorial from the New York Post:

> A SICK MAN AT SEA WITH AN INCOMPETENT CREW
>
> A damage suit which the whole country will watch has been filed in a New York Federal Court.
>
> Mrs. Robert R. Willmott, widow of the captain of the Morro Castle, who died just before the ship caught fire, is asking $200,000 damages from the Ward Line.
>
> She asserts that her husband's illness and death were the result of the nervous strain imposed by the conditions under which he was forced to work—and that the strain was caused by the negligence and greed of the shipowners.
>
> Her bill of complaint paints a picture of conditions on the ship which might have worried any conscientious master into his grave. It says:
>
> "For a long time prior [to the disaster] the Morro Castle was unseaworthy, as was well known to the defendants, in that it was improperly manned by the defendants, who employed incompetent mates and crew.
>
> [Remember that the forty-dollar-a-week Chief Officer Warms was in command of the ship after Willmott's death.]
>
> "The defendants permitted the vessel to be undermanned and allowed officers and crew to be overworked without even time for fire drills, in violation of the law."
>
> The suit asserts that Willmott was forced to do seventy hours' continuous duty because he could not leave the ship for a moment in the hands of his incompetent, underpaid mates. Willmott was ill and several times had applied for a leave of absence to recuperate from the strain of running the deathtrap. His requests were refused.
>
> There might have been a different story when the fire broke out if the line had given the ailing Willmott his leave and had placed a competent and physically sound master in charge of that fatal run.

Does not this indicate there is something definitely rotten in the state of American shipping?

We have all recently read of another American ship on fire. The City of Baltimore, plying between Baltimore and Norfolk, burned down to the water's edge in Chesapeake Bay. At least two lives were lost, probably more. That the death toll was not greater was due only to the fact that there were small boats near by to rescue passengers who jumped overboard to escape the flames.

I DO not know how the City of Baltimore caught on fire. There will be investigations, and the country can piously hope that something constructive will come of it all. But probably nothing will come of it. Nothing ever seems to come of investigations like that—remember the hullabaloo when our government was investigating the Vestris disaster? Meanwhile, Senator Copeland is trying to get a bill passed to safeguard American lives at sea. No doubt it is a good bill. But why not enforce the laws we have already?

One outspoken American writes me as follows:

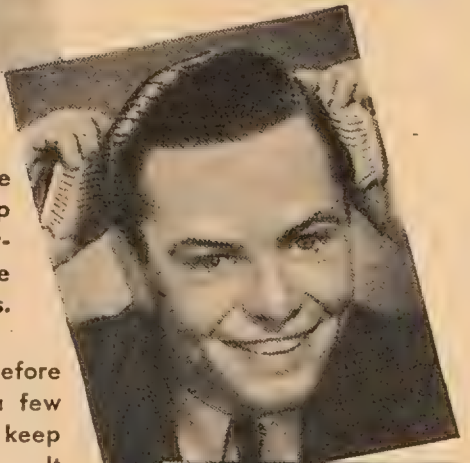
"The reason why the American discipline is so bad is because every American seaman thinks he is the equal of the passenger. This is one of the penalties of democracy. This does not hold true on the other lines, where the nationalities have a class distinction."

There must be American sailors who are willing to accept the discipline which the rigid laws of the sea require. Our Canadian ship had a Chinese crew—more than four hundred of them—and they obeyed their Canadian officers. If the fault lies with the crew, the seamen should realize that their failure to measure up to standard may force the employment of crews which can be relied upon.

We are told that Senator Copeland is also responsible for the bill which made it mandatory to employ American citizens on American ships. The purpose of having American ships is hardly to provide jobs for American citizens, for it would be much cheaper to pay them salaries and not have the ships improperly manned. The truth is driven home to any one watching the daily routine that a disaster at sea would be infinitely more terrible if

Good Looking Hair

It's really simple, this business of having . . . and keeping . . . a head of good looking hair. It means regular scalp cleansing and massage to keep the hair lustrous...daily grooming with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to keep it neat. Follow these 2 easy rules:



DO THIS EVERY WEEK: Massage 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic into your scalp before shampooing...to liven scalp circulation...overcome dryness and loose dandruff . . . supplement natural oils.

DO THIS EVERY DAY: Before brushing your hair shake on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to keep your hair neat and in place . . . It will neither look . . . nor be greasy.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC

Copr. 1937, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

it came to a ship where respect for authority seemed at a low ebb.

In the face of conditions such as these, we are preparing to spend another enormous appropriation to help American shipping. There is no question that this action is needed. More than 85 per cent of American-owned ships will be twenty years old, or nearly obsolete, by 1942. Not one general cargo or passenger ship was under construction in an American yard in 1936. For fifteen years not a single ship designed for general cargo carrying in the foreign trade has been built.

Now President Roosevelt has asked Congress for an immediate appropriation of $10,000,000 for the new Maritime Commission. More than that, he has asked authority for it to promise $150,000,000 in subsidies for the construction of ninety-five new ships.

In all the excitement we hear a great deal about what the commission is going to do to help the seamen. Hasn't the time come when we should also hear something about what is going to be done for the passengers? The government is permitted by statute to enter the shipbuilding industry if necessary to stop profiteering by the builders. The commission can establish minimum-wage scales and reasonable working hours on all ships receiving a subsidy. Can it not go a step farther and see that these carefully protected workers also obey orders?

Quoting the chairman of the commission:

" The government now determines the standard of a self-respecting life at sea, and the taxpaying public pays the additional cost. . . . In return, the commission trusts that the American seamen will give the commission and the taxpaying public a square deal."

There is hope in that last remark, mild as it sounds. Certainly the old sea law applies also to a government in the shipping business: *Women and children first!*

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo is of a swashbuckling, glamorous war correspondent who married the Yama-Yama Girl. He wrote many short stories—among them the Van Bibber tales, which were filmed. Remember?

2—Which two states are each bounded by eight other states?

3—What *two* Biblical characters walked on the water?

4—Which animals are scrambled here: pakio, bratib, dapna?

5—Would one most likely encounter a laughing jackass in Missouri, Washington, South America, or Australia?

6—When were Jews expelled from part of the U. S. army?

7—During a World Series game, about how many baseballs are used?

8—Who were the First, Second, and Third Accidental Presidents?

9—Where are Cleopatra's needles?

10—What former hod carrier, who plays the violin, has " Live dangerously " for his motto?

11—Which play has been produced most often in the history of New York's theater?

12—Who is Henry W. Colmery?

13—German silver is an alloy of which metals?

14—The Nina, Santa Maria, and Pinta were in whose expedition?

15—Is it coleslaw or cold slaw?

16—Formerly, in tennis circles, " Big Bill " was William T. Tilden; but who was " Little Bill "?

17—What is the longest unfortified boundary line between two nations?

18—Is it true that more children are born in hospitals in the U. S. than at home?

19—Which is the Hawkeye State; the Blue-Hen State; the Corncracker State?

20—Who composed Aïda?

(*Answers will be found on page 59*)

Fred Weiss Takes a Ride

BY KARL DETZER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

SAM BEARDSLEY was breathing hard as he pulled away from the filling station. Had the smart aleck at the gas pump noticed anything? Of course everybody talked about trailers these days, but this boy had been too interested. Almost nosy. Asked too many questions. Even put his hand on the door latch.

Naturally, the door was locked. Sam wasn't a fool.

"What'd the outfit set you back?"

"How much?" Sam said. "Oh, I make 'em. Partner and I. This is the thousand-dollar model. Ever want one" . . . did the kid notice his fingers tremble? . . . "here's my card."

Sam Beardsley handed it over. The name on it was Fred Weiss.

Sam pulled off quickly. This was Akron he was leaving. Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut lay behind; ahead, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Sam never had been to Wisconsin, but he knew all about it. Who wouldn't, the way Fred talked? Fred spent Augusts there, fishing. Had a cabin, alone, miles from anybody.

Sam's eye moved cautiously to the rear-view mirror and his foot went heavy on the accelerator. He swerved to the side of the road, cursed himself for the jitters, and looked back again. A motorcycle was overhauling him, all right. A cop. He was studying the trailer license, too. Sam slowed and wiped his face. The cop opened his motor. Roared past. Sam started to chew gum again. If he only didn't sweat so!

Why should he, with everything going fine? He'd figured his route to the mile. He went over the plans again.

He'd started from home Friday night, after phoning the bookkeeper that he'd spend a few days in New York. Sometime Monday night he'd reach Fred's lake. After tending the business there, he'd get into Chicago on the electric line Fred always talked about, and grab a train for New York. Be back in his office Wednesday.

At Findlay, Ohio, he stopped again for gas. He'd spotted a hardware store. He parked his car and trailer and walked back to it and went in, trying to look at ease.

"Couple of plumber's candles," he told the clerk. "Five-hour size."

That made ten he had now, and he'd never bought more than two in a town. Ten candles, on top of one another, added up to fifty hours. You could get back to Connecticut on a train from Wisconsin easy in that time.

He went a hundred miles farther that day than he'd planned. By evening he was sleepy. But he kept on. He could sleep all day tomorrow on the train.

Avoiding Chicago, he swung in a wide circle, stopping about nine o'clock at a filling station on the edge of a big town. Quite a bustling place, it looked. Even in the darkness he sensed a subdued excitement. Men and boys were hurrying; cars whizzed. Only the old man at the gasoline pump seemed undisturbed.

"Ten gallons," Sam directed. This would be the last he'd have to buy. Certainly in four hours he'd be at Fred's lake; and by two o'clock, returning to Chicago on the electric.

The old man said, "Swell trailer. Must cost plenty!"

"Thousand," Sam answered, peering up the dark street. That was quite a crowd in front of the big building with lights on its roof. He took out a pocketbook. "What I owe you?"

"Two dollars even." The old man reverted covetously to the trailer. "Where'd you buy it?"

"Make 'em," Sam answered—adding again, "my partner and me. Want one sometime . . . here's my card."

The fellow looked at it. "Thanks, Mr. Weiss," he said. "Wait; I'll clean your windshield."

Sam managed to smile. Everything was going well. He'd left Fred's cards right across the country. It was the smart thing to do. Everybody said he and Fred looked alike. Of course he was better-looking than Fred, but . . .

"Check your oil, sir?" the old man asked.

"Never mind." Sam was putting Fred's billfold into his pocket when the crowd up the street started shouting. "What's going on?"

"That's Joliet Prison. Feller gettin' hung midnight."

Sam tripped on the step climbing into the car. He could feel the sweat on his cheeks again. The starter balked, and he jammed his foot against it a dozen times.

The old man said, "Comical, ain't they, wantin' to hang round a hangin'?"

He stooped as if to pick something up, and Sam let the car into gear. He started with a jerk.

"Hey!" the old man called.

Sam swung into traffic. Had the old fellow noticed anything? Must have heard him choke, seen him sweat. He tried to assure himself: "Steady! Four more hours . . ."

He was in the country again, racing northward, when he saw the red light flashing behind. A motorcycle cop.

"Use your head, Sam!" Sam said. "Use your head!"

He tried driving faster. But so did the motorcycle. It was just behind him. A siren lifted its shrill voice. Sam slid off the pavement, back on, off again. The motorcycle was opposite him, slowing. Sam stepped on the brake. Best to stop.

The officer was off his motorcycle . . . pointing at Sam with something black.

"Fred Weiss in there?" he demanded.

Sam's breath caught. So he'd bungled, after all. Where?

He heard the crowd yelling again. But how could he, all these miles from the prison?

Snatching open the door, he leaped into the roadway.

He tried to run. But his feet twisted under him. He dropped. Heard himself screaming. What a damn fool he was! He hadn't been smart! He felt the officer's hands on his arms. Tried to fight. No use.

He heard his own voice: "I'll tell you! Sure I killed him. In the office! Yes, he's in there! On the floor! Going to Wisconsin . . . burn him up . . ."

"What's this?" The officer was shaking him.

"I'm telling you!" Sam screamed. "Going to stand the candles up! Light 'em . . . burn the trailer . . . him . . . have fifty-hour start . . ."

"Well, well," the officer said. "Thanks for telling me. What I stopped you for, though . . . you dropped your pocketbook, back at that Joliet filling station."

THE END

CALL ME JIM

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

New deals in postage stamps and 13 "acts of God"—A lively look at the colorful life of a super-politician

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FROM Seattle and way stations visited in the summer of 1931, Jim came home with six hundred Democratic delegates "in the bag" for Roosevelt. Through the months that followed he kept them there by letter writing. Some of his letters did the cause the special service of dispelling doubt concerning Governor Roosevelt's health. Besides all this and much more, Jim traveled some 30,000 miles on trains. Then at Chicago during the convention, glad-handing in the crowded hotel lobbies, he surpassed himself. What with the "Stop Roosevelt" opposition and the two-thirds rule, there were anxious hours, but he only chewed the more gum. After the victory, his reward, for the time being, was a heartfelt "Put it there, Jim!" from the beaming nominee, arrived by plane.

And now how to finance the campaign and reimburse John J. Raskob for his advances in behalf of Al Smith? That *was* a big job; but Jim did it and, at the end, took care of the deficit by means of Jackson Day dinners at dizzy prices. Meanwhile, he had serenely walked in on a disgruntled Tammany's Independence Day rally, disarmed its grimmest figure with a cheery "Hello, Al," demanded of the boys, "Aren't we all Democrats?"—and captured New York!

PART FOUR—WHISTLER'S MOTHER GOES TO WORK

SHORTLY after Mr. Roosevelt's election, Mr. Hoover's Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, was reported as greatly dissatisfied with the limousine which the taxpayers provided for him, because it wasn't large enough to contain both him and his silk hat.

The President-elect, although naturally expected to follow custom by making his political campaign manager Postmaster General in the new Cabinet, had as yet said nothing about it. Now, in typically Rooseveltian manner, he broke the news.

"Jim," he said, "I see your predecessor is having trouble with his hat."

"I accept," replied Jim, and rushed to the telephone to tell Bessie.

"Is this Mrs. Farley?" he said, disguising his voice.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"This is the new postman."

Mr. Farley's conception of his latest job was heart-warmingly simple. He had always loved the post office at Stony Point. It had served as a sort of annex to the Elks' clubhouse. He loved the big Post Office Department in Washington, too, and promptly made it headquarters not only for his fellow Elks but his fellow Eagles, his fellow Red Men, and his fellow K.s of C.

"For generations," he crooned, "the post office has been recognized as a favorite meeting place for the citizens of every community. Morning and night, with the arrival of the mail, men and women call at their post office for their letters and newspapers, and at that time are given an opportunity to visit with their neighbors who go there for the same purpose."

There was that in Big Jim's honest Irish face that made you feel that he was dedicating himself to a continuance of these homely neighborhood gatherings, with only one change: hereafter only Democratic postmasters would preside from the high seat behind the rusty bars.

This folksy conception of the ideal post office in no way lessened Jim's enjoyment of the $8,500,000 Post Office Department Building which was rising on Pennsylvania Avenue. When he arrived for the housewarming, he was followed through the noble portals by one hundred and fifty newsmen. On reaching the inner sanctum, the writing lads found the Postmaster General—who had hastily eased himself through a private entrance into the great walnut-paneled room which is his office—standing amid blushes of pride and happiness in front of a black marble fireplace above which beamed a huge portrait of that other bald P. G., the Hon. Benjamin Franklin.

"Boys," said Jim, extending the well known gripping hand, "we're certainly grateful to the Republicans for all this."

The "boys" gawped at the massive panels, the massive French windows, the massive balcony, the massive green-topped desk, the massive green-upholstered chair, the massive pink Postmaster General.

"Take a look at the bathroom," he grinned. "It's a Cecil B. De Mille!"

The newspaper boys are very fond of Big Boy Farley. Next to the President, he plays to a bigger audience at his press conferences than any other official in Washington. His boast is that he has never lied to the correspondents; theirs, that they have never betrayed his confidence. He reads everything they write about him, and if he doesn't like his notices he says so.

For example, Jim would probably be the first to admit that he uses a ghost writer in the preparation of his serious speeches. Almost everybody in Washington does. But Jim, like many another presumably ghost-written orator, is a bit sensitive about a public discussion of the subject. So, when one of the boys wired his paper that the literary style of the P. G.'s speeches was beginning to show the results of Charlie Michelson's vacation, Jim was peeved enough.

"That was hitting below the belt," he said.

"Jim," replied the newsman, "your belt is so wide we can't tell where it begins or ends."

Such complaints from Sunny Jim are rare. He is much less sensitive to criticism than that other bald-headed dictator, Benito Mussolini—than some of his own Cabinet colleagues, for that matter. Usually he is content to fix his accusers with a wounded-in-the-house-of-my-friends expression and say, "Boys, you got me wrong."

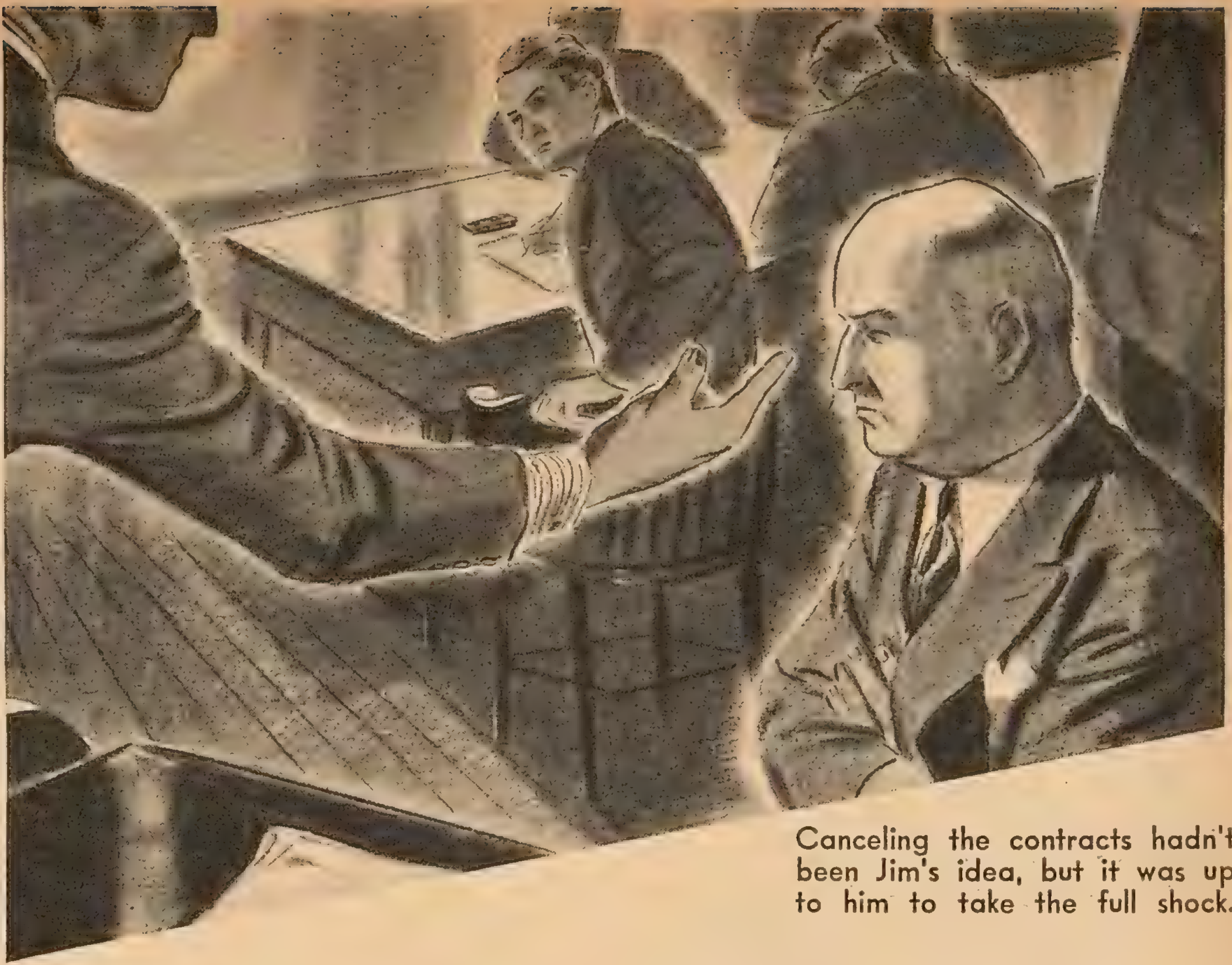
It shouldn't be thought for a moment that everything Jim Farley says in public is written for him. Some of his utterances show the unmistakable Farley flavor.

"Who have they left," he chortled, after the Congressional election of 1934 had nearly swept Mr. Roosevelt's opponents out of public life, "that the country ever heard of?"

Similarly, when a suddenly collected Washington crowd demanded an impromptu speech, he met the issue by megaphoning through his great hands this indisputable Farleyism: "Vote the Democratic ticket!"

As an orator, however, Big Jim is at his best when he is reciting Irish poetry. His favorite number, which just about expresses his own feelings as to Ireland's contribution to the American weal, is this from the works of John Boyle O'Reilly:

No treason we bring from
Erin—nor bring we
shame nor guilt!
The sword we hold may be
broken, but we have not
dropped the hilt!
The wreath we bear to
Columbia is twisted of
thorns, not bays,
And the songs we sing are
saddened by thoughts of
desolate days.
But the hearts we bring
for Freedom are washed
in the surge of tears,
And we claim our right
by a People's fight out-
living a thousand years!



Canceling the contracts hadn't been Jim's idea, but it was up to him to take the full shock.

Jim, by the way, is fully convinced that America was discovered not by the Italians but by the Irish! Of course he doesn't say much about this, especially in campaign years, because there are so many Italian voters; but when he gets with a bunch of his own pals he is quite clear on the subject.

"The bit o' green first touched American soil," he says, "with the arrival of an Irishman named Brendan in the sixth century. At least that is the tradition, and it must be so, because they tell me that the Darien Indians spoke a language akin to that of the primitive Irish, and that an eighth-century people in Florida were speaking the Irish tongue."

Come Christmas, Jim thought he would try out his Irish Santa Claus smile on his post-office associates. "In a spirit of vast good will," he invited everybody from the then First Assistant Postmaster General, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, to "Wild Bill" Lyons, former doorkeeper at Democratic headquarters, whose title is now Administrative Assistant to the Postmaster General, but who is commonly known in the department as the Pastemaster General, because one of his heavy assignments is to paste newspaper tributes to Jim in a five-foot shelf of fat scrapbooks.

They all came, and they all shook hands with the Big Boss. To each Jim boomed, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" or if the shaker spoke first, an equally booming "Same to you!" But as the eight hundredth and the nine hundreth employee trooped by, the P. G. began to show signs of wear. At the thousandth, his shake was feeble, his boom a peep. At this point a giggling girl clerk changed the greeting on him.

"So you're the Postmaster General?" she cracked.

"The same to you, miss," whispered Jim, and sank limply into his green chair.

"Silk-Hat" Walter F. Brown, Jim's predecessor, who had made the air-mail contracts.

It was not long after this that he blurbed: "As Postmaster General, I head perhaps the biggest business in the world."

Big business was nothing new to James Aloysius. He had long since moved out of the gypsum class into the more lucrative field of general building supplies. By the time he started making champions of the world, James A. Farley & Co. had become one of the biggest firms in this line in Manhattan; and while he was still acting as cauliflower king he effected a merger of his own concern with six others in the General Builders' Supply Corporation, James A. Farley, president.

Kingfish Long made a lot of the continued existence of this organization, which is now run by Harry Finnegan, Mrs. Farley's brother, and also its parent company, now called the James A. Farley Holding Company. Hughie tried to make people believe Gypsum Jim was cleaning up through these organizations on fat government contracts. Nothing came of it. Jim emerged as usual with the Farley personal honor shining. The rumpus, however, did disclose to a surprised public that the new Postmaster General, who had been looked upon simply as a political boss, was in fact a business man.

AS such, Jim was appalled by the Post Office deficit. The average Postmaster General has required about as much red ink to make out his annual statement as he has to print his two-cent stamps. Jim decided not to be an average Postmaster General. He had already wiped out one deficit with table d'hôtes. He would wipe out this one with postage stamps.

So he turned over the routine running of the department, first to Joe O'Mahoney, and then—when Joe moved over to the Capitol as senator from Wyoming—to Wisconsin-born, South Dakota-bred, fat and bouncing William Washington Howes. The department, experts agree, has never been better run than by these two Farley-picked lieutenants. Freed from administrative detail, the best gypsum salesman Stony Point ever produced was able to give practically all his attention to advertising.

Some of Jim's predecessors had inaugurated the gentle custom of occasionally issuing what they called a commemorative stamp. If there was a world's fair or a centennial, the department would recognize it by printing a few stamps of appropriate design. The practice gave George Washington's face a rest, and pleased a few fair managers and patriotic societies. That was all.

It was Gypsum Jim who nearly made a racket out of commemoration. He commemorated anything and everything, even the NRA. The stamp designed for that purpose came in for some criticism because of its unconsciously prophetic character: the business man was not only out of step with the other marching figures in the

SURE HE'S SMART—BUT HE CAN'T HAVE A HANGOVER IN MY OFFICE!

Then young Smith got a tip that saved his job!

Employers naturally object to time wasted by morning-after. Fortunately, a friend put Smith wise to Bromo-Seltzer!

Bromo-Seltzer clears away your headache *faster* than any other remedy doctors tested. It settles your upset stomach . . . it calms the nerves . . . it also **ALKALIZES.**

At drugstores—soda fountains—everywhere. Better keep Bromo-Seltzer handy at home, too!

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!

design, but he was definitely looking the other way!

Now, Jim didn't print his stamps and let them stick there. He sold them with the kind of ballyhoo that delights his sentimental-commercial heart. For Mother's Day he fixed up a nice stamp with Whistler's Mother playing the George Washington role. He even improved on Whistler by sticking in a bouquet of posies in one corner. Then he urged the soft-hearted world to say it with stamps.

"I feel that it is appropriate," he proclaimed, "for me to suggest that every man, woman, and child in this country who is blessed with a living mother observe Mother's Day (May 13) by writing their mothers a special letter of appreciation and sending it in an envelope adorned by the special mother's stamp. This action on the part of sons and daughters will evidence their gratitude that God has spared their mothers to them and will provide the mothers with a real sentimental souvenir which they will be happy to place among their most treasured possessions."

It was, as he said of the Jackson Day dinner, "a good idea." Figuring that ten million dutiful sons and daughters followed his suggestion and wrote their mothers under cover of a special Mother's Day stamp, he had worked up $300,000 worth of business for the old P. O.

Then Jim, flushed with the emotion of the moment, reverted to type. At Chicago, when his whole world was threatening to fall around him—exploded by the pinprick of the fight over the two-thirds rule—he had been found one day pacing up and down his hotel suite and chewing madly on package after package of gum.

"You're worried, aren't you, Jim?" sympathized his caller.

"You bet I am!" he groaned. "What am I going to do? The boys are here from all over to see the show—and I haven't any more tickets to give them."

NOW, in Washington, the Annie Oakley complex again gripped him. He couldn't resist the old Farley urge to hand out a few "complimentaries." So he sent over to the stampery, got six sheets of the new stamps, and sat himself down in his green chair behind his green desk to autograph them with his green ink.

Only six, mind you: one sheet for the President, who knows a good stamp when he sees one; one for "Honest Harold" Ickes of the Interior Department; one for each of his children, Betty, Ann, and Jim; and one for his old friend General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A harmless little gesture, surely; and it would have been just that if the Farley pen hadn't stuck in the perforations and the Farley ink hadn't gone blotto on the gum and the Farley brain hadn't had the bright idea of sending over and getting six sheets which had not yet gone through the gumming and perforating machine.

Pleased with himself, Santa Claus Farley trotted over to the White House with the first of his many gifts, which grew and grew as one commemorative stamp followed another until his free passes to the philatelists' promised land are said to have totaled eighteen thousand stamps.

Jim had run out of mothers and bank holidays and things like that to commemorate, and had just started gayly on a round of national parks and monuments, when a dealer in stamps in Norfolk, Virginia, made history by announcing that he had come into possession of one of Jim's Mother's Day sheets and was insuring the same for $20,000.

Stamp collecting, it seems, is funny business. Most collectors' items increase in value as they approach perfection. Stamps throw this principle into reverse. One of the most valuable stamps in the world got that way because the artist put a 4 where a 1 ought to be. By the same token, unperforated and ungummed sheets of stamps autographed "Sincerely, Jim" were worth anywhere from ten to twenty thousand times as much as the same stamps perforated, gummed, and unautographed.

JIM got out his pencil and started to multiply the number of sheets he had distributed by $20,000. When the figures got too high for his now reeling brain, he called in Big Finn Emil Hurja, and between them they figured out that Jim had inadvertently enriched the estates of his friends and relatives by about $2,000,000.

You could have knocked Jim over with a Republican!

Now, there are nine million stamp collectors in the United States. Peaceful citizens, in most respects, they are; but on the subject of stamps a rapacious and bloodthirsty lot. It is easier for a Liberty Leaguer to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a Postmaster General who has handed out $2,000,000 in rare stamps to his friends to escape the claws of the enraged philatelist.

Jim was as innocent of ill intent as that newborn babe so hauntingly suggested by his own round pink physiognomy. But the clamorous nine million didn't give a damn for his innocence. What they wanted was his blood.

He was on a spot. In England, Cabinet ministers have resigned under similar pressure. But, as we have seen, Postmaster General, Chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, "Call-Me-Jim" Farley is not the resigning kind.

Neither is he one to remain on a spot if it is humanly possible to wriggle his number elevens off it. So he promptly issued a statement that he was sorry, that he wouldn't do it again, and that—this was the supreme Farley touch—in order to put all the stamp collectors of the country practically on even terms with the favored few, he would manufacture and sell as many imperfect stamps of the issues involved as the public wished to buy.

By this typically Farleyesque move "the greatest Postmaster General since Benjamin Franklin" took a very bad taste in the mouth and turned it into the succulence of gravy. Gravy for the Farley-run Post Office, I mean. For the now grateful philatelists of America promptly bought themselves another $1,663,717 worth of Jim the Penman's unperforated and ungummed stamps!

What with $1,000,000 here and $2,000,000 there, Jim was doing well. At the end of his first year he radioed his cruising commander in chief:

"I have the honor to inform you that pre-audited figures for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1934, show, after making the usual adjustments authorized by law for certain subventions and free mailing services, that our postal receipts exceeded expenditures for the first time since 1919, the surplus being approximately $5,000,000."

When all the returns were in, he amended this preliminary report to read: "I am more than gratified to be able to inform you that these [figures] show a surplus of $12,101,415.03, after making the adjustments authorized by the act of June 9, 1930, for certain subventions and free mailing services."

Republican war dogs sniffed warily at that repeated phrase, "after making adjustments . . . for certain subventions and free mailing services." Then the Republican press exploded with headlines to the effect that Farley had tried to deceive the public by removing from the debit side of the Post Office books the cost of air and ocean mail subsidies and of free-riding government and Congressional mail—little items which totaled $64,000,000.

FOR a time it looked as if the barrage might drive the Farley cohorts to ignominious cover; but at the height of the bombardment it suddenly stopped. Old General Farley of Stony Point had discharged a stink bomb plumb in the enemy's face.

It seems that Mr. Hoover's Silk-Hat Walter Brown had made the same "adjustments" in submitting Republican figures of Post Office operation, and had been authorized to do so by a Republican Congress. There was one notable difference, however, which General Jim did not fail to point out: the best Silk-Hat Walter could show in 1932, with all his deductions, was a deficit of $152,000,000, whereas Jim, in 1933, showed a profit.

After this the snipers left Jim pretty much alone until a group of antigambling enthusiasts tried to scare him into barring from the mails newspapers which carried accounts of sweepstakes winners. But Jim doesn't scare very easily. "The only publicity I would object to," he told the reformers, "would be outright advertisement of the lotteries. The law says we can't have that. The papers can go ahead, though, and print all the news there is about the poor chambermaid or the unemployed coal miner

Life Begins At 40

45 50 55 *This is the Day for the Man Over 40!*

700 Important Men Prove This—They Tell Their Age at Time of Their Greatest Achievements

TODAY, in this country, you have barely finished school and started to look for your place in the scheme of things—and you are already around 20. At 40, you have laid in the foundation for your life.

You have been *learning* all those years. You know life *now*—as no younger man can know it. You are mature, steady and able to think.

The Great Majority of These Men Reached Their Peak Later Than 40. Recently, over 700 men of the highest ranking in the scientific field, including those in administrative or educational occupations, were asked when they had come to the positions of trust and responsibility they hold.

Less than 100 had "arrived" before they were 38—and around 100 more in the next five years.

About 275 came along in the ten years between 43 and 53—but the rest of these 700 men did not reach their peak until after that age!

These older men certainly had not only fine minds and experience, but also *the physical equipment* to carry them through long years of active life.

What Others Have Done—YOU Can Do

Made First Lecture Tour After 60

George H. Graham
Young for 68

Dear Life Begins:

My long experience with textiles made me the logical man for an educational lecture tour on a new fabric. I was *afraid* to go.

Before the day was half over, I would get a sunk, all-gone feeling. I was badly run-down.

A man twenty years younger than myself told me Fleischmann's Yeast helped him greatly in a run-down spell. I started to eat yeast—to see what it would do. I did not want to give up.

Apparently it encouraged my natural energy and stimulated it in some way. For my old health and vigor returned.

I went through this lecture tour easily, and my health has been splendid ever since.

GEORGE H. GRAHAM

Leaves Office Work for Managerial Job

Gus Insel
Gets Better Paid Job

Dear Life Begins:

I used to be a cashier for a taxicab company. I disliked the work. It finally got on my nerves. Constipation was bothering me and I had splitting headaches.

Then I heard of a job I knew I would like—but my health made me hesitate. My wife had heard Fleischmann's Yeast does wonders for people in a slump like this one of mine.

I am eating yeast every day now. My constipation has stopped, also my headaches. I soon felt strong enough to tackle a new job—and I got it.

I am now 42. I am one of the managers of a fine restaurant—younger and more ambitious than I was ten years ago.

GUS INSEL

One of the First Signs of Growing Old is Slower Digestion

If you are over 40 and feel yourself beginning to slow down, don't get nervous. You can check this.

The digestive system is one of the first parts of the body to slow down and grow old. The gastric juices flow less freely and have a *weaker* digestive action.

Its effect in stimulating the flow of gastric juices of *high* digestive power is one of the most important actions of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Added to this is the tonic action of 4 vitamins in Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. There is a generous supply of these vitamins—and each has a special and vital part in maintaining health.

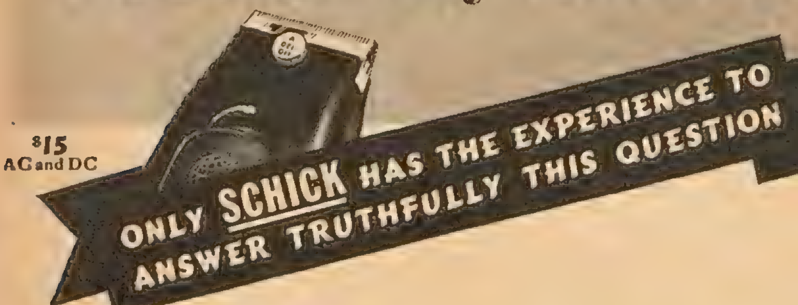
Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. Most people over 40 will feel better if they keep their digestions in order by the daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast.

$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. Life Begins, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

HOW MANY SHAVES IN AN

Electric Dry Shaver?


$15
AC and DC
ONLY SCHICK HAS THE EXPERIENCE TO
ANSWER TRUTHFULLY THIS QUESTION

SCHICK SHAVERS have been used for more than five years. More than a million-and-a-half men shave with the Schick daily. Out of their day-by-day experiences come the proofs of the lasting qualities of this remarkable shaver.

No other shaver can possibly have this proof—none has been in use long enough to demonstrate that it can shave, day after day for years, with no appreciable wear of the cutting surfaces.

From thousands of unsolicited, unpaid-for letters we have chosen twelve extracts which speak for themselves. These all come from men whose sincere enthusiasm and gratitude impelled them to write to us about their experiences. Such simple truths should convince you.

LAWRENCE ELLIS—*I and my brother-in-law have used it every day. This totals about 2520 shaves—cost me slightly above one-half cent for each shave.*

W. A. N.—*My shaver has been used approximately 2733 times at an average cost of 6/10 of a cent.*

ED ERIKSEN—*I have now had over 1800 consecutive shaves.*

WILLIAM N. LEAF . . . *a daily user for the past five hundred shaves.*

CHARLES DIMMLING—*Three of us used the Schick regularly—a grand total of 4600 shaves. This has been done without a single repair.*

WILLIAM H. BIRD—*At Christmas, 1932, I was presented with a Schick. I have a son who also uses it. I figure this razor has done 3000 perfect shaves.*

DAVID LEWIS—*I have used my Schick every day since 1932—more than 1500 shaves.*

KENNETH C. MILLER—*This morning I used mine for the 1319th time.*

E. D. MICHALKE—*On November 8, 1932, I bought one of your shavers. My brother also used it for two years, which means an average of 6 years' use . . . It will probably last indefinitely.*

DAVID SIMPSON—*Today I have completed 1000 daily shaves with the Schick.*

D. A. TURNER—*Shaved every day for three years (1095 times) without spending a penny for repairs or replacements.*

SHIDELER H. HARPE—*He and a squad of fifty-some men used his Schick for 10 days while on flood duty.*

Now when Mr. Bird and his son had 3000 shaves from his Schick, he dropped it on a wash basin, broke it and sent it in for repairs. He was curious to know how much the cutter had worn. With the precision instruments in our laboratory, we measured the cutter. It had worn barely one-thousandth of an inch and had metal enough left for thousands more shaves.

How could shaving be more economical?

The Schick was designed, not only to be the fastest, closest-shaving instrument in the world, but to last as long as human brains and skill could make it.

We do not know of any other shaver that duplicates or approaches these qualities. So that your investment in a Schick Shaver is a *proved certainty,* not an experimental hope.

The Schick *does pay for itself* over and over again as many user witnesses testify.

Go to an authorized dealer today

Let him show you the Schick, tell you how you can shave the toughest beard or the tenderest skin with NO BLADES, NO LATHER and no possibility of cutting or hurting yourself.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

SCHICK SHAVER

who bought a ticket for a shilling or two and won $1,000,000 in cash money. I think that is a great story always, and if it is going to impair our morals to know what goes on in the world, that is a problem for our pastors, not the Post Office Department."

Thus, by frequent applications of ingenuity and common sense, Big Boy Farley was able to steer a fairly straight course until he ran into a really serious air pocket on the canceled mail contracts.

You remember the circumstances. Jim's predecessor had made a series of mail contracts with leading air lines which Democratic sharpshooters considered altogether too liberal. Particularly did Senator Black, now Mr. Supreme Court Justice Black but then described as "a slow-drawling hellion in the committee room," consider Republican mail contracts good headline material. Eugene Vidal and other air-minded New Dealers were also said to have ganged up on the President and convinced him that something must be done.

The resulting abrupt cancellation, Washington agrees, was not Jim's idea. There is even some question as to whether he knew much about it until just before the sudden announcement from the White House. But air-mail contracts are Post Office Department business—so, when the air-line executives crashed down on the administration, it was up to Jim to take the full shock of the impact.

IT was some impact. There were picturesque fellows among these air-transport pioneers. They made headlines. Richard Robbins of T. W. A. alternated "insane" and "crazy" in characterizing what he called a "ghastly blunder" and a "gorgeous comedy of public error." Captain Tom Doe of Eastern Air said that in the future he wanted two mail contracts, "one with the Republicans and one with the Democrats."

Moreover, Silk-Hat Walter Brown, himself a postmaster's son and a political veteran, not only made an excellent impression in the witness chair, but, as it turned out, knew the air-mail business backward and forward.

There were ugly charges whispered about that the whole thing was a frame-up in the interest of wealthy Democratic automobile and airplane man Errett L. Cord, "Jim Farley's friend." No one on the inside thought this was so; and even outsiders believed Honest Jim when he indignantly blurted:

"I don't know Cord!"

More serious was the feeling, which solidified into a conviction, that the administration, in one of its impulsive moments, had struck an unfair blow at an entire industry without first giving that industry a chance to be heard.

Even so, the Roosevelt popularity in 1934 was at such a high peak that the administration pilots might have ridden out the storm if the army pilots, called suddenly to the unfamiliar task of mail carrying, had been able to do as much. But the current of public opinion set hard against the administration when, one after another, brave army aviators lost their lives in an overnight attempt to replace a service which had, after all, been exceedingly satisfactory.

When the thirteenth army plane crashed, the cancellation plan cracked up, too. Even Jim Farley could not prevail against thirteen successive acts of God!

Those lofty New Dealers who look down upon Jim Farley have appreciated neither his usefulness as "the goat" nor his efficiency as "Jobmaster General." How much he really amounts to in these important roles, and what his political future may be, Mr. Collins will make clear as Call Me Jim reaches its conclusion next week.

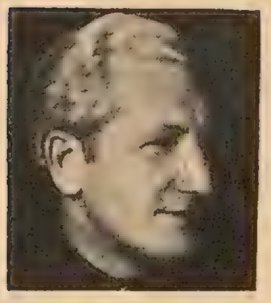
☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★★★★ **THE SONG OF THE WORLD** by Jean Giono. The Viking Press.

A truly great novel. A primitive and heroic tale dealing with such simple—and eternal—things as love, hate, passion, the earth.

STUMBLE-BACKS— Does Football Make Players Stupid?

BY FRANK SCULLY



READING TIME
12 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

FRANK SCULLY, author of the famous Fun in Bed books for convalescents, and known as the world's most famous shut-in, has graduated with honor, unfailing courage, and unshakable good humor from nearly thirty hospitals, sanatoria, and clinics.

He traces his breakdown in health to his athletic excesses as a student. Once, when he was seventeen, he played three league basketball games in one day. Such activities as this in various sports led to his first major illness and landed him in a t.b. sanatorium. An amputation years later failed to dim his journalistic ambitions or his exhibition of fortitude and cheerfulness.

During his nonhospital career he has been a sports writer on the New York Sun, contributor to many magazines, a press agent, collaborator on the Bernard Shaw and James J. Walker biographies, and screen writer for Fox Films.

FOR twenty-five years I've watched the annual cycle of college football: from the spring practice through the big game in November, and on to the Christmas holidays, when the physical directors in convention assembled perennially decry the emphasis the colleges have been giving to the sport.

And as far as I can see there has been no change through the years except in the size of the box-office grosses and the number of half-backs who, by ceaseless pounding of heavy linemen, have been reduced to half-wits. After careful study I have come to the conclusion that you don't have to be a half-wit to be a half-back, but if you are a half-back long enough you will be.

The chief complaint most critics direct against college football is that it debauches sports-loving young Americans into paid amateurs. But that's a very superficial criticism, considering how much deeper the indictment can go.

The common complaint against boxing—that, worse than brutalizing men, it reduces them to stumble-bums, due to the blows received producing a chronic psychosis—can be multiplied many times if applied to football.

This slug-nutty condition in boxers is an induced condition. The effect of constant jarring of their brains by repeated blows on their chins can be observed by any young fighter if he will only look around him in a gym.

Now, the only excuse you can advance for such a condition in a social order with any claims to civilization is that in a profit-motivated society you have to take the sort of work you can get. Boxing is one of the ways to earn a good living in a short time, even at the expense of sanity and health.

But it takes a bit of doing to justify football on the same grounds. That places endowed to glorify the mind should cheer the sight of minds being kicked into infantilism is a spectacle that must rock the Greek gods of learning with popeyed wonder.

Fortunately for the case of culture, some colleges have got on without football, and some of their students have even reached high places without ever knowing the difference between a safety and a touchback.

Nothing reminded me so forcibly of this as a banquet which I attended a few years ago at the Columbia Club in New York. Columbia had been my alma mater. As an undergraduate and a class president I had started a drive in the years before the war for the restoration of college football at Columbia. They hadn't played the game there in ten years, and there were many of us still romantic enough to want college football.

I myself was among these romantics. Though I had been knocked about as a high-school athlete, injuring a leg which eventually had to be amputated, I still swooned with delight at the mere mention of college football.

In the end my propaganda won and football was restored to Columbia.

At the banquet previously mentioned was the captain of the Columbia team and the star end, who was to be the team's captain the next year. These were at the speakers' table.

But the thing that shocked me was that none of the old-time football stars from Columbia were at this table. Twenty years before the football stars would have monopolized the seats of honor, but on this occasion those gathered at the speakers' table were the nobodies of twenty years ago; namely, M. L. Schuster, president of Simon & Schuster; Morrie Ryskind, who co-authored the Pulitzer-prize-winning play Of Thee I Sing; George E. Sokolsky, the eminent capitalist agitator; Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, Hearst economist; and myself.

I couldn't help wondering what had happened to the football heroes of my day. What discreet inquiries I made developed that this one was a chronic drunkard, that one wasn't quite bright and wasn't going out much

A challenge to colleges—A startling attack on a great sport which Liberty believes should be aired and answered

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
I LIKE YOUR PICNIC LUNCHES, BUT I ALWAYS OVER-EAT
BE WISE! TAKE ALKA-SELTZER AND GIVE YOURSELF A TREAT.
UPSET STOMACH
BRING ME AN ALKA-SELTZER. MY HEAD'S ABOUT TO SPLIT.
THAT'S THE SYSTEM, SIDNEY. YOU'LL SOON BE FEELING FIT.
HEADACHE
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU FEEL O.K. AFTER SUCH A NIGHT?
SURE THING! AN ALKA-SELTZER FIXED ME UP ALL RIGHT
MORNING AFTER
Alka-Seltzer
TUNE IN The NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

BE WISE · · ALKALIZE!

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting alkalizing solution. You drink it and it does two important things. First, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢

ALSO SOLD BY THE GLASS AT DRUG SODA FOUNTAINS

KILLS FLEAS!

GLOVER'S KENNEL and FLEA SOAP

The All-Purpose Soap for Your Dog

IT

- Cleanses thoroughly
- Removes Doggy Odor
- Soothes the Skin
- Adds Lustre to Coat
- Kills Fleas
- Relieves Itching

Costs only 25¢

New! GLOVER'S *Double Action* **FLEA POWDER**—positively kills fleas and lice on Dogs and Cats—does not merely stun them. No talcum added. Economical, safe, sure. Only 35¢.

GLOVER'S

any more, and a third nobody had heard from in years. The remaining gridiron heroes of my day had almost all been killed, within a year of their graduation, trying to recapture the Morgan loans in the World War.

That the percentage of stumble-backs among Columbia men of the prewar years was so low I attributed to the fact that they had only a year or two of football, at most, before the beginning of the war.

But research has revealed more morbid statistics, at other campi, on the subject of manufacturing half-wits.

The first time my curiosity was aroused as to what happened mentally to football players was on observing assistant coaches. These were always old players who never quite got over it, and if most of them weren't studying to be morons, they weren't studying to be Ph. D.s either.

A dictaphone transcription of their dialogue would surely have rated them as something less than a group of Einsteins. The more I listened to them the more I was convinced of either (*a*) that they had no brains to begin with and must have been dragged through college on their football ability alone, or (*b*) that their brains had been jellied by their junior years and the college had given them assistant coaching jobs on the theory that they were industrial casualties who had to be taken care of.

The next time I was shocked in my romantic attitude toward the great college game was at Tucson, Arizona, where one of my friends—a fellow cougher—was Charlie Barrett. He had been All-America quarterback at Cornell and captain of the 1916 unbeaten team. I wasn't shocked half so much by the sight of this great athlete being used as a battleground between t.b. bacilli and their antibodies as I was by the fact that he said that six other members of that championship 1916 squad had also broken down with t.b. Barrett's confession was the greatest mass indictment of varsity football I had run into up to that time.

BUT I guess," said Charlie philosophically, "that's better than walking on their heels."

At the time I didn't quite get the significance of that remark, and I never did get it out of Charlie, as not long afterward he died.

I got the significance much later on the Pacific Coast when I was able to observe a Coast championship team in action in the Rose Bowl. Of the three stars in the backfield, all named on one All-America team or another, subsequently one broke his neck in his last season and therefore missed his chance of ending a complete stumble-back; the second ended his undergraduate days walking on his heels; and the third was so punch-drunk from too much football that he could see no way out except by playing more football, either as a professional or as an assistant coach.

Coaching this pathetic trinity was an all-time America fullback claimed by his coach, who had coached no end of stars, to be the greatest football player who ever lived.

To show you how fast the all-time All-American's intelligence had run down, I need only to cite a sample of his thinking at the beginning of his football career, and compare it with his mental inertia a dozen years later.

Our Hero, six feet tall, weighing two hundred pounds, a terrific line plunger but not too fast a sprinter, was behind his own goal line, all set to punt out of danger. His center got off a bad pass. The ball bounded crazily many yards off to the right. Our Hero started after it.

In the opposing line was the fastest player on the West Coast. He started for the ball.

Also in the race, but quite out of it up to this point, was another back on Our Hero's team.

OUR Hero made a split-second decision. He knew he couldn't beat his opponent to the ball in a straight race, so he dived in front of the opponent and took him out of the play. That left the field clear to his teammate, who retrieved the ball and saved the day.

When you consider the general hysteria of an enormous crowd, the fact that if the ball was recovered by the opposition it meant a touchdown, and the human desire to get the ball at any cost, you will get some idea of how smart Our Hero's thinking was in this particular play.

But here's the sad sequel to such a brilliant beginning. By the time he was a senior his brains had been so knocked about that it was impossible to get him through his final exams even with all the king's ponies and all the king's men. It was decided by the coaches and faculty to let him stay on as an assistant coach, and maybe he could bone up enough in time to slip the nooses off his conditions.

But unfortunately he played some professional football betweentimes, and as a result got dumber and dumber. Finally, in a desperate attempt to stop this rapid descent into the maelstrom of stumble-backery, they stopped his professional football altogether and gave him a job as full-time coach. He has been trying now for twelve years to get the credits for his degree, and is further away now than he was when he started.

In this connection I might drag in by his benumbed ears the case of a little stumble-back who played against Our Hero in his college days, proving that in football, like in modern war, nobody wins. This little back, a whiz at his studies, was playing safety for a small jerkwater college in a game against Our Hero's team at the time when Our Hero was at the height of his prowess.

All afternoon this little guy was taken out by big tough linemen, and when they didn't quite take him out and he could get a shot at Our Hero he would be tackling the hardest hitting two hundred pounds in the history of football. The little football player lasted out that college game but never played another.

Today, bald-headed and looking fifty years of age, he can be found most any Sunday afternoon in a public city park, playing football with little kids and getting bawled out by them for lousing up their formations. The authorities look on him as slap-happy harmless, and figure that if all this gives him any pleasure, why take it from him?

At that, he is probably better off than Our Hero, who is still worrying, in a vacuous sort of way, about his degree. With the little stumble-back of the city park, however, it is different. He *never* worries.

To get back to those three All-Americans Our Hero coached on that championship West Coast team, the most outstanding case history among modern-day stumble-backs was in this group. He was a half-back whose name isn't Joe Doakes, but who will be called that in order to let in a little suspense into this otherwise depressing recital.

Joe came to college a great baseball player, able in addition to sprint a hundred yards in 9.7 seconds. He was so fast and so good that in high school he had got an offer to play professional baseball. But the college topped the offer, so he became an amateur football player instead. He was a fine student to begin with, a logical and convincing debater, with—of all things!—a social vision and a slight knowledge as to what was wrong with the world.

Though he could run a hundred yards under ten seconds when he entered college, today he couldn't make up what's left of his mind in that time. Though he began as a fine student, today he doesn't know his elbow from his elbow.

As for his social conscience, he threw that in the Pacific Ocean when he married an heiress. Today, the old debater can barely keep ahead conversationally of the social chatterers whose discourses haven't been known to contain an idea since Alice Roosevelt was in rompers.

Picked as an All-American in his sophomore year, Joe went downhill each succeeding season. But football experts are reluctant to admit either that they have made a mistake or that men so young can deteriorate physically and mentally so fast. So they kept picking Joe as an All-American, no matter how bad he looked.

The returns on Joe aren't all in. All anybody can be sure of is that Joe, while not as bad off as Ad Wolgast, former world's lightweight champion now in an insane asylum, is bad enough to produce a lot of head-shaking among his classmates who ducked football practice for outside reading. As for his teammates, any head-shaking they do is pathological.

One player had so pulverized his native mentality that in his final year he was in fact so slug-nutty that for no apparent reason he would frequently run down the frat-house hall, making flying tackles at his fraternity brothers.

Fortunately for what remained of his sanity, he always landed on his knee instead of his head. That put his knee so completely out of commission that they had to pump an appalling amount of dope into it so he could use it, and he's never been able to walk like a normal man since.

In fact, he walked so much like a stumble-bum that it's quite natural to think that his screwy locomotion is due to a brain lesion, though in his case that doesn't happen to be exclusively the fact.

So much for latter-day All-Americans.

The earlier ones, frequently breaking down with t.b., rarely exhibited themselves as advanced cases of stumble-backs; but the present-day crop, what with the progress the medical profession has made in cutting down the death rate from t.b., have a better chance to go through life tackling imaginary opponents, kicking the nearest pedestrian in the groin whenever they hear a cop's whistle, and starting for the showers whenever they hear a gun go off.

In twenty years the only change one can see between the championship teams of 1916 and those of today is that the present-day football stars are knocked about the head so much that, when they break down later with some disease, their minds are so anesthetized that they are spared the mental anguish which normal patients have to endure.

I toss this to any coach who, in his proselyting spiels to high-school athletes, is at a loss to show just how much the great American game of football has progressed in his lifetime.

THE END

ARE THESE THINGS TRUE?

Is the shocking charge Mr. Scully makes—that football players, because of head injuries, are doomed to go through life like old-time, punch-drunk prizefighters—upheld by facts?

Right or wrong, Mr. Scully makes his vigorous assertions in a spirit of helpfulness and opens up for public discussion a vital problem that has come more to the front each season. For the good of the game—for the good of the players in that game—the matter deserves the full light of publicity.

As usual, Liberty will print both sides of the question and welcome expressions of opinion from those who will differ—and probably differ indignantly—with Mr. Scully.

No Fumble...
No Jumble...
No Grumble!

..with the
KLEENEX*
200 SHEET
Pull-Out
Package
KLEENEX
Softest yet Strongest
PULL A TISSUE...
NEXT ONE POPS-UP READY FOR USE!

200 sheet KLEENEX now 2 for 25c
. . . The handy size for every room

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

READING TIME
28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE WORLD GOES

IT is 1940. Hugh Farragut, special prosecutor of rackets, working in New York, is out to get Happy Harold James, politician and head of a vice ring that circles the country. Even Happy's daughter, Dorrie, with whom Farragut is in love, cannot shake his conviction that her father is guilty.

Just when he hopes that various circumstances will force Dorrie to admit that he is right about James, Farragut receives a letter from her telling him not to try to see her again. It comes before the rally of the Forward Party, at which he is to speak in support of Frank J. Winters, the Presidential candidate. Happy James, although a Democrat, is at the meeting, and Farragut suspects that the wily politician intends to try to gain control of the Forward Party through the Vice-Presidential nominee, Caleb Keeler.

The special prosecutor has just reached the climax of his speech and is about to name prominent men behind the rackets, when he is shot from the audience. While he is in the hospital, Dorrie's friend, Dolly Simms, visits him and convinces him that the note he received is a forgery. She also tells him that Dorrie has disappeared. Farragut orders Harris Magill, his associate, to investigate. And, a few days after Happy James has called at the hospital with veiled threats of what will happen unless Farragut gives up his job, Magill brings news of Dorrie. She is in a retreat for the insane on Long Island!

PART FOUR—HAPPY JAMES PLAYS TRUMPS

"CRAZY?" said Honor Slogage. "She's no more crazy than I am, if you ask me."

"Nobody has asked you, my dear," said her husband with austerity. "It is no concern of yours or mine."

The William Slogages had been for three years trusted employees in Dr. Courtenay Tell's Retreat for Mental Cases, seven miles from Riverhead, Long Island, he as superintendent of the estate, she as a sort of combination guard and nurse. No institution in the country was conducted with more privacy and discretion. The charges were high: $500 a week minimum. Everything was done on a superior scale; the patients lived in luxury. Melancholia was the prevalent ailment. Once committed, few inmates got out.

New strategies, haunted romance, in an amazing novel of democracy at bay in the America of tomorrow

The Slogages enjoyed a remunerative position. They lived, with their five-year-old twins, in a pleasant cottage inside the high guarded walls, which enclosed four acres of park and garden. Honor Slogage was a superb Valkyr of a woman, a formidable athlete who had twice won a berth on the Olympic team. Her husband, a bony, stooped, bespectacled, keen-witted little man fifteen years her senior, found it expedient to treat her with condescending severity, lest the natural superiority of the male be infringed.

It was the second day after Dorothy James' arrival, accompanied by her sad-visaged father and a solemn alienist, that Mrs. Slogage delivered her opinion and meekly received her consort's rebuke.

"And she's so bewildered and so plucky, poor child," added Honor beneath her breath.

Dorothy's mind was struggling out from beneath a cloud. Something seemed to be pressing upon it, dulling it. There had been a strange, not unpleasant inertia of body and soul which she would not even try to shake off; a strange, tainted taste in her mouth which seemed to date from her morning coffee the day after that dreadful scene which ended with her father's calling her "Miss Judas." She was leaving her father's house forever, that morning, to go to Hugh. How she did in reality leave it was lost in that thick mental blur. Vaguely she could recall being questioned by grave men who occasionally withdrew for consultation, and seeing her tearful maid pack her trunk. It did not matter. Nothing mattered except Hugh, and she was too dulled to plan about him.

Then came the grisly realization when she looked through the barred windows of her luxurious suite upon uniformed guards patrolling the walls. All the high courage of her character was needed to save her from a nervous collapse which might well have become mental. If the purpose of this imprisonment was to break her down and alienate her mind, she would fight it to the end. She would make no protest: it would, she knew, be futile. She would concentrate her hope on Hugh Farragut. Sooner or later he would search for and find her. She knew nothing, of course, about the forged letter.

Isolation was the hardest phase of her imprisonment. Newspapers were denied her. She had no access to radio. Only the vaguest rumors of what was going on in the world reached her. With the double purpose of keeping her mind busy and of fitting herself for life with Hugh, she sent out for books on government, economics, and politics, and prepared for herself a course of study. Sooner than she had hoped, she found that, though unhappy, she was no longer in fear.

The shock, when it came, was the more disruptive. She had risen with the sun, and looking out idly heard two guards chatting as they walked beneath her window.

"They got that guy Farragut at last."

"Good job. He ain't dead, though, is he?"

"Not yet but soon."

Already she knew the discipline of the place. No employee was allowed to discuss with the patients "outside" matters, or to answer questions without referring them to Dr. Tell. Almost broken with grief and apprehension, she made her piteous appeal to the presiding genius of the place. Blandly he advised her that she must not trouble her brain with such matters; she was there for complete rest and detachment from outer interests. He ordered a soothing draft before bed. Dorothy threw the dose out of the window and set her teeth into a bitter determination. If Hugh was dead she would kill her father and herself. . . . No; not that! Even to think such things would lead to madness. Better to believe with all her powers that Hugh was alive. She must believe it!

A petty near tragedy brought unexpected relief from the unendurable strain of uncertainty. Of the Slogage twins, the boy, an untamed little demon with a cherubic face and seductive manners, had formed a violent attachment for Dorothy, and would leave the most exciting pastime to trot around the garden after her. She soon came to return his affection. Now, with this new terror upon her, she sought out little Philip.

Philip was an omnivore; he tested everything he found with tooth and tongue, frequently involving himself in grief. As Dorothy, seeking him, came into the rose circle, she beheld an inverted twin suspended by the heels and being forcefully shaken in his mother's mighty grip. The child was black in the face.

There flashed into the girl's mind an episode at a dinner party where a Russian diplomat had saved a choking guest from imminent death and had afterward illustrated his method before an admiring group. Wrenching the boy from his mother's grasp, she set him on his feet. But he was already too far gone to stand. Exerting all her powers, she held him dangling by the wrists. Honor began to clutch the air and shriek for Dr. Tell.

"Stop it!" snapped the girl. "There's no time. Do as I tell you. Hold him like this."

Transferring her burden to the mother, she spread

SMASH BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

her arms scissor fashion and brought her two forearms inward upon the laboring diaphragm with all the force of her lithe muscularity. There was a spasmodic "*Ough!*" as the wind was forced upward as from a sharply compressed bellows. The little fellow's eyes protruded; his mouth flew open and a large black button, popping from it, rolled on the ground.

The next morning the two Slogages came to Dorothy's suite. Their thanks were fervent though brief. It was evident to her that something important was coming. Honor Slogage began: "This is against the rules. If it's known, we lose our jobs."

"Let me do the talking, my dear," put in her half-portion husband. He addressed the patient: "Something has happened to you. You're not so well. What is it? Can we help?"

The girl braced herself for what might be coming. "Will you tell me something? Is Hugh Farragut alive?"

The pair exchanged glances. "Yes," answered both.

"Is he going to get well?"

"They think so."

"Is there any way in which I could get a note to him?" asked Dorothy.

This time the glance exchanged by the pair was troubled. That was too great a risk.

"Never mind," amended the girl quickly. "Could you get a message to him by word of mouth?"

"Not to let him know where you are," stated Slogage.

"I shouldn't expect that."

"I know some nurses at St. Luke's," said Honor. "It might be arranged. What's the message?"

"Just tell him that I love him always." For the first time since her incarceration, the girl smiled. "I think it might help him to get well."

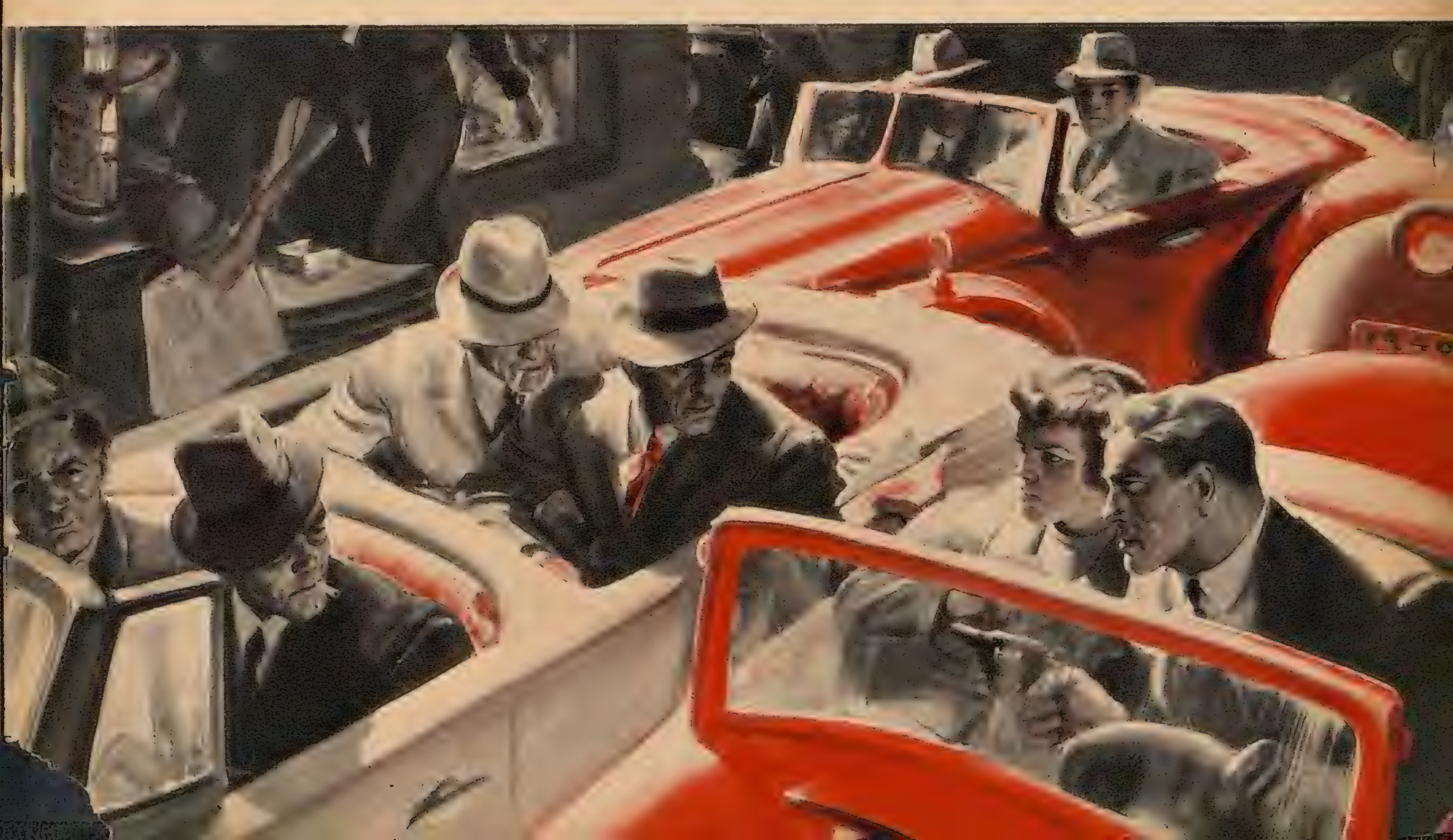
(It did indeed help Hugh to get well, when delivered three days later, with such undesirable impetus that the authorities had to set a guard on his room lest he break parole and escape.)

Up to this time, had Happy James come to the Retreat, Dorothy would have refused to see him. Now she evolved another plan. By an adroit pretense, she might prevail upon her father to let her free.

There was little joy left in life for the political schemer after he had engineered his daughter's removal to the asylum. Bitterly he regretted that "Miss Judas." What, after all, had she done? What proof was there that she intended to betray him to Hugh Farragut? Happy accused himself of having been too hasty, too harsh. At the same time, he could not afford to take any chances with her. But his heart was sore with loneliness. He had been sending her daily messages and frequent flowers and books, all of which were unacknowledged. At last word came from her; she wanted to see him. With high hopes he hurried to the Retreat.

A subdued and thoughtful Dorothy met him. She spared him any reproaches or questions. His story was to have been that she had suffered a sudden and mysterious attack which had left her mentally weakened—oh, only temporarily, of course. It was not necessary for him to produce it; she accepted the fact of her being where she was without protest. The startling thought came to him that perhaps she was in fact a little unbalanced, realized it, and was co-operating in her own cure. But she was perfectly calm and sensible when she began to talk to him about her reading. Too astute to pretend an abrupt switch to his side, she assumed a judicial attitude. Her intensive study of political methods and operations had convinced her that she might have been too ready and too prejudiced in her judgments between Hugh and Happy. Crime, of course, she did not condone; but

The nearest man of the quartet found himself looking at an automatic in Hugh Farragut's steady hand.



she could comprehend that in a complex political organization the leaders could not control all detail. She was honestly trying, said she, to keep an open mind.

Tears of relief came to Happy James' blue eyes. Here was a chance to win his "Miss Dolliver" back to him.

With all those arts of persuasion and plausibility of which he was master, he expounded the text that omelets cannot be made without broken eggs. That he had been obliged to wink at things that he regretted, he did not deny; but he had never connived at crime or corruption. Dorothy listened with a sweet gravity.

Warming to his theme, Happy branched out into his own personal projects. Victory had expanded his ego. The election of Frank J. Winters, he told his astonished listener, was his own strategic achievement. Quietly he had switched from the Democratic cause and by his tactics had carried New York State for the Forward Party, all from the loftiest motives, based upon his belief that the future of the nation would be safest in that control. Not Winters' control, however. The President-elect was a well meaning man, but an idealist, a dreamer, impractical. The actual party management would be vested in the Vice-President, "Cale" Keeler, who would operate behind the scenes, backed by a hand-picked Congress and a string of organization men covering the country, each responsible to a central control. Had the expounder designated these keymen, Dorothy might have identified several of the names as having been on Hugh Farragut's secret crime map.

"And do you know who is to have the controlling hand in all this?" he continued, leaning forward and lowering his voice. "Happy Harold James! I may not even take an office; that isn't decided yet. But I shall be *it*. We'll move to Washington, Miss Dolliver, and you'll see the machinery operate as no woman in our history has seen it—from the very center. You'll have a hand in it, too. You and I are going to be the inner council. You'll have Power, my girl, Power with a big P. There's nothing in life so exciting, so exhilarating, so glorious as Power," he rhapsodized.

"Mussolini? Hitler? Franco?" he continued. "They overplayed their hands, all of 'em; and look at Europe now! We're the only great nation left on the map. And your old dad is the man who's going to run it, and you're going to help. Is that better than being the wife of a little two-by-four legal dachshund?"

The girl was astounded and appalled at this revelation of the dictator complex back of that handsome and suave visage. It was too monstrous to be quite sane. Was it in this way that tyrants developed?

An inherent dramatic talent helped her to assume a mien of marveling admiration.

"Shall I really go to Washington with you, dad?"

"I wouldn't go without you."

"When?"

AH, that's another matter." Exaltation passed from him. Confident though he was of having re-established his sway over the girl, he was not taking any final chance on it; not until Hugh Farragut had been safely shorn of power. There was another reason, too, which he would not reveal to her. "You will have to be patient, Miss Dolliver."

He bade her good-by with the affectionate promise to look in every few days; though, he informed her with a complacent smile, he was being kept pretty busy, as she could understand.

While Happy James was spreading the peacock tail of his ambition before his daughter, another intimate interview was in process which threatened his plans.

Frank J. Winters had all but forced his way into the St. Luke's Hospital room.

Winters wasted no time. "Are you fit to talk business?" he asked Hugh.

"Yes."

"I want you in my Cabinet. Attorney General. Will you take it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Your administration is going to be packed with crooks and racketeers."

"Root 'em out, then," answered Winters promptly.

"I wouldn't have a free hand."

The Winters jaw jutted. "Who says so?"

The young prosecutor's eyes snapped. "Who says I would?" he countered.

"I do."

"I'll take it on one condition. Hands off, and no immunity for any man, no matter who he is."

"Hugh Farragut," said Winters slowly, "if you get the goods on any man in our party or any other party, I'll be back of you. That's a promise."

"Very well," said Hugh. "I'll take the job."

"Shall I give it out to the papers?"

"Not yet. I've got something else on my mind. Until that is cleared up I'd rather keep away from print as much as possible."

The President-elect shook hands and left. An event of overwhelming historical importance had been settled in eight minutes.

WHAT first struck Dr. Courtenay Tell about his visitor was his calm. It might be symptomatic of a deranged mind. To professional alienists of Dr. Tell's type, a considerable majority of the human race are under suspicion of mental derangement.

The visitor said: "You are Dr. Tell?"

"I am," boomed the physician.

"I am Hugh Farragut."

The alienist stiffened. "The special prosecutor?"

"Not for purposes of this interview."

"Then to what am I indebted—"

"I would like to see Miss Dorothy James."

"Impossible. Quite impossible. This is a private institution, Mr. Farragut. If yours is a private errand—"

"I'd be glad to keep it so."

"—it can surely wait until I communicate with the family. You may return tomorrow."

"I'm sorry. It can't. I am going to see Dorothy James, and I am going to see her now."

"Upon whose authority?"

"My own. We are going to be married. At once."

The alienist regarded him with an indulgent smile. "Ah! That I should consider doubtful."

"Why?"

"There would be difficulties in obtaining the necessary medical permit. The patient's mental condition is not such at present as to justify marriage."

Hugh felt a stir of misgiving. He knew something of the power and cohesiveness of the medical ring which had since 1938 become dominant in New York over the old conservative high-minded element, by virtue of political, judicial, and even criminal hook-ups, and he knew Courtenay Tell's position as a member of that ring.

"Who put Miss James here?" he demanded.

"That is a question which I am not obliged to answer," was the bland reply. "However, I may inform you that a medical commission of unimpeachable professional status attested the commitment. Further, I may remind you that I am myself a member of the council of the Modern Society of Medicine."

The implication was not lost upon Hugh. All the prestige of that great body would back a member of the council. "Yes," said he. "I've heard that racketeering has broken in even there."

The offended physician stalked to the door and threw it open. "When you return tomorrow you may ask for my assistant. I can hold out little hope of your being permitted access to the patient."

"If I return tomorrow," said Hugh mildly, "it will be with a writ of habeas corpus."

Quite undisturbed by this familiar threat, since he and some of the courts had a working agreement, the alienist declared, "Writs don't go here."

"My subpoenas do."

Dr. Tell blinked. "Have you a subpoena for Miss James with you?"

"No. I shall not need one. Any court will issue a subpoena duces tecum for *you*. The duces tecum will cover your records on the James case—*and* the patient."

"The patient is in no state to be taken into court."

"Tell, I'm not going to shadow-box with you any longer.

Legal process with its inevitable publicity on this would be just as undesirable to me as to you. But if you force my hand I'll dig up evidence on this joint that will close your doors for good. Now, are you going to let me see Dorothy James?"

The physician capitulated. "Very well. You may see her. But the responsibility, legal and medical, is yours. And I shall insist upon being present."

Glumly he led the way to the girl's suite. Dorothy, at his summons, came languidly from the bedroom—saw Hugh, and, with a cry, sprang to him.

"I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come! Darling, how white you look!"

"I'm all right," he said, "now that I know you are."

At that her long and valiant control broke. "Take me away! Take me away from this place!"

"Steady, Dorrie. Steady, darling."

The composure of his voice, the comforting support of his arms, restored her. "Forgive me," she murmured. "I've been terrified for you."

"And I for you. I sha'n't leave you again."

"No; don't. I couldn't stand it."

"You don't propose to take Miss James away without any formality of discharge," protested Dr. Tell.

"I do."

The physician said in a despairing voice: "How can I explain to Happy James?"

THE others looked at him in surprise. The solemn and pretentious physician was evidently in desperate fear. Dorothy grew a little pale. How was her father able to inspire such dread in a man of Dr. Tell's standing unless he enjoyed the tyrannical authority which Hugh had attributed to him? She said: "May I use your telephone?"

"To call Mr. James? Oh, I suppose so."

All three returned to his office. The girl signaled to Hugh to stay close by. The miserable alienist remained near of his own volition. They heard her say:

"Dad? . . . Yes. . . . Hugh is here. . . . Never mind; I haven't time now. We're coming up to town. . . . But I *am* coming. . . . Won't you please let me finish first? Then you can talk with Dr. Tell. But it won't make any difference. . . ." She turned to Hugh. "He wants us to come direct to the house. Will you?"

"I'll take you there; but I won't leave you there."

"No." She spoke again into the transmitter: "Yes, dad; we'll both come. . . . Be there in two hours."

Hugh's car was waiting on a side road. Once settled in it with Dorrie beside him, he felt the immediate past dissolve like a sinister dream. Troubles ahead there might be: he would not give them a thought now. They would have it out with Happy James, once and for all; and no matter what his arguments or objections, they would be married by a special emer-

SAVE YOUR THROAT!

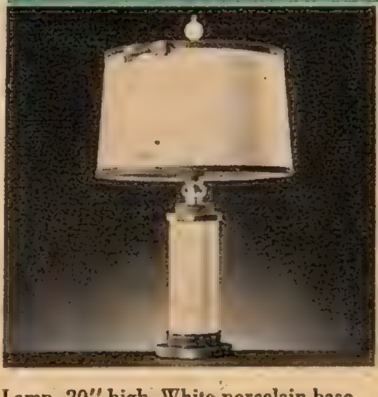
GET HOLD OF KOOLS

They're *soothing* to your throat. Smoke 'em pack after pack . . . or as a change-off brand . . . the menthol adds a grand, refreshing flavor, yet it's so *mild* it never spoils the full-bodied tobacco goodness of this fine Turkish-Domestic blend. Get hold of **KOOLS** . . . and *save those coupons* . . . good in the United States for a choice of several dozen useful, handsome premiums. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. S. T.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢
20¢ in Canada
COUPON

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS


Lamp, 20" high. White porcelain base, linen parchment shade. . . 400 coupons

Beautiful Premiums
For B&W Coupons
FREE. Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14

Zippo lighter; wind-guard. Satin chromium. Plain or 3 initials . . 175 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

gency license which he could obtain under a new law.

"Oh, yes!" Dorrie exultantly agreed. She began to giggle in the reaction from the long strain. "I'll put down my age as sixteen. I don't feel a bit older. In fact I feel a little crazy. . . . Tend to your steering, Hugh! Remember that you're a dignified public official."

Hugh grinned. "Like secrets?"

"Love 'em."

"Keep 'em?"

"Till death us do part—them and me."

"Then I'll tell you one. You're going to be Mrs. Attorney General of the United States."

"*Hugh!* Truly? Isn't that marvelous!"

"Frank Winters offered me the job. I've accepted. Think you'll like Washington, Dorrie?"

"This is the second invitation I've had to go there."

"Is it? Who's my rival?"

"Dad."

Gaiety waned from Hugh's expression, to be replaced by speculation. "Happy James going to Washington? What for?"

"I don't know exactly," she replied, troubled. She could not bring herself to retail to Hugh those magniloquent braggings, those dreams of dictatorial sway. Wistfully she added: "I still can't believe he's what you think, darling. It just isn't in his character."

"He shut you up in an insane asylum."

"I know. But he says there was a special reason. He's going to explain it all soon."

"Maybe he can explain at the same time where all his money comes from."

The girl brightened. "It just happens that I know where he gets a good deal of it. I've seen papers. It comes from a gold mine in New Jersey."

"New Jersey?" Hugh's eyebrows went up. "I knew there used to be some small mines there, but I didn't realize that there was any commercial mining now."

"Very commercial in our mine. It makes us quite a lot of money. And you know we don't live extravagantly, dear," she added.

"Oh, no!" he commented. "You've got only four cars, one country place, a newfangled midget airplane— By the way, do you mind cutting out the airplane after we're married, except when I'm along?"

"No; I don't mind anything after we're married," she answered contentedly.

They found Happy James waiting. As they came in, the light of a great relief glowed in his face. It puzzled Hugh. What fear had made him look ten years older? The two men shook hands without rancor.

"Were you followed?" asked James.

"Not as far as I know."

"Any trouble on the way?"

"Only Hugh's mad driving," said the girl. "Why?"

"Nothing."

Dorothy plunged: "Dad, we're going to be married. Right away."

"Then you've turned against me," he said sadly.

I HAVEN'T! I haven't!" she cried passionately. "Oh, why must you both be so obstinate and bitter? If I could only make you understand each other!"

"I'm afraid we understand each other too well," said Hugh. His heart was sore for Dorrie.

"I'm not being unreasonable," argued Happy with his most plausible air. "You have the makings of a big man, Farragut—a man I'd be proud to have for a son-in-law if you'd only quit this reform racket and make the most of your opportunities. It will never get you anywhere. You've heard Dorothy say how she feels about it."

"Not any more. I've changed, dad."

Both men turned to her—Happy startled and frowning, Hugh with an unspoken warning that she must not reveal his new prospects.

"Yes, you've changed," agreed her father with profound melancholy. "You've changed, Miss Dolliver."

"I don't mean to change toward you; I don't want to change. Oh, Hugh! Can't you do something?"

"I've tried. Mr. James, you know how much respect I have for your ability. You are head and shoulders above the other men I've come up against. God knows, I don't want to fight you. You're forcing it on me. Why don't you give it up while there's time? Surely you have all the money you need. Take a vacation for a year. That's all I ask. The happiness of three of us may depend on it."

Happy James spoke through a constricted throat: "If I refuse, you steal my girl, poison her mind—"

"That isn't fair, dad," broke in Dorothy with spirit.

He rose and came toward her, gasping. He staggered, struggling for speech. Both ran to him.

"Dad! What is it?"

"Don't know," he muttered. "Drink. In desk."

"It's a stroke!" she cried.

"Who's his doctor?" asked Hugh sharply.

"Dr. Wilfred Cutler. There's the telephone book."

"No. No doctor." The stricken man had rallied a little. "Don't need doctor. Get me upstairs. Don't leave me, daughter. Don't leave me now."

"I won't," she promised, terrified.

Urgently she motioned to Hugh to telephone. He relinquished his hold to go to the instrument. Dorothy was leading her father to a chair when his form went limp; he sagged forward, breaking the clasp of her arms, fell full length, and lay sprawled on the floor.

To Dorothy it seemed a blessing from heaven that Dr. Cutler should be in his office, the more so since his hours had not yet begun. She could not know that this was by no means luck. The physician was at the house in ten minutes.

GRAVE," he pronounced. "Very grave. Did something occur to excite him?"

"I'm afraid so," said Hugh.

Dr. Cutler's stern scrutiny took in both lovers. "It must not recur. We shall need a nurse."

"No. No nurse," the sick man murmured. He clutched at Dorothy's hand.

"Couldn't I take care of him?" she asked.

"Yes—yes," from the sickbed.

"If you feel able to," agreed the physician.

At a time of less excitement it might have occurred to Hugh that high medical authorities do not, as a rule, yield so complacently to a patient's whims. He felt depressed. There would be no immediate marriage. Dorrie shot him a look of appeal. Her lips formed the silent words, "I can't help it, Hugh." He was obliged to leave.

For the rest of the week, though he called daily, he saw her for only a few moments. Her patient demanded all her attention. While reluctant to give an opinion as to the nature of the seizure, Dr. Cutler expressed himself satisfied with the progress made, but believed that weeks would be required to put the patient on his feet. To Dorothy's hopes of marriage he set a curt veto. It might be fatal to Happy James.

One morning when Hugh had dropped in without telephoning, he found Dorothy in the library.

"Hugh, I'm going back to Dr. Tell's."

"Over my dead body!"

"I don't mean to stay. I want to pack up my things. Dr. Cutler says I can leave dad for a few hours."

"It doesn't look good to me. Send your maid."

"That wouldn't do. There's some one there I have to see. I haven't told you about Honor Slogage."

She told him of the woman athlete's devotion. Hugh agreed that she ought not to leave permanently without bidding Mrs. Slogage good-by.

"Yes, you'll have to go. I'll go with you."

"I hoped you would," said she simply.

Each time he had come to the house since Dorrie's return, Hugh had taken note of several huskies unobtrusively hanging about. As he held open the car door for her this contingent vanished singly around the corner. That was all right, too. He had rather expected it.

Past Roslyn his companion said, "Hugh, we're being followed by a car."

"Two cars," he corrected. "But I hoped you wouldn't notice."

"I'm not afraid."

"You needn't be," he chuckled. "One of them is manned by my two young friends Right and Left

Guard. They'll take care of the others. Let's give 'em a run."

Hugh's was a fast car. Pursuing motor cops dropped away when they saw his number. But make what speed he might, be could not shake off the large open car with four occupants. A train held him up at Riverhead crossing. The pursuers drew abreast. The two athletes from the office were not ten seconds behind. The nearest man of the quartet reached out toward Dorothy, and found himself looking at an automatic in Hugh Farragut's steady hand. He did not flinch.

"Will you sign this, miss?"

Dorrie eyed the slip of paper. "What is it?"

"For Mr. James. To prove that you got here safe."

"Shall I, Hugh?"

"I can't see any reason why not." But he was troubled and puzzled. What sort of trick was this? Or was it a trick? Certainly Happy James' relief at seeing his daughter safe when she had come up from the Retreat was unfeigned. And now this safeguarding of her movements—Would the escort wait to accompany them back? Apparently not; for the man, after a glance at the signature, gave a curt order and the car whirled and vanished. The two Guards, however, followed to the gates.

NO sooner had Dorothy and Hugh left the house than Happy James hopped out of bed, clapped Dr. Cutler on the back, dressed himself, took a drink, and called up Dr. Courtenay Tell's Retreat for Mental Cases to give certain instructions.

Happy was well content with his strategy. Without flattering himself that he had prevented the marriage, he had successfully postponed it. In fact, he now favored it. If all worked out as he forecast, it would be the most effective method of removing the troublemaking prosecutor from his path. Wanted to send him, Happy James, on a world tour, did he? Well, for a bet, it would be Hugh who took the tour—a wedding tour, and a long one. When he came back his power for damage would be lost and, what was more important, Dorothy would be safe. His strategy was based upon his estimate of Hugh's character, into which a reluctant admiration entered. Hugh could not be scared off by any danger to himself. He could if the peril threatened Dorothy, as was now very really the case.

Happy James' reckoning of human motives was apt to be about ninety-nine per cent correct. In this instance he had omitted one factor: Dorothy's character, now tempered to a finer quality through the ordeal of the asylum and through her understanding love of Hugh Farragut.

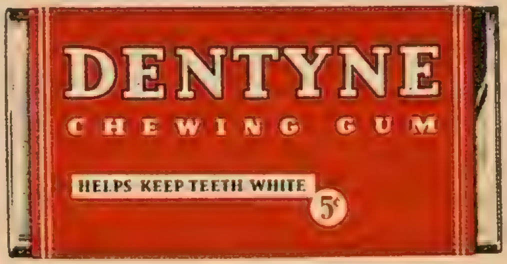
Will the lovers fall into Happy's trap? Find out in the next chapter of this uncanny novel of the future. And follow the startling new developments which include strange doings at an old mine—and another murder! In the October 16 issue!

Lucky old Highlander

First Chief of his Clan—tradition says this old Highland warrior never had a toothache! Tough, chewy foods gave his teeth ample exercise—kept them in prime condition! His descendants eat soft, refined foods, giving teeth too little exercise.

WISE MODERNS CHEW DENTYNE —because Dentyne's firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing — gives teeth and gums the active exercise they *need!* It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues, helps make them firmer, healthier —and wakens the salivary glands, promoting self-cleansing. Dentyne helps keep your teeth stronger, healthier —and cleaner!

IT TASTES SO SPICILY TEMPTING — you'll be keen about Dentyne's fragrant and delicious flavor! And the flat Dentyne package (an exclusive feature) is so exceptionally handy to slip into your pocket or purse.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE — MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Guest Girl

BY GERALDINE YORK

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TWO extra girls? . . . My dear, do you realize what you're saying? You might just as well talk about getting two extra lamas from Tibet. . . . Why, in our whole town we haven't a half dozen girls we can depend on as extra guests, and the few we have are always booked up weeks in advance. . . . But weeks and weeks, my dear. Every one of them!"

I overheard a lady make these emphatic statements to another lady. The subject aroused my interest. Could it be true, I wondered, that acceptable guest girls are so hard to find? I inquired among friends in Washington and New York, in Chicago and on the West Coast. They all answered *yes*, unanimously *yes*.

So it's true, no mistake about it; and the situation is creating marvelous opportunities.

The unattached girl who knows how to be a perfect guest is now in greater demand than the rich and handsome bachelor. Hostesses everywhere are complaining bitterly about the lack of extra girls for dinners and week-end parties. Any girl with a fair amount of social wisdom can have a swell time nowadays, free of obligation.

Moreover, it isn't as hard as you may think to qualify as a perfect guest girl. It's surprisingly easy. Never before in any age have the doors of society been opened so wide to girls of average looks, average brains, moderate circumstances. You don't need to be a striking beauty or a brilliant conversationalist. You needn't be rich, or even very well off. Tact, good taste, and common sense are all your hostess will require of you. Because of her many unpleasant experiences with society girls who *don't* know how to behave, your hostess will make you more than welcome if you live up to a few simple rules.

In your rating as a guest girl, the most important points to your credit will be scored by your ability to get on with men and women at the same time. Almost any attractive girl can be popular among the boys, and any girl who listens sympathetically can make friends with other women . . . but the winning trick is to get on with both sexes together.

Therefore the first rule to follow, if you want to be a perfect guest girl, is this:

Do your flirting with the right men. Before you go to work on a man, be sure no other woman at the party thinks he belongs to her. She may be wrong, but the difference of opinion won't help your hostess keep the party gay and congenial. If you *must* flirt with somebody else's man, wait and do it some other time. And *please* don't give him your telephone number in a throaty whisper. That makes everybody feel so surreptitious. It's rather nauseating, and decidedly uncomfortable for your hostess.

Next comes the rule of punctuality. This applies to your departure as well as your arrival. If you ever have done any entertaining of your own, you know how hard it is to be nice to a guest who comes too early or stays too late. To the perfect guest girl a good reliable watch is as necessary as a clean neck. At a house party, be on hand when you're wanted, but don't be on hand when you're not wanted. If the other women take breakfast in bed, you had better not be the only one to come downstairs and munch morning toast with the boys. The women will be suspicious of your motive—they'll think you're trying to put something over on them—and the chances are that the men would prefer to stuff themselves by themselves. Never be late for lunch, though. Men on house parties are hungriest at noon. That's when they hate you if you keep them waiting. Dressing for dinner, you can take your time. If you're late then, it will only mean another round of cocktails for the boys—and they won't hate you for that. Dress carefully for dinner.

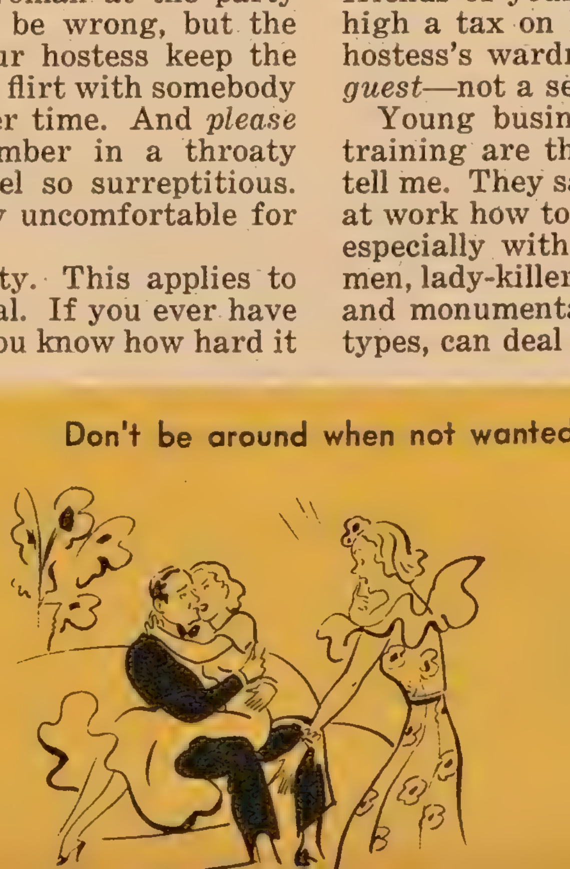
Which brings us to the question of clothes. Clothes are important, of course, but not as important as many girls imagine. For guest girls of modest means, the secret is quality instead of quantity. A few well cut clothes of first-class material can carry a smart girl through a busy social season with flying colors. But everything you wear should be good enough, in itself, not to stick out like a sore thumb in comparison with the more expensive clothes worn by wealthier women. It is always entirely correct to ask your hostess beforehand what she thinks you ought to wear to her party, or what you should bring when you go to her home as a week-end guest. In general it is wise to avoid fancy dresses that may come apart, shed their flounces, lose their lace trimmings; or clothes that spot easily in the rain; or shoes that look pretty but hurt your feet if you go for a hike. You see, any accident to your clothes, or any discomfort that spoils your fun, is bound to make a nice hostess feel vaguely guilty, even though she is in no way to blame. She feels she has failed in her duty to give you a good time, and that spoils her fun, too.

Here is another sound clothes rule for guest girls: Beware of borrowing. Hostesses are constantly amazed and embarrassed by girl guests who calmly ask for the loan of anything from a diamond bracelet to a brassière. Don't borrow your hostess's personal belongings; and when you go to a party, don't bring along uninvited friends of your own. Informalities of that sort put too high a tax on hospitality. Respect the privacy of your hostess's wardrobe and the privacy of her home. Be a *guest*—not a self-appointed member of the family.

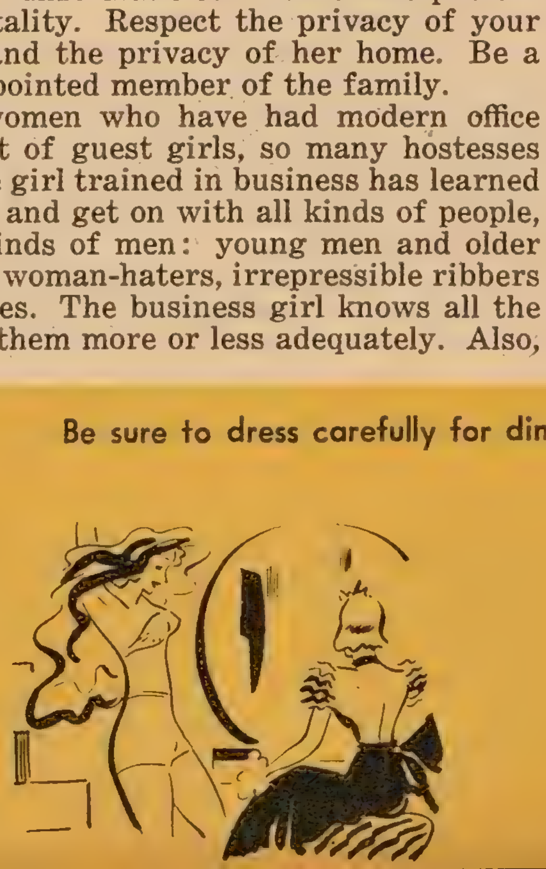
Young business women who have had modern office training are the best of guest girls, so many hostesses tell me. They say the girl trained in business has learned at work how to meet and get on with all kinds of people, especially with all kinds of men: young men and older men, lady-killers and woman-haters, irrepressible ribbers and monumental bores. The business girl knows all the types, can deal with them more or less adequately. Also,

Do your flirting with the right men.

Don't be around when not wanted.



Be sure to dress carefully for dinner.



Don't bring along uninvited friends.

Beware if she throws you at papa!

Girl or man, a duffer is a nuisance.

her business experience has taught her some shrewdness in the matter of accepting or rejecting invitations. And this is a great advantage.

Any girl who aspires to be a popular guest should begin by being choosy about her invitations. Long before her date book starts to fill up weeks in advance, she should learn to decide what parties she really wants to attend, and be firm about those from which she would rather stay away. Breaking one date in favor of another is a deadly mistake. No girl with social ambitions can afford to be caught at it. If there is any doubt in your mind concerning a bid to a party, turn it down at the outset. Never accept it, and then get out of it afterward because something better has come along. Sooner or later you'll be nabbed at that game as sure as fate, and nothing could be more destructive to your reputation as a reliable guest girl. You know how women pass the word around. Well, hostesses are women, aren't they?

An invitation telephoned to you by a mutual friend of the prospective hostess should be acknowledged immediately. Either telephone your reply or write a note at once. Don't use a post card. Small cards with matched envelopes are sold for this purpose.

With telephoned invitations, when you don't care to say yes or no until thinking it over, it's permissible to stall gracefully for twenty-four hours. Any reasonable fib will suffice. Say an out-of-town friend may be coming to you that day or the next—you won't know for sure until later. Your hostess will probably guess what you're up to, but she won't mind if you do it politely. And you mustn't hold her invitation too long in abeyance.

I know a popular girl who always keeps notes on the fibs she has to tell. She's been keeping them ever since she mixed her excuses, one time, with face-reddening results. To regret an invitation, she first used the alibi of the out-of-town friend; then by chance she ran into the lady who had invited her, and, forgetting what she had said before, declared she couldn't come to the party because she had to have a tooth taken out.

How to be a weekend success! Here are all the secrets of what to do about clothes . . white lies . . and MEN

"But what about your friend from out of town?" asked the lady. Flustered, the girl replied:

"Oh, yes! She had to have a tooth out, too."

After such an unseemly boner, the girl who made it started keeping a written record of her little white lies—and I don't blame her. I advise you to follow her example, unless you've been blessed with a memory that never does you dirt.

Thus far I have warned you only about your own behavior. Now I am going to warn you about the behavior of certain hostesses—and of certain hosts.

There are parties, given by quite distinguished people, at which the perfect guest girl, I am sorry to say, needs the wisdom of the serpent to protect herself and defend herself against shameful imposition.

There are hostesses, apparently of refinement and good will, who do not hesitate to use an attractive girl for the purpose of masking their own adventures in dishonor.

Look out for the charming hostess who *throws* you at her own husband. She may have a gigolo up her sleeve—a sweet man with whom she plans to amuse herself while you are amusing papa. Don't be the stooge for such a set-up. You can't possibly get any social profit out of it, and an entanglement of that kind often leads to the divorce court—a worthless ordeal for a guest girl to undergo, particularly in small towns or cities of medium size, where the folks who invite girls to parties will always remember what you have been and have done.

The perfect guest girl knows where to draw the line between being helpful and being imposed upon. To a fine point, she knows when willingness to assist will be a help or a hindrance. I know one clever popular girl who never offers to help unless something goes radically wrong in the kitchen. Then she quietly steps in and does her stuff. She can make wonderful old-fashioned biscuits in a twinkling without fuss or bother, and she can dish up a competent simple supper before you know it, while her biscuits are baking. Yet she never offers her help except in an emergency. And every hostess loves her.

I suppose her exceptional virtue as a guest girl comes under the heading of tact. Equally welcome in the perfect guest girl is the virtue of health. Girls who have to be doctored because of sick headaches, rashes, sunburn, or what not are unqualified pests. Also pestilential, socially, are guest girls who insist upon going in for strenuous sports they know nothing about. Girls who can't ride or shoot or ski ought to think twice before accepting invitations from people who really enjoy themselves most while riding, shooting, or skiing. Girl or man, a duffer on such a party is a nuisance. And a perfect guest girl must never permit herself to be a nuisance.

Furthermore, to reach the acme of guest-girl perfection, one should be able to prevent other guests from making nuisances of themselves. At dinner she should know how to amputate the endless monologue of the prize bore and how to pass the conversation neatly to the interesting guests. Because dinner parties are the most frequent of social occasions, and because good talk is the life of every dinner party, the perfect guest girl must be skilled in the art of helping her hostess give the good talkers their chance—an asset more valuable, really, than being a bright talker herself.

A number of girls have told me they're bothered by the question of how much to tip their hostess's servants after a week-end party, and what sort of gift to buy for their hostess. Before tipping, you always should ask your hostess if she objects. If she doesn't, you can give the servants two or three dollars; no more. Your gift to your hostess should never be ostentatious. It should always be something you can easily afford; otherwise it will embarrass her. To a hostess with whom she has dined quite frequently it is correct and thoughtful for a girl to send a few flowers. Here again the gift should not be very elaborate or expensive.

Actually, the most welcome gifts you can bring will be a wide-awake intellect, a new story well told, some unusual item of interesting information, news of the latest plays or books or movies worth discussion—anything that will help your hostess keep her party alive and amusing. Let these be your unfailing contributions. You won't improve on them with any amount of money, merchandise, or beauty. For, when all is said and settled, it's tact and intelligence that make the perfect guest girl perfect.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WALTER WANGER looked at the constant riot of feminine dress and saw *drama* in it. "Fashion," he says, "is the world's most colorful extravaganza. More money is spent on women's clothes than on any other merchandise except food and drink. Strong men work themselves weak to buy fine clothes for women. Weak men commit crimes, smart girls go crazy, and goddesses marry millionaire playboys—all for the sake of gorgeous raiment. Women's clothes are the greatest show on earth."

Result of that idea is the big Hollywood production in full technicolor, Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938, a brilliant screen parade of stars and styles and story. The picture is distinctly novel—but Walter is always trying something new. Born in San Francisco, educated at Dartmouth for a banking career, he became a stage manager instead, then a New York theatrical producer. Has been a discoverer and developer of movie talent since 1921.

Japan and France outlawed his pacifist film, A President Vanishes. England banished another picture he made. When he was a Paramount executive, Walter hired a scenario writer named William C. Bullitt, the same Mr. Bullitt now employed as United States Ambassador to France. Mr. Bullitt achieved the impossible. He astonished moviedom. Did so by coming to work every morning with two enormous Russian wolfhounds on a leash.

Close friend of Schiaparelli and other famous style designers, Walter Wanger has long been interested in the fashion industry. "Don't be surprised," he says, "if I end up as a dressmaker myself. I'll fight against it, but it may get me."

☆ Stricter, much stricter than parents, are brothers who appoint themselves their sisters' keepers. I know an orphaned damsel whose three senior brothers insist upon sitting in judgment on all her boy friends. If they disapprove an admirer of hers, they soon chase him off. What makes this tough for the poor girl is the fact that her three brothers rarely agree. "While they're fighting it out," she laments, "I lose my young man."

☆ The Great Button Mystery has fascinated a gentleman I know. He says: "My wife keeps about three pints of odd buttons in an old tin box. She has hundreds of buttons in that box—buttons of all sizes, shapes, and colors—yet she never can find a button that exactly matches the other buttons on my shirts or pajamas, or any garment of mine from which I lose a button. This has been going on for years. It defies the laws of average and mathematical probability. Out of all those buttons she keeps, you'd think there would *sometime* be one that matches mine. But there never is. How do you account for it?"

I can't account for it, mister. My husband sings the same sad song. It is a tune familiar to all husbands and to all wives. As far as I know, the Great Button Mystery has never been solved.

☆ Glad to be home from her first trip abroad, a lady of Iceland told friends of mine that she didn't like other countries because she couldn't see over the tops of the trees. Trees in Iceland grow only shoulder-high. Regular dishes on Iceland bills of fare are boiled whale, boiled seal, boiled puffin bird stuffed with boiled prunes. . . . No railroads in Iceland; all travel is by autobus, and roads are so rough that bus-riding children actually get seasick; then the bus stops to let them recover by the roadside. . . . I've just heard all this from globe-trotting Professor Harrison Coffin of Union College, who went there this summer with his wife, Carlyn. Iceland, they say, is wonderfully picturesque, a paradise for trout and salmon anglers, yet seldom visited by American tourists. Icelanders are handsome, industrious, profoundly self-respecting. A member of the local government explained why Iceland doesn't advertise to attract the tourist trade. He said, "We don't want our people to become a nation of waiters."

Walter Wanger

☆ Girl has asked me an etiquette question that may seem rude but really isn't. "When I have to blow my nose in company," she asks, "should I say 'Excuse me,' or should I just do it and say nothing?". . . Do it and say nothing. The "Excuse me" calls more attention to the blowing. Somerset Maugham, always a sharp critic of manners, once declared this to be an essential test of good breeding.

☆ Maidcraft, a new book by Lita Price and Harriet Bonnet, tells how to systematize the work of keeping house with one maid. Many useful suggestions. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

☆ Don't know who Bernice was, but she had a swell salad named after her. Pear Salad Bernice is one of my favorites. This is the best month for it, too, because Bartlett pears are prime now. Make it as follows:

Arrange half a Bartlett pear (fresh or canned) on a bed of golden-hearted lettuce leaves. Fill center of pear with a mixture of mayonnaise slightly thinned with cream, some finely chopped celery, and a little Roquefort cheese well crumbled. Don't be too generous with the cheese. Sprinkle buttered fingers of whole-wheat bread with cheese, brown quickly in oven, serve hot with the salad.

Yesterday's Zenda Lives Again

With a fine performance by Ronald Colman, a long-lived romance wins new laurels—La Henie skates and Miss Powell dances in lively entertainments

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in The Prisoner of Zenda.

★ ★ ★ THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, David Niven, Raymond Massey, Lawrence Grant, Ian Maclaren, Byron Foulger, Howard Lang, Ralph Faulkner, Montagu Love. Adapted by Wells Root from the novel by Anthony Hope. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by Selznick-United Artists. Running time, 100 minutes.

ALMOST a half century ago Anthony Hope wrote this spirited novel of adventure and intrigue in high places; it fascinated millions of people then, and David O. Selznick contends it still does. He has, at any rate, gambled a million dollars and months of time in making The Prisoner of Zenda to prove his premise—and the result is great entertainment from any viewpoint. There is something reminiscent of a forgotten but good cinema era in the clank of sabers, the melodramatic hatching of plots in shadowy forests, the castle dungeons, the lovely court women. Here is no compromise with modern-day realism.

Ronald Colman, in his dual role, is a genuine hero. When he shoots any one he hits his mark, and he's dark and handsome, and he's brave, and he's honorable. Raymond Massey, as Black Michael, looks like the villain he plays; you don't like him for a minute and you're thoroughly delighted when he dies deservedly.

Model for many costume productions, the story is one you must remember: Rudolf Rassendyll, an Englishman, comes to a small Balkan country and walks into an involved political plot to shove the present young king aside and put his brother Michael on the throne. Rassendyll bears a perfect resemblance to the monarch—Colman plays both roles—and when the drunken princeling is kidnaped, masquerades in his stead at the coronation; saves the day. There is, of course, a gorgeous young princess, betrothed to the Crown, who finds her fiancé strangely changed; they fall in love and the remainder of the picture concerns Rassendyll's struggle between passion and honor, his adventures while foiling Black Michael's schemes, and his rescue of the real king.

Madeleine Carroll, made more beautiful than ever by excellent photography, plays the princess and shows for the first time a hint of warmth in portrayal. Mary Astor, as the unhappy wife of Michael, works with restraint; her scenes have a high emotional quotient, but you will find Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a disappointment. His role is that of a charming but blackhearted rascal, and his father could have played it.

Understand: The Prisoner of Zenda carries no resounding message; it boasts of no truly magnificent performance except that of Colman's; it is not Art. But if you're a romanticist, if you can cheer courage and sit breathless while a drawbridge comes thundering down over a murky moat, and weep for young love lost, you'll have a wonderful time at this.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins was the 2nd son of a London pastor, was educated at Oxford, practiced law for a time, till enormously bestselling Prisoner of Zenda around 1894 made it more profitable to write than argue at the bar. Got Zenda inspiration from R. L. S.'s Prince Otto and founded what was known as Ruritania romance, or the school of the mythical-kingdom novelist, which in turn founded the musical-comedy stage, then Hollywood. His large fortune derived mainly from Zenda and its sequels. Knighted in 1918, he married a New York girl, died at 70 in 1933. . . . James K. Hackett made the first filmed Zenda for Famous Players in 1913 with Beatrice Beckley. London stage revived it in 1923, it ran for 112 performances. New York saw it, too, around that time. In 1922 M-G-M gave it the screen works, Rex Ingram directing, Novarro, Lewis Stone, and Alice Terry starring. This is the third screening. . . . My figure boy tells me that 41,900 man-hours of labor were put into constructing 62 sets for this, or enough to put up 40 five-room dwellings. These range from a phone booth of a sentry box to the gargantuan and largest set: the grand ballroom of Strezlau Castle. After it was all over, all was torn down to make way for future productions, with the exception of the Zenda castle drawbridge. This was built for permanence with a 40-ton chain, each link weighing 65 lbs. . . . C. Aubrey Smith's nearly 74, got his first fame as captain of the Cambridge U. cricket team, still plays and loves the game. Stayed on in South Africa after a cricket tour to work on the Stock Exchange, transferred to the London Bourse, debutted as an actor in the London provinces. Screen debutted in 1915, has been on stage and screen for 45 years, loves them both equally well. . . . David Niven's still Merle Oberoning. An orphan of noble blood, he was born in Scotland, schooled at Sandhurst, served two years in Malta with the Highland Light Infantry as a leftenant. Met Sam Goldwyn at a San Francisco dinner party and accepted Goldwyn's offer for a screen test. The rest is history. . . . Though studio won't reveal secrets of photographing a dual-role part, it's probably done with a contraption that splits the lens. Ronald Colman rehearsed his part in a full-length mirror, always had one out of camera range on the set. Is mighty proud of his discovery, thinks it perfected his dual-personality technique, kept characters from overlapping, stealing scenes, mugging. . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr. is 29, product of Doug Sr.'s first marriage to a society girl. Doug Jr. was educated by tutor and in fancy schools here and abroad. Picked up painting and sculpture in Paris and in 1923 got into the movies because he felt there was "an urgent need to make money on a big scale." First film was Stephen Steps Out, with Noah Beery and Theo Roberts. He was 16, lied that he was 18. Afterward he was dropped by the studio, made his big dent in Stella Dallas, 1925 vintage. Since then he's made 40-odd pictures, written lots on the side, illustrated his own material, married and divorced Joan Crawford after five years and a public and sensationally romantic courtship. . . . Madeleine Carroll doesn't want to hear you call her a Glamour Girl. Says glamour's as common in Hollywood as hamburger. . . . Mary Astor Langhanke, the famous diary maid, got on screen via a beauty contest, has Portuguese, Scotch, Irish, German, and Polish antecedents. She's been featured in 80 pics since '24, has a swell business head, wants to write, has sold a few stories. Still has set fright on first day of a newie. . . . Raymond Massey was imported from London for this. Says he got the theatrical bug with the Canadian army in Vladivostok, doing a Salome dance in burnt cork in a homemade barrack minstrel show, costume being made of knives, forks, spoons, and tin plates from the officers' mess. Liked it so much he tried selling farm implements around Toronto, thought of the Siberian Follies of 1918, went over to London and has been acting ever since, or directing, producing, and writing. . . . John Cromwell's an example of the Hollywood saying that actors make the best directors. Played Shylock in high school, worked for a time in his father's Cleveland machine shop, reciting Shakespeare amid the din of the machinery. Crashed New York stage in time, made a hit in The Racket, went on to touch the tops. Sound brought him to the screen as a director. He's one of Hollywood's most affable and easygoing taskmasters. Is never seen without that small brown mustache or smile; is married.

★ ★ ★ THIN ICE

THE PLAYERS: Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Joan Davis, Sig Rumann, Alan Hale, Leah Ray, Melville Cooper, Maurice Cass, George Givot, Christian Rub, Eleanor Wesselhoeft, Greta Meyer, Egon Brecher, Torben Meyer, George Davis. Screen play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling, based on Attila Orbok's play, Der Komet. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by 20th Century-Fox. Running time, 78 minutes.

THIS lacks the sheer novelty of Sonja Henie's first skating film, One in a Million, but it has charm, brightness, and the romantic teamwork of Sonja and Tyrone Power.

Power plays a royal prince trying to get away from it all. He rushes off to a deserted, near bankrupt Alpine hotel and in no time at all the hostelry is jammed with plotting diplomats, the village is prosperous, and Prince Rudolph is in love with the pretty skating instructor employed by the hotel. But she is a commoner, alas, while he is a prince. You know the problem. It used to be a big cinema Barrier to True Love.

Movie fans, of course, will read an extra degree of romance into the fervid love scenes of Sonja and Tyrone, since they are said to be sentimentally interested. Actually they both give pleasant performances. Sonja is surer of herself off skates; on them she is the poetry of motion incarnate. Power lends ingratiating aid. Raymond Walburn is amusing as the skater's impecunious uncle, and one Joan Davis scores as a hot and low-down orchestra singer. Actually the best performance is that of Mount Rainier, Washington, as a white and shimmering expanse of Switzerland. Here is a character bit of sweep and magnitude.

There are three elaborate skating ballets. The Hollywood extras, be it noted, are skating better.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since ice is one of few things studio wonderworkers can't make out of plaster and chicken wire, studio built a 250 x 150 rink for Sonja and her 80 ballet skaters. Since real ice photographs murkily, soaks up all the lights, all Henie ice is a mixture of water and skimmed milk. . . . Ballet dancers are recruited from local Los Angeles hockey teams, ice-rink exhibitionists. . . . Forty players went to Washington's Mount Rainier for exterior snow, and nature raised so much sleet, ice, blizzard, cruel wind, and hell that most of the exteriors were eventually done indoors at Fox Hills. . . . Busiest person in cast: Sonja Henie. She put in 15 hours a day for 5 months, skiing, skating, acting, supervising numbers, doing ex-studio exhibitions. Her father died during production, hitting her very hard. They'd been very close. Sonja was born during a terrific post-season blizzard, April 8, 1913, in Oslo, Norway's capital. Father was a furrier, mother a housewife. She has an Irish grandmother, accounting for her brown, instead of blue, eyes. She started dancing at 3, wrapping drapes about herself, took up the ballet seriously at 4, didn't learn to skate till she was 8. A year later she won junior figure-skating honors in Oslo, at 11 she was Norwegian champ, went to the Olympics but didn't win. In 1926, at 13, she took second in Stockholm world championships. In 1928 she was Olympic champ, retained this in '32 and '36, after which she turned professional. Figure skating, she explains, is not creative; it's mastering and performing 80 established figures. Sonja's had nothing worse than a sprained ankle; no broken bones. She's 5/2, weighs 110, sleeps ten hours a night, doesn't eat four hours before her performance. Should she break these rules she'd do a bust. . . . Studio teamed Power and Henie to capitalize on great publicity given to so-called Henie-Power romance. This is largely exaggerated. They like enormously but do not love seriously. Studio press agents couldn't miss the chance—coupled them deathlessly, got 1,000s of columns about it. . . . Tihroan Pahr has dropped the Jr. legally now that his actor-father's dead. Is untouched by his rapid year rise to fame, knows the value of publicity, never refuses interviews, autographs, candid snaps—enjoys all the fanatic hurly-burly. He was born in Cincy, Ohio. . . . Arthur (I Say Old Boy) Treacher is a Brighton, Sussexful gentleman's gentleman type and nearly became a lawyer. Has played 50 servile roles. He's married, has dogs, pipes, books, a good cook, fun. Did it all on that muffled reserved English burp he made famous as a silly-ass Englisher. . . . George Givot, the Grik Hambrassadror, is not of Greece, but of Ekaterinoslav, Ukraine. Picked hop the stromberry pice haccent in Grik restaurants, New York. He's made as much as $3,500 a week, what with radio, screen, and stage assignments. . . . Alan Hale almost became an osteopath.

GET YOUR BREAKFAST-TABLE NEWS THE NIGHT BEFORE!

Tune in this station for the late evening news brought to you by one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

WABC—New York . . ANDRE BARUCH

11 P.M., E.S.T., each weekday night, except Thursday

★ ★ ★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, George Murphy, Binnie Barnes, Buddy Ebsen, Sophie Tucker, Judy Garland, Charles Igor Gorin, Raymond Walburn, Robert Benchley, Willie Howard, Charles Grapewin, Robert Wildhack, Billy Gilbert, Barnett Parker, Helen Troy. Screen play by Jack McGowan based on an original story by Mr. McGowan and Sid Silvers. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 110 minutes.*

THE latest edition of this studio's annual musical revue—fairly entertaining, lavishly produced, pretty reminiscent in spots.

Once again a Broadway producer has trouble getting financing for his big idea. But the lovely young discovery he intends to star in the show has a steeplechaser, Star Gazer. The equine wins his big race at Saratoga, captures $25,000, and Producer Steve Raleigh puts on a revue that would take at least a quarter of a million

---

* Recommended for children.

FREE!
MEASURING GLASS
WORTH 35¢

FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. CUTS AND WOUNDS—Zonite kills many kinds of germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once.*

4. SORE THROAT—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

2 TABLE SP
1 TABLE SP
TEA SP
Zonite

7/8 ACTUAL SIZE

VALUE 35¢

FREE with 6 oz. bottle of ZONITE

Shows teaspoons and also tablespoons. Ends guesswork whenever you are measuring medicines.

to produce and an amphitheater several city blocks in size to house.

However, personable Robert Taylor is the likable, ingratiating young producer; graceful dancing Eleanor Powell is the find who owns the racer. Sophie Tucker sings Your Broadway and My Broadway, reminisces touchingly of the footlight stars of yesterday, is pretty sure of herself, makes a mild hit—and that's all. A bigger hit is registered by young Judy Garland as La Tucker's screenstruck daughter with a crush on Clark Gable. Another is landed by George Murphy, who danced so nimbly in Top of the Town. He lends personable aid here.

But Broadway Melody of 1938 is reminiscent. It lacks freshness. It savors of other revues. But it does offer a lot for your money.

VITAL STATISTICS: It was the Bway Melody of 1936 that took unknown, unhappy, $200-a-week Robert Taylor and made him World Heart Throb No. 1. Since that time his salary's increased over tenfold, his handsome jowls have eclipsed those of Clark Gable, he's become content, slightly blasé, veddy worldly. . . . Eleanor Powell debutted in the Bway Melody of '36, had a year's severe illness thereafter, did Born to Dance, and this is her third film. She lives by a horoscope cast for her two years ago. Is 5/5¼, photographs taller, weighs 122, has blue eyes and chestnut hair. . . . Judy Garland's of Murfreesboro, Tenn., of theater people; real name Gumm. . . . An accident when a cable broke in the Pennsy coal mine in which he was digging sent George Murphy to the hospital for 6 months, put his mind on higher things. He'd been to Yale, so he got a job running in Wall Street, but got nowhere. Met Juliette Johnson, a dancer, she encouraged him to hoof, he married her, they became ballroom gliders at all the swank spots here and abroad. Wanted to become a ballplayer, studied engineering, that's how he had his coal-mine accident, starting at the bottom and falling out into the theater. . . . Buddy Ebsen ties small sandbags on his ankles while he's rehearsing a dance. Make him much lighter on his feet when he removes them for the take. . . . That's a nine-ton glass curtain they blew for this, 100 ft. wide and 120 ft. high. . . . Binnie Barnes used to be a milkmaid before she became a ropespinner. . . . Roy Del Ruth says you can take musical comedy out of New York but you can't take New York out of musical comedy. It just has to have the White Way somewhere in it—in spirit or talent. . . . The most surprising thing about Robert Benchley is that he's a Hahvahd man and admits it. . . . Robert Wildhack says his lectures on snoring are not to be sneezed at, and his lectures on sneezing are not to be snored through. Wildhack slept in flophouses for a year to observe the various forms of snores, or sheet music as he calls it, as practiced by the human being.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy.

★★★—Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night.

The way to a man's heart
TOASTMASTER

IT'S a wise girl that knows which side her toast is buttered on. And it's a wise girl who knows that *MEN DON'T LIKE BURNT TOAST.*

The wisest girls—and folks who give them thoughtful gifts—know that a Toastmaster Toaster saves a lot of wear and tear on the nervous system.

Morning, noon and night it serves faithfully and never, never burns the toast. It just doesn't know how. It's *fully automatic.* Just set the adjustment button for light, medium, or dark, and that is what you get. The Flexible Timer allows more time when the toaster is cold, less when it's hot. Then, on the split second of perfection, up pop the golden-brown slices, both sides done to a turn, and off goes the current. No watching, no guessing, no burning, no turning!

It's a gift, the way this two-slice toaster makes toast. It's a gift, moreover, that will be received with open arms by every family. For small families, there's a one-slice Toastmaster Toaster, too; it is fully automatic, priced even lower.

On sale, with other fine Toastmaster Products, wherever quality appliances are sold.

FREE! "The Party's On"—A new and interesting booklet on entertainment ideas and games for young and old. Ask for your copy wherever Toastmaster Products are sold, or write direct to: McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Dept. 117, Minneapolis, Minn.

European Sales Office: Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford Street, London, W. 1, England

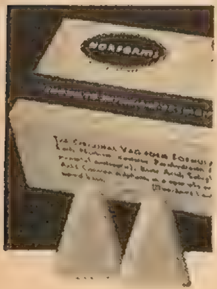
Good Housekeeping Institute

How to have fun at your parties—two newly fashioned Hospitality Tray sets with 2-slice Toastmaster Toaster

TOASTMASTER *Toaster*

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.95 or $23.50; 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50; Junior toaster, $7.50; automatic Waffle-Baker, $12.50

FEMININE
HYGIENE
made easy



NORFORMS ACTION EXPLAINED

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

Think of it! Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus—without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Millions of women now use Norforms—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective film over delicate, internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—*actually soothing*.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

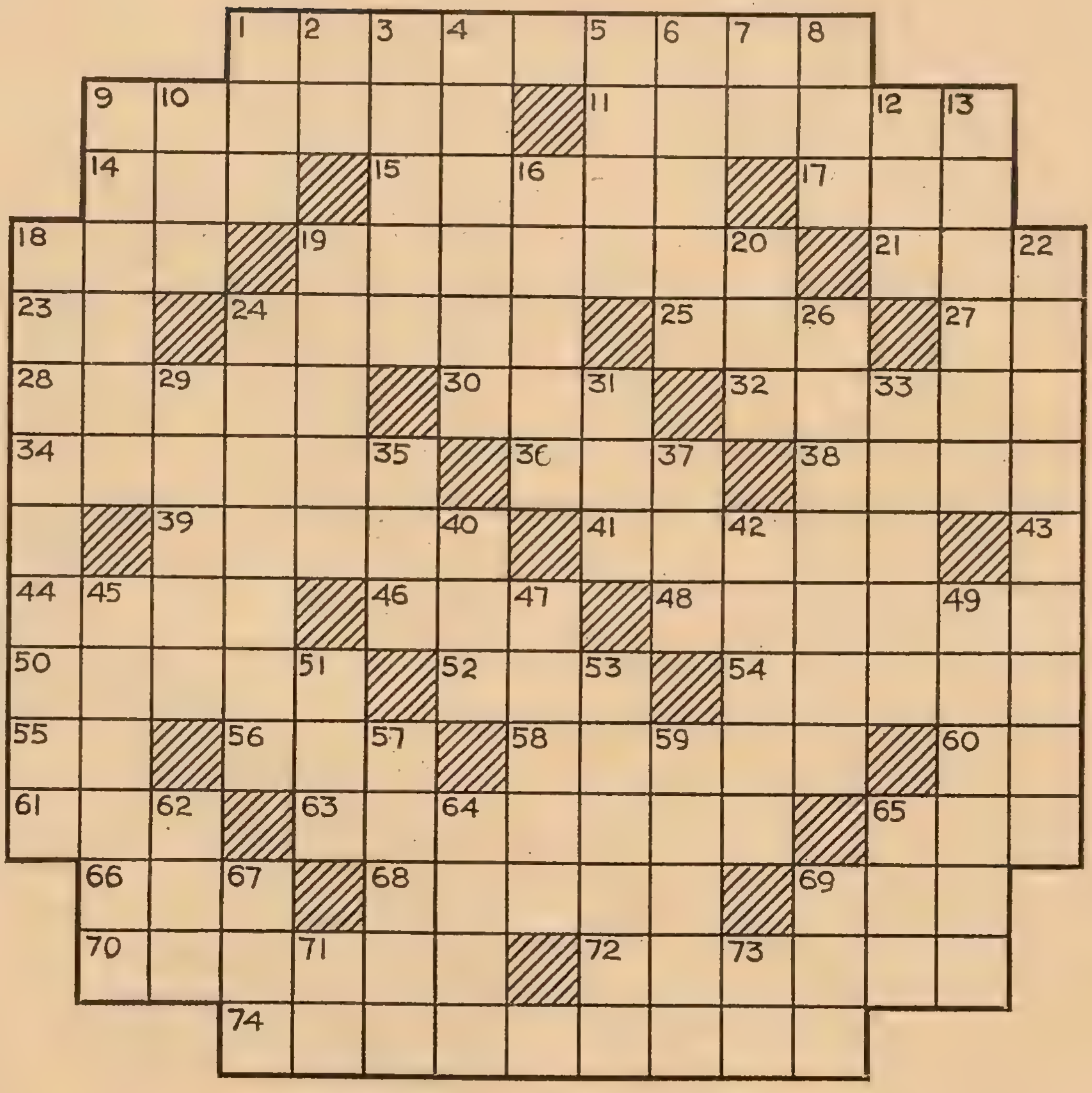
Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y., *makers of Unguentine.*

NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

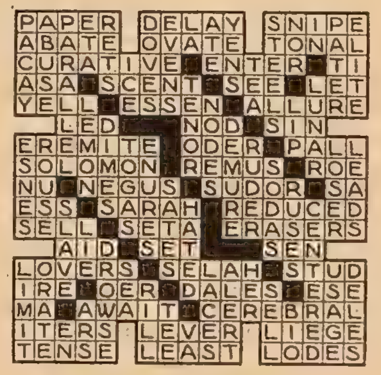
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 This place is cool, has a southern exposure, and is centrally located (two words)
9 One of the most colorful things about a war map of Ireland
11 Screaming success in Italy (plural)
14 On, where it gets a little thin first
15 It runs around Paris and is involved in a lot of jams (two words)
17 Old-time sleeper
18 Species of equine with a serpent's tongue
19 Filling stations for tanks
21 This bird's through
23 Insipid Binglehoofers (abbr.)
24 They were separated years ago and have been trying to get together ever since
25 Low grade of milk
27 By adding tea you can make a meal of this
28 Word for collectors
30 Rummy
32 The smaller the dog the bigger the these
34 It's more fun to ride behind than in one
36 After they wrote this they missed her
38 Home of Poe's Raven
39 Windiest of all races (plural)
41 Easier to collect than get rid of
43
44 Wonder of many little boys
46 Milksap
48 What an attractive girl will make a young caller do after ten
50 Monstrous eaters
52 What any wise old owl wants to know
54 They will answer any questions (two words)



```
PAPER DELAY SNIPE
ABATE OVATE TONAL
CURATIVE■ENTER■TI
ASA■SCENT■SEE■LET
YELL■ESSEN■ALLURE
  LED■■■NOD■SIN
EREMITE■ODER■PALL
SOLOMON■REMUS■ROE
NU■NEGUS■SUDOR■SA
ESS■SARAH■REDUCED
SELL■SETA■ERASERS
  AID■SET■■■SEN
LOVERS■SELAH■STUD
IRE■OER■DALES■ESE
MA■AWAIT■CEREBRAL
ITERS LEVER LIEGE
TENSE LEAST LODES
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

55 Where in Germany
56 What business men take after lunch dessert
58 Stands still and gets nowhere
60 Roman sex
61 A lousy wit
63 Kind of woman who goes places and does things
65 He's had a bad case of acne all summer
66 What you do if you're looking well
68 Drag down and down and down
69 Kind of people who retire early
70 Our first line of defense
72 In winter, people use their ankles more than these
74 One of those diseases you get from magazine ads—the scaly thing

VERTICAL

1 To insert the canine teeth in the trouser seat
2 Where the horsy set stay during a hunt
3 What Scotchmen do to loosen up
4 Dream of all men behind bars
5 Precipitate various species of animals
6 Canny thing the bride does for supper
7 Tale end
8 Devil of a thing to do
9 What an old nag can turn a home into
10 Big gobbler, often seen on the road
12 Brass-band juice
13 Ha'nts
16 What palookas put on their shoes before their socks
18 Old-fashioned evening dress
19 Unwisely taut
20 This chokes the women but gets the men
22 What Johnny tops off a meal of watermelon, licorice, ice cream, pie, pickles, and hot dogs with (two words)
24 A leader in the wood and iron business
26 They're simply unmentionable; no girl would be seen without them—or with them
29 Ready, able, and willing
31 Yours truly
33 Places the weight on the rear end
35 This is on the house
37 Sea serpent
40 Looked good
42 French kisser
45 I trouble
47 Haven't the Japanese been simply killing about this?
49 Diplomatic fellows
51 Tree beer
53 Russian spot
57 Lots of people get a bang out of this
59 Plumber's vegetables
62 The gossip plant
64 It's over for Hitler
65 That Haggard woman again
67 Stingless berp
69 City runarounds (abbr.)
71 Ain't not
73 Old three-toes

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

Suspense mounts in a story of love strangely tangled with menacing mystery

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

TWENTY-FOUR hours after young Bob Hamilton had been engaged as John Merriam's bodyguard, his playboy employer is murdered, his throat cut by an unknown hand. Taking charge of the case, Detective Macklin suspects Bob, but finds no evidence of guilt.

Unlike the New York officer, Charles Dutton—otherwise known as "Bombi"—a famous antique expert, invites young Hamilton to help him solve the death of his friend. Curious clues are brought to light: an old kitchen account book in which some woman kept a diary, a lump of clay showing the impression of a key, a feather, a thread, and a thorny twig.

A key made from the clay mold and tried in a vacant country-house door results in a mysterious pot shot at Bob Hamilton. Also, in following the trail indicated by Bombi, he discovers that Mrs. Richard Barnes, a close friend of the murdered man, receives money from a mysterious source.

Grace Barnes, apparently haunted by sinister knowledge, falls for Bob sufficiently to warn him of danger. But he and Bombi strike a hot lead in their sleuthing. It involves a girl artist, Cecilly Hampton, who seems to have been John Merriam's mistress, maintained in a remote cottage.

From the first, Bob Hamilton has fallen in love with Beatrice Shaw, already engaged to her cousin Tom Pittfield, and whose union is the dearest wish of their uncle, Henry Pittfield. All of them are related to the dead man, John Merriam.

Though she loves Bob, Beatrice is determined to carry out her uncle's desire in marriage even at the price of her own happiness.

Again young Hamilton seeks Grace Barnes. While they are talking in her living room Dick Barnes, her husband, enters. Viciously, he attacks Bob, and Bob knocks him senseless.

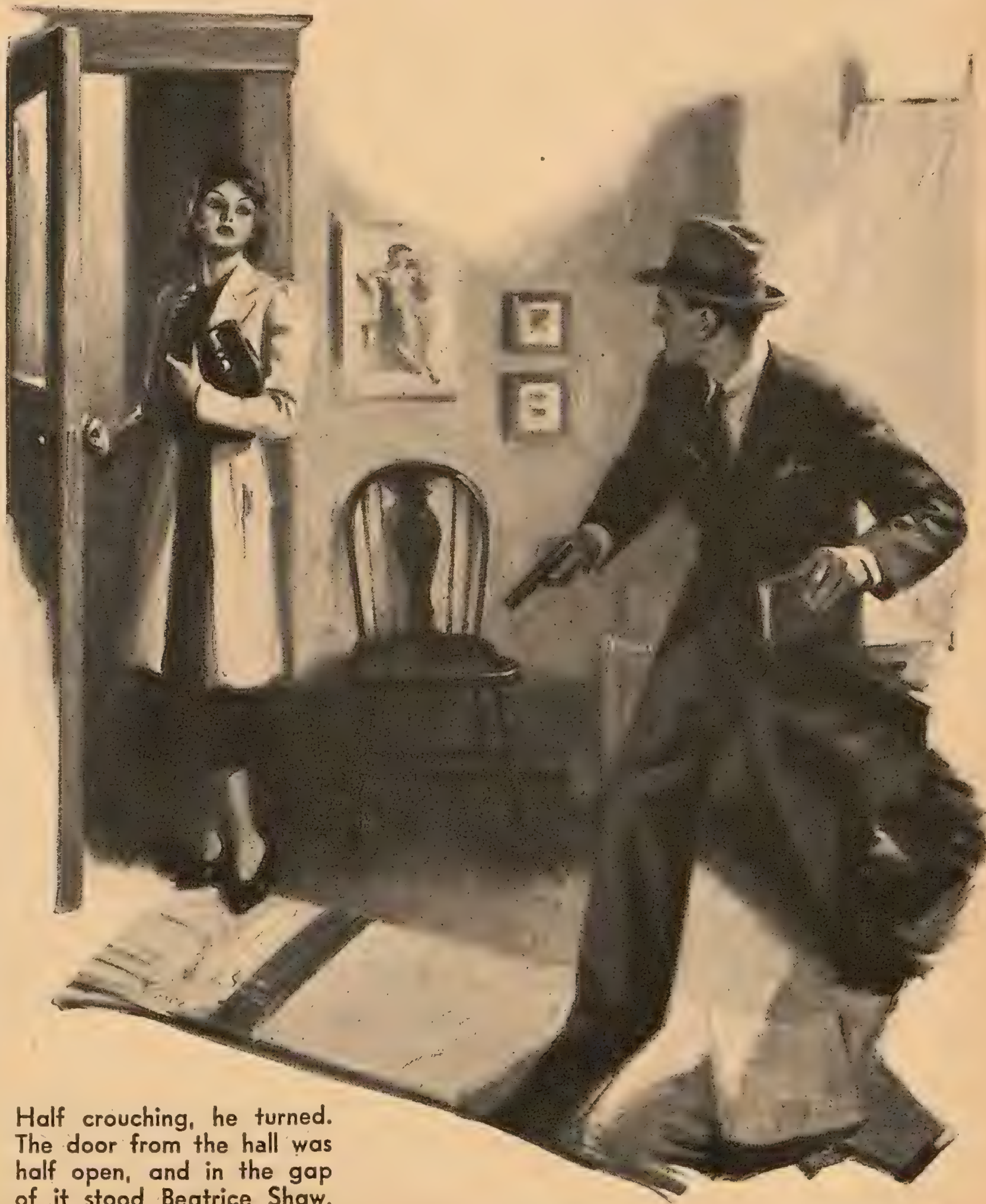
PART SIX—CLOSING IN

OLD Henry Pittfield was here," said Bombi when Hamilton got back to the shop. "He's disturbed, Bob. He ordered the wedding for a week from today and he's troubled because Beatrice doesn't seem particularly happy. I gathered that she almost refused to marry so soon. And the infernal old tyrant already had given out the word to the newspapers—without consulting her, if you can imagine that!"

"I can imagine *anything* about him," said Hamilton. "But she'll go through with it. Nothing can keep her from doing what Uncle Henry wants."

"I'm not so sure," said Bombi. "The stand she made about it shook the old boy quite a lot, and now he comes to tell me that I'm like a godfather to the dear child, and that I could persuade her to anything. Will I talk with her? Will I go there now? I tell you, old fellow, he's set the thing he calls his heart on this marriage. It's to be the last act of grace in his life. It's to be the union of the Shaw and Pittfield fortunes under an able heir to the throne, and then the rest of his life will be a summer holiday. . . . And that's all the news. What did you get out of Grace Barnes?"

"She hates Dick Barnes," said Hamilton. He felt his way forward through the important points. "She's really and honestly afraid of Barnes. And he's capable of a



Half crouching, he turned. The door from the hall was half open, and in the gap of it stood Beatrice Shaw.

murder. I know that. She has other fear in her. She means it when she says that she's afraid for her own life. . . . What she's up against is something that can't be resisted."

"That girl knows, I think, what we need to learn. And we've got to get it out of her. . . . Wash the soft out of your heart when you think about Grace Barnes, my lad. . . . She's had twenty men after her, with the tires screaming around every corner, and all it meant to her was a game. You like her?"

"Yes. I like her."

"A dash of love in the liking?"

"Yes, damn it . . . yes, yes, yes, if you have to know it—a dash of love in the liking. . . . You see what I am? I think I'd give my soul to have Beatrice. You know that, so I can repeat it. But see what I am? . . . Well, give me my marching orders."

"There's just another key to use to another house of pretty Cecilly Hampton," said Bombi. "Only, it's an apartment this time. . . . You remember my dear friend Lefty Chandler? He dropped around to call the other day when Cecilly was out, and he came away with some ideas for a skeleton key that would unlock the door. He made the key, went back, and found that it worked."

"I'm to take it and walk in on her?" asked Hamilton, frowning.

"While I see Beatrice and try to convince her that there's nothing so apt for her as a quick marriage with young Pittfield. Is that the way I should talk to her, Bob?"

Hamilton drew a pattern on the floor with his toe. When he looked up he merely said: "Give me the address. I'm to try to find a specimen of her handwriting, and maybe the picture which Pittfield spoiled with his foot, and anything else worth seeing?"

"I'd better go with you, Bob." Bombi rose. "The first job you tried alone for us brought a bullet at your head."

"Go talk to Beatrice," said Hamilton, taking the penciled address of Cecilly Hampton. "I'll do this other errand as soon as she's out of the place."

• • • • •

It stood far on the West Side, a flat-faced twelve-story apartment house. Hamilton took an elevator to the seventh floor only, and then walked up two. Cecilly Hampton's place was No. 917, almost at the end of the hall.

The skeleton key did not fit instantly. He had to work it with some care before it engaged and the wards of the lock turned. The door opened and let out a whistle of wind. He stepped inside and saw the gauze curtains on the windows of a high studio room billowing and flapping far out into the room. They sank back into a rippling repose as he closed the entrance door.

HE stood in a pinched little vestibule which contained a hat-and-cloak closet with a mirror on the door, which stood ajar. And it was in the mirror that he saw the image of the man. It was only a glimpse of what seemed a tall fellow, his face turned into indistinguishable shadow, with the reflection of half a window showing behind him, a corner of a kitchen sink, and the gleam of an enameled electric range. The figure with one tiptoe stride disappeared from view, the very breath and essence of the thief about him.

Hamilton pulled from his clothes the heavy automatic which Bombi had given him and stepped quickly into the kitchen.

The man was gone!

Knowing that the man would probably turn in an alarm to the police at once, Hamilton went back into the studio itself. It rose the height of two stories and the light was excellent. There were a few cheap chairs and a battered old davenport, but the majority of the floor space was given over to the furnishings of the working artist. He noticed the row of brushes drying on top of a wooden grocery box near the window, and, on an easel half turned from the light, a portrait of Beatrice Shaw done in a characteristic pose, with her head turned a little and lifting with that half-boyish eagerness. A little desk was crowded in beside the second window of the room. He went hurriedly to it and explored it.

The sense of danger now was quickening through every nerve of his body, and he could feel the pinching of his lips. There was almost nothing in the drawers. He gave up. Then an afterthought made him lift the blotter. And there he found it: "Note: More speed, more speed, more speed. And yet equal care. To prepare the stroke in my mind before I make it with my hand. To work more like a sculptor in unalterable stone, who must not let the chisel see its own way into the rock, but must have the figure crystal clear, shining in his mind's eye. Not to be nervous, but to be sure. And to believe, believe, ever believe that there is a God looking with my eyes and loving what I love. . . . And thank God for Bombi; and thank God that I am young enough still to learn and learn and learn!"

It was the exact writing that had appeared in the diary, angular, irregular, hasty.

THE elevator doors clanked in the hall but he was so deep in thought that he forgot the circumstances under which he stood there. He was strangely pitying Cecilly Hampton, and seeing again her questing eyes which had looked so earnestly and humbly at Bombi that day at Washington Square. Hamilton sickened.

He was glad of the air that blew suddenly in through the windows. And then, as he saw the rough gauze of the curtains billow far out into the room, lapping almost in his face, he realized what this meant. Half crouching, he turned, whipping out the automatic as he faced the entrance vestibule.

The door from the hall was half open, and in the gap of it stood Beatrice Shaw.

He put the automatic away with one startled gesture. She kept her glance steadily on him as she came in and closed the door behind her. She gave him no greeting whatever, merely saying: "I don't suppose Cecilly is here?"

And then she looked at the open drawers of the desk and back at him again.

"She's not here," he admitted.

Beatrice came into the room with a sick look. She went over to the desk and closed the drawers slowly.

"If you took anything, you'd better put it back, don't you think?" she asked.

"I took nothing," he said. "When you tell her that I've been here, she can search. She'll find nothing gone."

"Tell her? I'll never tell a soul!" she exclaimed, with color starting back into her face.

He tried to speak, but there seemed nothing to say.

"I ought to do something," she said. "It isn't an appetite for crime and excitement, is it, Bob?"

"Don't try to explain me away for your self-respect," he told her at last. "Put it this way: You don't know much about people and you saw me doing a few things that seemed exciting, and that started a whirl in your brain. And so . . . now you see the truth."

She shook her head.

"It's something else," she said. "It's lack of money that's made you . . . You know that I've a great deal more income than I know what to do with, and if I could help you, it would mean . . ."

That involuntary start of his had stopped her.

He said: "Of course I have a claim in the West that I want to finance, and I suppose your money would do that for me."

"You're scorning and detesting me for offering to help," she said. "But I've cared so much that it isn't charity. If I can help you, I'm helping myself. . . . Don't answer quickly. Think of it for a moment! The money's nothing—nothing! And think what you could do if the right tools were put in your hands and you never had to . . ."

Her glance toward the desk finished the sentence.

"What do you think I am?" asked Hamilton.

"What God made you was as clean and as strong as steel!" she cried. "And whatever in you is not that—why, society has made you that way. I know it! I want to undo the harm that's been worked in you."

He laughed shortly.

Something stirred at the door but neither heard it.

"Suppose you were in my boots," he said, "and heard the woman you love offer you charity to make a man of yourself; and because I've had to set my teeth against explaining . . ."

He had grown openly angry, with his hand lifted and the girl withdrawing from him, when the door pushed open and Macklin came in.

"All right, superintendent," he said to the man who had let him in, and with one heel he kicked the door shut.

He advanced, now, with one hand in his coat pocket, his hat still on his head.

"Having a little ruction, eh?" he said. "Having a little truth party, are you? Who's told the most truths, and what about?"

He spread his feet apart and teetered on to his heels and laughed.

Neither of them answered him.

He turned suddenly on Hamilton. "What you doing here?"

"I'm standing on my two feet talking to a red-faced boor that belongs to the New York police force, God help it!" said Hamilton.

"You back-talk to me," said Macklin, "and I'll slam you in the can so fast your head'll swim and bump the bars. You hear me talk? Who let you in this place?"

"The man who was here," said Hamilton. "He didn't introduce himself."

"You mean that you came here and rang the bell and somebody answered the bell, and it was a man?"

"That's what I mean."

"I'll be damned," said Macklin. "What'd he look like?"

"Tallish," said Hamilton. "Big, strong, and young."

"What he do after you came in?"

"Asked me why I was here."

"What you say?"

"That I wanted to see Cecilly Hampton."

"And then?"

"He asked me to wait. So I waited."

"You got a fine face for a liar," said Macklin. "Maybe we could change that face for you one day."

HE turned on the girl, his arm straight, his finger aiming at her like the muzzle of a machine gun.

"How'd you get in, Miss Shaw?"

"I have a key. Cecilly . . . Miss Hampton gave me a key because I'm sitting for a portrait, and also I'm looking over some of her other paintings; and she wants me to take my time with them, and select . . ."

"When you got in, what was this Hamilton doing?"

"He?" asked the girl. "He was sitting there, reading." Hamilton saw the flush run up into her face.

"Yeah?" said Macklin. "All right. I see."

"I think I'll go," she murmured.

"I'll take you," said Hamilton.

He walked with her toward the door.

"Wait a minute, you!" said Macklin.

"Put your hand down," said Hamilton.

"Oh...THAT girl!"

A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person to be avoided because she carries the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this, no matter how attractive a girl may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this — that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't run the risk of labeling yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

BOOKKEEPING MADE EASY!

A Complete Self-Teaching Book in 20 Lessons
with Key Answers by N. H. Lenert, C.P.A.

The book contains lessons in the basic principles of double entry bookkeeping and their practical application. It is written and illustrated in such a concise and simple manner that the beginner will find the most complex problems made perfectly clear. Twenty exercises have been introduced following the lessons for the student to work out in detail. A key at the end of the book enables you to correct your work. No teacher is necessary to explain the text. Clear, readable type, well and substantially bound, our timely offer only $1.00 postpaid.

Send your order today with $1.00
Money back if not satisfactory.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
Dept. L 10-9 205 East 42nd St. New York, N. Y.

Bookkeeping Made Easy

Oh Boy! How Grand I Feel

"NOW I know there IS a difference in the way laxatives work since I used the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating."

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

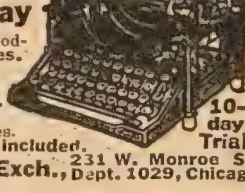
Without Risk try NR. Get a 25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

The **Physical Culture Health Resort**

. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
Incorporated
Dansville, New York, U. S. A.
LIB. 10-9



TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new, **FULLY GUARANTEED.** Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once. **Free course in typing included.**

10-day Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1029, Chicago

STOP Itching TORTURE *This Quick Way*

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

"You can't walk out and . . ." began Macklin.

"Put your hand down!" said Hamilton.

He turned toward the detective as he spoke, and Macklin saw enough to make him step quickly back. Hamilton took the girl on into the hall, into the elevator, down to the street. She kept her head down.

He drew in a taxi with a wave of his arm and opened the door.

"Beatrice," he said, "may I go with you? Will you let me try to talk with you now?"

Her head turned from him as she said: "Please don't come!"

"Certainly not," said Hamilton, and stepped back to the curb as he gave her address to the driver.

He watched to the last moment, but there was no turn of her head toward him.

. . . . .

First-grade Detective Macklin stalked grimly through the apartment, repeating to himself the words of the message which had come over the wire to the police about a burglar in the apartment of Cecilly Hampton. The voice of an unidentified man.

He came down from the upper room of the studio apartment just as Cecilly Hampton came in, and said, as she started, "Only a detective, Miss Hampton. You're Miss Hampton, aren't you? . . . Don't be alarmed."

She took her purchases into the kitchen and came back to him, pulling off her gloves.

"Macklin's my name," he said. "Had a funny phone call. And I came over here to see what was behind it. . . . You knew Beatrice Shaw was here?"

"Beatrice!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh, did she leave?"

"She'll be back, I guess," answered Macklin. "Know the other one that was here with Miss Shaw?"

"The other one?" she asked.

"Yeah, didn't you expect him?"

"Who?" she asked sharply.

"Robert Hamilton."

BLINDLY she reached for a chair and sank into it. Macklin went after her like a mastiff.

"Why was Hamilton here?" he demanded.

"Ah . . . my God!" whispered the girl.

"Come—out with it!" said Macklin. "If you don't talk here, you talk in jail. Understand? Pictures in the tabloids . . . disgrace . . . publicity. You save that if you talk to me now!"

"No, no, no!" she cried.

Macklin said: "You're a bit upset and I'm going to leave you here for a while. But make up your mind what you're going to tell about Mr. Murderer Hamilton, because I'm going to be back and ask some more questions."

It was like talking to a face of wood. He got out of the apartment house, hurried downtown to the office of Thomas Pittfield. Mr. Pittfield was engaged.

"Go back and say it's Macklin, and it's important," said the detective.

This decisive message opened three doors smoothly and at once. Tall Tom Pittfield sat straight up in his chair behind the dark polished desk.

"This Hamilton, what's he got?" demanded Macklin.

"Hamilton? The Robert Hamilton?" asked Pittfield.

"Yeah, that one. What's he do to women?"

"I haven't the least idea. And I'm very busy, Macklin."

"You're not too busy to listen to this," Macklin assured him. "You don't forget Grace Barnes, do you? Nobody does. How could they?"

"I do remember her," said the calm young man.

YEAH, I'll bet you do. So do I," declared Macklin. "But what I mean is, this Hamilton, he hasn't seen her more than two or three times, he hasn't any money to spend, and why should a champagne cocktail like that fit itself into that bum's fist?"

"I have no idea," said Pittfield.

"And she's just the lead-off on the string. . . . You ever hear of a Cecilly Hampton?"

"Cecilly . . . Hampton?" said Pittfield, looking up with a frown. "Ah, yes. A painter. A rather good one, I'm told. Yes, I've seen her. An intelligent person." He leaned a little forward. "Do you mean that she . . ."

"Yeah. She does. Nuts!" said Macklin. "Nuts about him. I speak his name and she drops into a chair, wilted like nobody's business. Full of the shudders."

"Does that mean she's in love with him?" Pittfield asked.

"You don't follow me," Macklin told him. "The fact is that she'd have gone to jail rather than tell what was between her and Hamilton."

"Interesting," said Pittfield coldly. "He must be a remarkable fellow."

"Fast. That's what he is," said Macklin. "And this is gonna step on your toes a little. You know who I found him with down there in Miss Hampton's apartment today?"

Thomas Pittfield maintained the inquiry with his eyes.

"Miss Shaw," said Macklin.

Pittfield put out his hands on the edge of the desk. "You mean that Hamilton was there with Miss Hampton and Miss Shaw?"

"Alone!" cried Macklin, enjoying the moment. "With her! Alone in Miss Hampton's apartment!"

"Interesting," said Pittfield.

"Kind of sickens you, don't it?" inquired Macklin. "I read in the papers today about your engagement to Miss Shaw. It looks like a fine setup. But I wanted to tell you what I saw."

"Exactly what did you see?" asked Pittfield. But he added quickly: "No, I don't want to hear. It doesn't matter, naturally."

"It don't matter," echoed Macklin, making his point, "when you find a girl alone in an apartment like that, and then hear her tell lies to save the hide of the man that's with her? . . . A hound like Hamilton has to be watched."

"I don't need your warnings, Macklin," said Pittfield.

"Okey-doke," said Macklin, rising with more briskness than he felt. "I sort of thought you might want to know the sort of a fellow this Hamilton is. Aside from murder, he's handy at other things."

"Murder?" said Pittfield.

"D'you think I watch him for fun?" asked Macklin. "He killed John Merriam!"

Pittfield stood up.

"You mean that?" he said.

"I never meant anything more," agreed Macklin. "I've got an idea that we can trap him, too. You'd help to set the trap, or not?"

"I'd help," Pittfield said slowly.

"Ah, that's all I wanted to know," said Macklin. He got to the door.

"I'm going to rig something on Hamilton," he said. "And then I may call on you. Good-by."

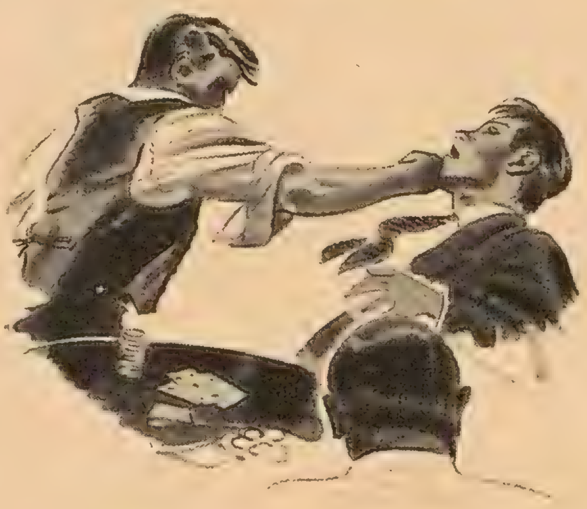
He had no answer from Pittfield.

When he reached the street, Macklin got at once to a telephone and rang a number from which he heard presently: "Beatrice Shaw has gone home. Hamilton walked a dozen blocks before he took a cab. Cecilly Hampton hasn't showed outside her apartment house."

In fact Cecilly Hampton was at that moment saying into a telephone: "I don't know. . . . But he was here. . . . Here, inside my apartment. . . . Yes, but can I stand it? . . . I want to be brave, but can I stand it? . . . And if the police drag me into the papers, my whole new life is smashed flat and ruined!"

What is it that Cecilly is afraid to "stand"? Has her past caught up with her? And how has it been involved with the death of John Merriam? One amazing disclosure follows another in this dark entanglement of lives and hearts in next week's Liberty.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆



CONCLUSION JUMPER

A FEW local yokels were lounging around the Centropolis Hotel last night when somebody suggested a few hands of draw.

We all got around the table in the back room except one guy named Elmer, who said he'd rather sleep than play poker, and looked it. Elmer planted himself in a big easy chair directly behind me, closed his eyes, and was soon snoring away.

Never did I have such rotten luck. If I had the best hand, everybody else dropped out. If I had a good hand, but not good enough, the right guy always seemed to stay in to call me. That kind of luck just doesn't happen, so I suspected a frame.

For five or six hands I watched closely every move made by every other player, and couldn't find a thing wrong. Suddenly I thought of Elmer. I whirled around in my chair, and sure enough, there he was, snoring away very artistic, but with his right eye wide open and staring straight at my hand!

I jumped right up and planted a beaut on Elmer's kisser. He toppled over, and then the whole bunch ganged me. I guess I'd have been ruined if the sheriff hadn't come galloping up just then and hauled all of us to the jug.

The judge dismissed everybody else, but I got sixty days. I guess I deserved it. If I'd investigated before I smacked Elmer, I'd have found he really was asleep—and that his right eye was glass!

—*Bill McCormick.*

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin and Your Doctor

Each performs a vital function. Bayer Aspirin in relieving headache, neuralgia and other muscular pain. Your doctor in locating the cause and correcting it. Intelligent people do not hesitate to call on both.

THIS may sound like strange advice for the maker of a headache remedy to give. But, nevertheless, we give it.

If you are subject to frequent headaches, go to your doctor and tell him about it. He may find the *cause* of your headaches, correct it . . . and make your life far more pleasant.

On the other hand, if you have an occasional headache; step into the nearest drug store; the moment you feel it coming on; and get a box of quick-acting BAYER ASPIRIN. Take one or two tablets with a full glass of water, and see for yourself how quickly relief comes.

We refer to Bayer tablets as "quick-acting," for one reason, because they disintegrate or dissolve in the stomach almost instantly you take them. Hence are ready to go to work almost instantly.

Just drop a real Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and you'll get the point at once. You'll see it disintegrating before it reaches the bottom of the glass! And that's the way one acts in your stomach when you take it.

Try it . . . real BAYER Aspirin. Ask for it by its full name, "Bayer Aspirin" when you buy and not by the name "aspirin" alone. You pay only 15¢ a dozen — or a quarter for a pocket tin of two full dozen now in any drug store in the United States.

Bayer Tablets of Aspirin 5 grs. each Genuine

Good Housekeeping Bureau

HERE'S A NEW WAY TO WIN SOME "EASY MONEY"

LIBERTY PRESENTS THE

"COUNT 'EM" CONTEST

WITH

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

START AN ENTRY NOW!

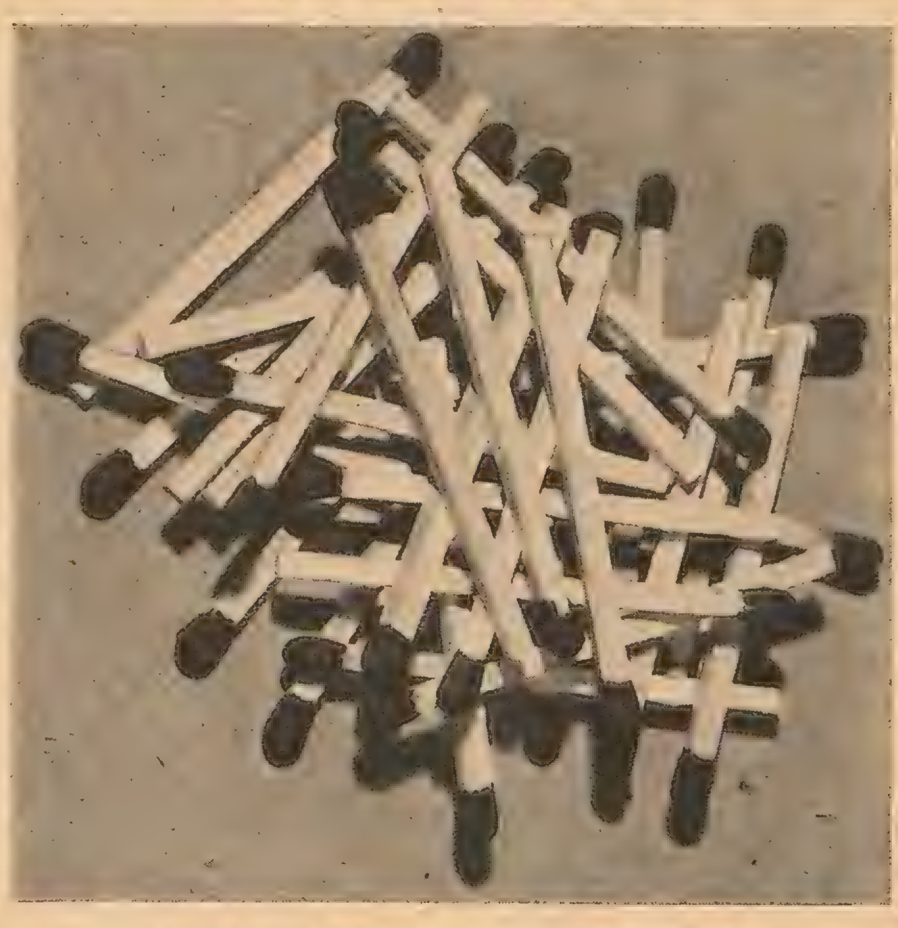
NO COST. NO CATCHES.

JUST COUNT 'EM!

IF YOU can make an accurate count of the matches in Group No. 1 of this new contest which is reproduced at the right, you will be well on your way toward completing a prize-winning entry. Every match stick is plainly visible. There are no hidden sticks. Count them carefully, and when you are sure that you have arrived at an accurate total, enter your figure on the official scoring coupon, clip it, and file it away until the contest ends.

It's just as simple as that! In this new contest you need do no research. You need no special knowledge. No expenditure is required. Everything you need in order to win will appear in Liberty from week to week. And you may win as much as $500 cash. That's the first prize and there are sixty-two other awards to try for, each of which is well worth the winning. After you have Group No. 1 counted, watch for Group No. 2 in Liberty next week.

GROUP NO. 1



THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish a COUNT 'EM CONTEST picture. Each picture will show a tangle of objects which can be accurately and definitely counted to give the total number of units in the group.

2. To compete, count the units in each picture as it is published and note your count on the official entry coupon provided for that purpose. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete, then send them in as a unit at the same time at the end of the contest. Coupons sent individually will not be considered.

3. With your set of six coupons include a brief statement of not more than 50 words explaining "Why I read Liberty."

4. The complete entry which contains the greatest number of correct counts and is accompanied by the most logical, constructive statement, will be judged the best and will receive the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis others will receive the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Ten Prizes, each $10; Fifty Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, November 24, the closing date of this contest.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to COUNT 'EM CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best.

8. Anyone, anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY'S
COUNT 'EM CONTEST

OFFICIAL SCORING COUPON NO. 1

Total number of units in Group No. 1..

Submitted by

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

CITY.............................. STATE............

(Save this coupon until the end of the contest and submit a complete set of six with statement)

WATCH FOR COUNT 'EM PICTURE NO. 2 NEXT WEEK!

LOOK OUT BELOW!

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

For liberals with common sense—What price safety in the sky? Are we being intelligent about flying?

BY WALTER KARIG

YOU see by the papers where another transport airplane crashed, with the result that crew and passengers unwillingly achieved new altitude records—right up to the pearly gates on wings of their own.

On another day you read that Lancelot Pound-Foolish, Jr., cracked up in his new flit-about, permanently damaging his ancestral nose and the rooftree of Farmer MacDonald's barn.

And you say, in either case: "There ought to be a law—"

The whole trouble with aviation is that there is a law which cannot be repealed or amended. It is the world-old law of gravitation, and the gist of it is that whatever goes up must come down.

Consequently the major concern of all who are connected with aviation is bringing airplanes down safely. It mostly happens that they do come down safely, otherwise there would be no commercial flying today. That they do almost always come down safely at the appointed destination is more astonishing to the people in the business than it is to the layman, who is apt to take most things for granted.

Because the law of gravitation must be obeyed, and the penalty of flouting it is usually death, a whole lot of supplementary man-made laws are necessary to make three-dimensional travel safe. Travel of every kind is ruled by laws and statutes; but travel by air, which is most in need of strict regulations, has the fewest.

The chief agency which makes and administers the rules for flying is the Bureau of Air Commerce, a subdivision of the federal Department of Commerce. The Department of Commerce is charged with licensing airplanes and their pilots, with creating and administering the regulations governing aviation, with surveying, establishing, marking, and maintaining the airways, which are to aviation what roads are to automobile travel and rails are to trains. But, so far the department has made only a feeble start toward a national program of air-traffic control.

And yet, at present there are about 8,000 airplanes flying over some 23,000 miles of airways—and only 380 of these are commercial transport ships flying on schedules. There are some 17,000 qualified pilots in the country and 36,000 studying for their transport licenses. Aviation today is where automobiling was thirty years ago, and it is fast catching up.

What *is* aviation? Essentially, it is a means of traveling very far very fast and, unfortunately, very dangerously. It is also an increasingly important branch of the national defense. Remember, it is civilian aviation we are discussing—and civilian-trained pilots and commercial air routes will play a major part in the next war.

The essential thing in any kind of flying is to get the airplane down safely—at its appointed destination if possible, anywhere else if necessary. The key to that is no longer in the construction of the airplane but on the ground. There it is not only a problem of airports and landing fields but of communications.

What makes automobile driving as safe as it is, considering the caliber of drivers? Traffic control. What makes automobile travel certain? Well marked highways. What will make airplane travel safer and more certain? Traffic control and well marked highways.

Suppose all private automobiles were excused from 75 per cent of traffic regulations and 99 per cent of our highways were unmarked by number or guideposts? Yet that is the state of affairs in civilian aviation today.

Let us draw another analogy. Suppose all railroad stations were either municipally or personally owned, and railroad trains had to arrive where the city fathers chose, had to dicker each year or so for the privilege of using the station, and had nothing to say about the tracks or the signal systems.

That is the state of affairs in commercial aviation today.

What the country needs, and could have had were it not for politics and false economy, is a national network of air lanes, well marked, and a law requiring every airplane to be equipped to interpret those markings.

It needs, furthermore, a uniform airport program. Both can be had when Congress is made aware that we are in an age of air travel and air defense; and Congress will become aware of it when the citizens tell their representatives to stop playing horse.

This is not only a concern of those who want to travel by air, but of major importance to those who do not want airplanes coming through the roofs of their homes on foggy nights, or crashing into the schools where their children are learning to be air-minded. It is of importance to all citizens who want their country to be ready to prevent war if it threatens, and to win it speedily if it comes.

The national airways program should mean a complete network of routes marked directionally by radio beams, and periodically identified by additional radio signals vertical to the routes which, by sound or by causing lights on the instrument board to glow, will tell the pilot exactly where he is. For example, any man piloting any airplane from Chicago to Oakland, California, should be able and be required to know that he is on his course between those cities, and also what towns are beneath him, despite fog, snow, rain, or impenetrable night. The lovely revolving beacons dotting the country are as obsolete as a hand crank on an automobile, and visible only when the pilot doesn't need them.

WALTER KARIG

born in New York, has lived and worked all over the United States. In 1921 he joined the staff of the Newark Evening News and is now chief of that paper's Washington Bureau. He is the author of Asia Is a Good Neighbor, a humanized history of American-Asiatic relationships, and of many juvenile adventure books. He also wrote a best-selling adult mystery story, Death Is a Tory, using the pseudonym of Keats Patrick. He is married and lives in Virginia with two daughters, two horses, two goats, two cats, three dogs, and two ambitions—to paint portraits and to see even more of the world than he has.

BUT this program, toward which a start has been made, will be less than half efficient until all airplanes are at all times obliged to carry flight- and signal-receiving devices. There is no such regulation for private airplanes, including those chartered for non-scheduled passenger flying. Manufacturers and owners are opposed to such requirements—the instruments cost too much, they say. Consequently, scarcely a day passes without narrow escapes from mid-air collisions, simply because two airplanes are converging upon a landing area without knowledge of each other.

Well, automobiles could be built cheaper without brakes, too. It is just as sensible to permit all but transport airplanes to fly without guides as it would be to require only busses to have brakes, horns, or headlights. A lot of people would be dumb enough to take advantage of such fool laxity; and thousands of flyers and their passengers are that dumb, that foolhardy, and that careless of the lives of other persons in the air and on the ground.

There is little doubt as to who shall write the regulations and enforce them. It is essentially a federal responsibility. Aviation is an interstate business. It has no excuse to exist otherwise. Airplanes cannot be bound by state lines, or regulated in flight by the rules of the commonwealths over which they pass. There is plenty of room for doubt whether the federal government should have a hand in such local or regional concerns as relief for the unemployed and minimum wages for those who have jobs, but only the federal government has the authority and the cash to regulate aviation. It has been lax in using its authority and stingy in using its money, and that is just as bad for the people who wouldn't leave terra firma for a million dollars as it is for those who own airplanes or ride in them for cash.

Why? Politics. Politics in the Department of Commerce, politics in Congress.

The first fault has been somewhat eliminated within the past few months. Director Fagg of the Bureau of Air Commerce has been doing a good job from all accounts, and, what is important, he has been allowed to do it. Fagg has created a voluntary unpaid advisory council on which are represented all branches of aviation, military, naval, commercial, private. It is headed by one of the most knowledgeable and experienced men in the business, Lieutenant Richard Aldworth, who won the Distinguished Flying Cross as an army pilot and who is superintendent of Newark Airport, the busiest in the world. This committee has been given the task of formulating new flying regulations, not only bringing the antiquated and insufficient rules up to date but necessarily ahead of the times to anticipate the growth of air traffic.

The main reason the United States has only a dozen well marked airways is lack of money. Congress has been stingy for a number of reasons. Ignorance is one—ignorance not only of the vital need of such airways for the safety of those who fly and those who remain on the ground, but of the necessity which would become apparent overnight in time of war. Congress is stingy also because it is parochial-minded. Representative Dumbunny isn't going to vote funds to erect a radio beam and weather-reporting station in Wyoming unless one is built in his home town on Oyster Island.

In 1932, when transport airplanes carried 474,279 passengers on scheduled flight, Congress gave the Bureau of Air Commerce an appropriation of $10,362,300. In 1936, with airplane passengers numbering 1,020,931, the appropriation was $5,909,800. In five years the number of passengers had more than doubled, the number of miles flown had more than doubled, the speed and size of aircraft had increased 50 per cent, but the appropriation had been cut in half. Congress was more concerned with the expenditure of vote-catching dollars camouflaged as relief, and the Bureau of Air Commerce was in a wrangle of political feuds and jealousies.

This year Congress and the Commerce Department both woke up. The appropriation to be spent between July 1 and next June 30 is $11,694,768, of which $3,037,800 is to be devoted to establishing air-navigation facilities. Only $628,000 is for pay roll. Under bureau supervision much of that three million is going into marked airways, linked by radio and teletype so the ground stations along the route will know what airplanes are in the air, at what time, and over what place, and the pilots will know what the weather conditions and the traffic may be ahead of them.

Unfortunately, there isn't money enough to do more than modernize some—not all—of the established airways. Creating new ones must wait upon another year and another appropriation.

A national airport program could be achieved very quickly too, but not very cheaply as measured in dollars. Measured in terms of human lives and human progress, it will never be accomplished more cheaply than is possible right now.

The necessary requirements are, first of all, a standardized but expansible airport design, and, secondly, federal cash aid in building and maintaining the airports to that standard.

Enough money was wasted by WPA in building airports which will be shoulder-high in weeds before ten ships take off from them, to finance every major city in building an adequate airplane terminal. The big hazard is local politics, for which the people like ourselves are strictly responsible.

A MUNICIPAL airport is such a gaudy means of advertising the local bigwig who can get himself identified with it that it's a wonder we are not worse off than we are. Some of the biggest airports in the country, to my intimate knowledge, are handicapped because the local factional political leaders in power consider them first from the standpoint of a political asset and as a public utility last.

And so to the summation. What do we expect of civilian aviation? A faster, safer means of long-distance transportation of passengers and mail, which can immediately be converted into a major arm of national defense. What do we need to accomplish that? Many things. More airways, each one as well marked in respect to direction and local identification as our highways, and airplanes *all* equipped mechanically to utilize those guides; also, adequate airports managed in the public interest.

How are we to achieve these necessities? Through more money and less politics. Maybe that doesn't apply to aviation alone. Maybe that's what you and I need badly. But we are talking about aviation. The money should be spent on directional beams, location markers, continuous weather reporting, and upon enlarging and maintaining airplane terminals and way stations. More men are badly needed to man the ground service. All of the radio beams and the markers and weather-reporting facilities are useless without a complete network of communications, station-to-station and ship-to-station and ship-to-ship. There should be a fund for experimenting with airplanes and radio, too; but that is approaching the ideal and we had best stick to the essential needs.

That's where the money should go, and it would take a whole lot less than you imagine; not enough to add a nickel a year to the gross total of your taxes.

And where the politics should go needs no debate. Out the window!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—Richard Harding Davis (1864-1916).

2—Missouri and Tennessee.

3—Jesus and Peter, Matthew 14:25–33 (especially 25 and 29)—"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. . . . And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus."

4—Okapi, rabbit, panda.

5—In Australia, for the laughing jackass (*Dacelo gigas*) is a bird of the kingfisher family, about the size of a crow, and is native to the island continent.

6—In December, 1862. General Ulysses S. Grant, commanding the Department of the Tennessee, issued the order expelling them in order to stop illicit trading in cotton and other commodities. President Lincoln had the order revoked more than a month later.

7—Between three and four dozen.

8—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson.

9—One of the obelisks is in London on the Thames' Victoria Embankment; the other is in Central Park, New York City. Both were cut in Egypt about 1500 B. C.

10—Benito Mussolini.

11—Shakespeare's Hamlet.

12—National Commander of the American Legion.

13—Copper, zinc, and nickel.

14—Christopher Columbus'.

15—Coleslaw, meaning cabbage salad.

16—William Johnston, Tilden's mate on the Davis Cup team.

17—That which separates Canadian from United States territory; about 5,525 miles long.

18—Decidedly not; slightly more than twice as many children are born "upstairs."

19—Iowa, Delaware, Kentucky.

20—

J. Verd

OH DADDY! THERE'S NO GUM HERE
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM
DRUGS
R-222

Always have a supply of gum on hand. Your druggist will gladly serve you. Just ask for:

½ dozen packages of Double Mint

BOYS!

SEND THIS NOW!

FREE PRIZES FOR YOU!

Get yourself a free bike . . . Football equipment . . . Hunting Knives . . . golf and tennis equipment . . . anything you want . . . all FREE! At the same time, you get extra spending-money *in addition* to the prizes! It's free—easy—and *fun!*

Send that coupon for details and free book of over 450 prizes!

L 10-9-37

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,*
205 East 42 Street, New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can become a Boy Salesman and make money and win prizes.

NAME ______________________ AGE ______

ADDRESS ______________________________

CITY ____________________ STATE ________

Have your parents show approval by signing here:

____

FREE ENLARGEMENT Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.
GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 785, Des Moines, Iowa

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

Vox Pop

Expert Wine Grower Sees Great Future

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment has by no means settled the prohibition agitation. Whatever may be the views about the use of light table wines, I believe that some solution somewhere between the distillery and the total-abstinence idea must be worked out in our country.

As much if not more than any other land on earth, the United States is a natural grape-growing country—California, now in the lead, being one of the few states that did not grow grapes naturally.

There is not a state of the whole forty-eight that cannot grow wine grapes profitably.

Wine-grape growing presents a new agricultural development that might vie in importance with our cotton crop, our wheat crop, or our corn crop, but if seriously undertaken might easily in the next generation give pleasant employment to from twenty-five to thirty million people and really might lay the ghost of agitation on prohibition or the attempt to legislate total abstinence into the American acceptance.

The wine business can never be developed in this country as any sort of adjunct to the liquor traffic. It has nothing in common with it as to agricultural production, personal use, or physical effect. You will understand, of course, that I am referring always to light, natural wines. Once the production of such goods is placed in the channel of food products and encouragement given by leaders of thought and conduct in our social structure, it is not at all unreasonable to expect that a much larger development could be brought about than has been done in the case of the use of cigarettes by the simple expedient of getting women to adopt the habit of smoking them, or in the case of the wonderful automobile development by Mr. Ford's demonstration that a good and advanced means of locomotion could be put within reach of every one.

My observation of French soil and especially of French climate is that we have ten times the natural advantages in soil and climate that are enjoyed jointly by France and Italy.—*Paul Garrett, Dean of American Wine Growers.*

SCORE WAS TIED BUT UMPIRE WASN'T

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Some years ago, when cowhands wore chaps and guns for other purposes than decoration, one Pete Onion (now district judge in San Antonio), so bedecked, was acting as high arbitrator at one of those " no one knows how or when would end " ball games.

The score was tied and nerves were tense. A ball was hit and the play at first was close—too close. Pete hesitated a moment before unsmilingly deciding, " Boys, it's a tie; you'll have to play that one over."—*Rodney S. King.*

HOG SILICOSIS

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I wish to make a reply to A Hog Raiser's letter, which appeared in August 7 Vox Pop.

In regard to his explanation of why a hog wallows in mud, I believe that he is radically wrong.

According to tests conducted to find out if hogs could be raised in a sanitary hogpen, it was found that the hogs developed a peculiar hacking cough.

Further tests brought out the fact that the reason hogs wallowed in mud was because total dryness was fatal to their lungs. That is, the dust created by the dryness got into their lungs and created a condition similar to silicosis in man.

The dry particles of dust cut the hog's lungs and caused an irritation which made them cough, which tore their lungs till they died.

Sprinklers were installed in the sheds and made for moist air, thus making a mudless hogpen.—*E. Stoddard.*

LICKED!

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—In answer to C. H. Boyer (August 21 Vox Pop) I will further complicate the issue raised by him.

It is true that a German boy licked the colored boy who licked the champion. However, it seems that the colored boy licked the champion who licked a certain Jewish boy who made paste of the German boy.

Officially the colored boy is the champion, and in order to strengthen his position he should meet the German boy again. Although the dusky boy is a sucker for a good right hand, I still believe he would take the German boy into camp if they meet again.—*M. B. T.*

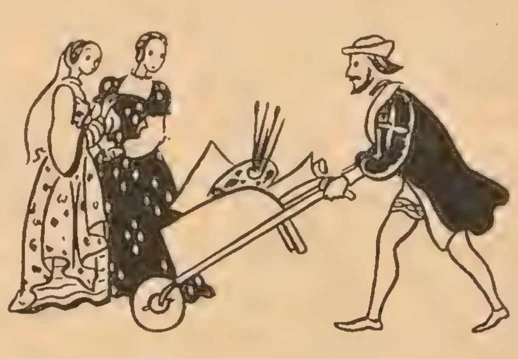
DUBUQUE, IA.—Tell C. H. Boyer that *he* is the champ when it comes to " mixing it " with words. His letter had me down for a count of twenty.—*Ray Ring.*

MACFADDEN'S EDITORIALS SANEST AND BEST

PORTLAND, ORE.—The Macfadden editorials in Liberty are the sanest and best to be found anywhere, and I admire his balance and his grit.

In his August 21 editorial, however, there is a trace of narrowness. In it he remarks that a housemaid mothered a genius. Why not? Few expert bridge players have done as much. Personality or soul is a thing apart from the physical activities in which one may be engaged.

Michelangelo was the first genius to be clever enough to invent and push a wheelbarrow, but many a " genius " has pushed one since!



Jesus called His disciples from the fishermen, not among the Caesars, and anyway, " Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, that he is grown so great? "

At any rate, long live the editor!—*Mrs. Leighton G. Platt.*

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK WENT TO BOTH COLLEGES

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—In Fulton Oursler's interview with Madame Chiang Kai-shek (August 7 Liberty) he referred to her as a graduate of Wellesley College.

Credit for the development of the ideals and character of this splendid and capable woman should go to the missionaries of the Southern Methodist Church—Methodist Episcopal Church, South—through whose efforts her father became a Christian and a member of that church and through the continuance of which influence she was sent to *Wesleyan College* at Macon, Georgia.

Wesleyan is owned and operated by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. From its gates have gone forth many of our nation's finest women. To its atmosphere and the broad vision and ideals of its faculty China owes much.—*H. O. Pemberton.*

[Madame Chiang Kai-shek went to both Wesleyan College at Macon, Georgia, and Wellesley College in Massachusetts.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ONLY TWO INCHES NEEDED FOR EASY PARKING

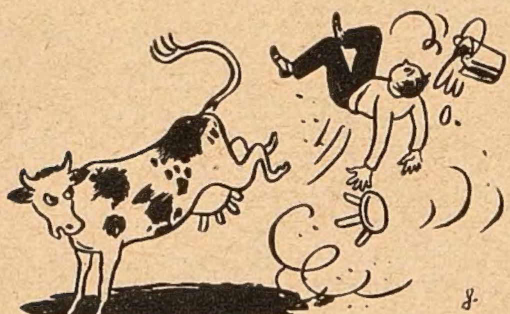
WASHINGTON, D. C.—For the benefit of Mr. George Durst (August 21 Vox Pop), if he will consult the Official Gazette of the Patent Office for the issue of the first week in August, if I am not mistaken, a patent was granted an inventor for a parking device wherein the inventor claimed one inch front and rear was all the space needed for successful and easy parking.—*Mary P. Dorsey.*

THAT COLLEGIATE COW!

YAKIMA, WASH.—As some of the kickers say, this is just too too much. The man who took his cow to college (August 21 Vox Pop) may have learned to throw the bull, but he certainly didn't learn much about milking a cow; that is, if he followed the routine as illustrated. Usually the cow is fussy about left-side operations, but this one being educated may be different.

Anyhow, one sometimes wonders about these illustrators and what they really can draw. I couldn't do nearly so well, and the drawing is O. K., but the idea is all wet.

You could have a sequel showing bucket, stool, milker, etc., all in the air—which is about where they would be in a case of this kind.—*Edna M.*



"I Am The Dead!"

(At the end of August the National Safety Council reported that motor vehicles took 2,270 more lives in the first seven months of this year than in the corresponding period of 1936.)

I am the dead. One year ago I was the sleeping infant in arms, the frolicking child, the rollicking youth, the laborer rushing to his work, the mother at her shopping, the aged person with faltering step.

Today—37,000 strong—I lie in my grave, crushed, broken, lifeless. A year from now, 37,000 will join me in the eternal silence of death.

You who opened wide the throttle—who tore terrifyingly through city streets—who went at blinding speed across country intersections—who laughed and shouted before the tire blew or the curve loomed suddenly ahead—YOU sent me 15,000 strong to my doom.

You who wove in and out of traffic—
You whose brakes were faulty—
You who wove in and out of traffic, the swine of the highway—
You who passed on a curve or a hill—
You who turned on blinding lights—
You who benumbed your brain with booze—

I am the dead. To you I cry out from my grave for mercy to others before they join me. WILL YOU ANSWER?

—*William F. McDermott,*
Chicago, Ill.

STOP HIM IF HE'S WRONG ON POETIC LICENSE

HEMINGFORD, NEB.—Under the spur of W8BRE's criticism (August 21 Vox Pop) of the story, Three Men—and a Boat! and many other criticisms over a long time in your department, I am compelled to conclude that the majority of these critics want their fiction to be all facts and facts all fiction.

Tell me if I'm wrong, but after more years than I like to tell of voluminous reading of every class of literature (for information mostly) I took it as a generally accepted fact that an author of fiction enjoyed the privilege of what might be called poetic license in fabricating his stories, and was not expected to be a dictionary, encyclopedia, or yet again an advanced course in English.—*Eugene Russell.*

HUMAN NATURE IN VOX POP

ATLANTA, GA.—I have just finished August 28 Liberty, reading it from cover to cover. Maybe it's because I read Vox Pop last—and because I like it so well—but it really is the most refreshing two pages printed in any magazine. Why not increase it to four, six, or more?

I am sure there would be no difficulty in securing enough material, as I could write three pages myself (consult your files or wastebaskets for verification).

I think there is more and clearer revealed human nature in Vox Pop than in the rest of the combined pages of Liberty.

How about it, folks—I am right, am I not?—*Clyde S. Carter.*

WE'RE O. K. IN PAHOKEE

PAHOKEE, FLA.—When editors print things they frankly disagree with, and which have been unpopular with those in financial control, they show some courage and an unusual degree of intelligence.

Your printing of Upton Sinclair's An Open Letter to President Roosevelt (August 14 Liberty) is to be commended, and at least partly redeems you for the oversensational and largely false account of Commonwealth College you printed some months ago.—*Harold Emery.*

A BIRD CALLED "OLD ABE"

LENNOX, CALIF.—During childhood I heard weird stories of a bird. That during the Civil War it followed a Northern regiment and perched above its Stars and Stripes, and during a battle would soar above the strife.

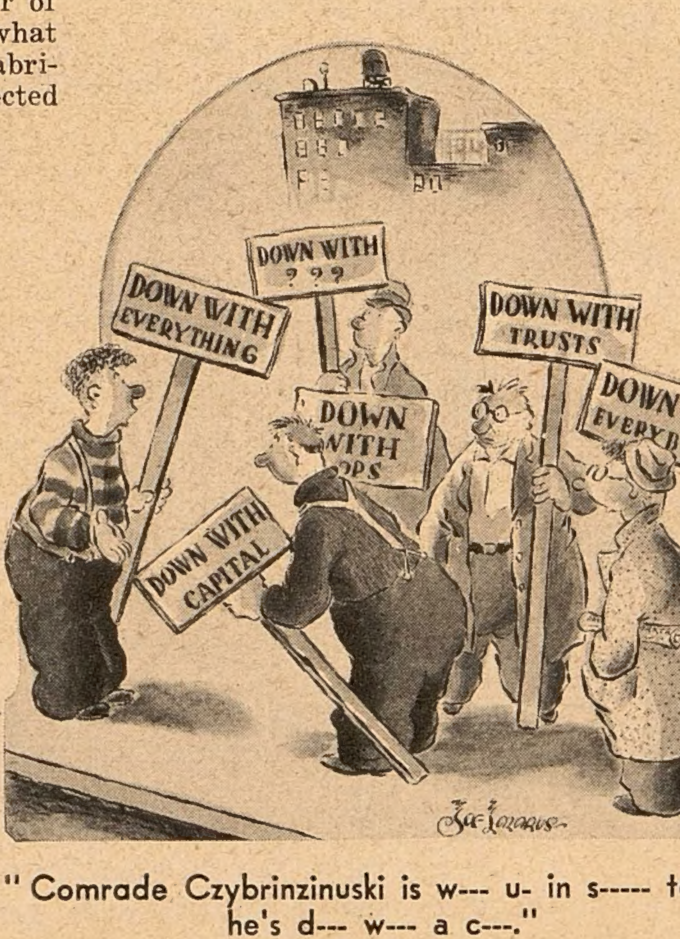
Its scream of delight could be heard above the din below.

Then, when the trumpet sounded "Cease firing," the bird would return to its perch above the standard, gorged and covered with gore. It seemed to have a charmed life.

If such there were, an authentic history of it in Liberty's pages would be greatly appreciated.

My narrator told of seeing it at the battle of Missionary Ridge, and it was called Abe or Old Abe.—*J. M. H.*

FILL-IN STATION



"Comrade Czybrinzinuski is w--- u- in s----- today; he's d--- w--- a c---."

(Can you fill in the missing words? The solution is on page 62)

SUGGESTS POINT NO. 10 FOR PROSPERITY PLAN

WADSWORTH, KAN.—In August 28 Vox Pop, Mr. W. S. Kendall offered a Five-Year Prosperity Plan giving nine points. I wish to add point number ten, which I think is vital to the workingman, with or without a family to support.

As an illustration, 2,200 employees have been out of work since May 25 in Kansas City, Missouri, just because Montgomery Ward Company and the Labor Board had to thresh out some legal question; and now that the local court has done all it can, an appeal has been made to a higher court, and it will probably go to the Supreme Court within the next year or two, during which time the man who needs to work has lost all this salary if he has been unable to get work elsewhere. So—

No. 10. When a labor dispute arises, whether the fault of labor or employer, a precedent to all agreements for settlement of disputes is that *no stoppage of work shall take place before or during the negotiations.*

This would be a direct benefit to the wage earner—and God knows he needs it.—*H. A. N.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The nine-point Five-Year Prosperity Plan as outlined by Mr. Kendall is utterly worthless. It reeks with Fascism.—*C. F. Richardson.*

A Great Labor Leader Blows Up

WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, has written for next week's Liberty one of the most outspoken documents in the current dispute among the unions. His article, Why I Am Unalterably Opposed to the Sit-Down Strike, has all the unexpectedness and force of an explosion. Never before has the head of craft unionism in the United States expressed his views with such blistering frankness. Liberty prints what Mr. Green has to say, not because we necessarily agree with him but because it is a contribution to a debate of first importance to the country. Following our custom, we have offered Mr. John L. Lewis an equal amount of space in which to reply in behalf of the C. I. O. We are awaiting word from Mr. Lewis with great interest.

* * *

AMERICA HAS ANOTHER serious problem this week; perhaps it could be called one of the most serious of all matters to the average citizen—the World Series baseball games. One night recently we had the pleasure of a long talk with Joe DiMaggio. Joe told some of the fine points to watch for in a World Series game. His ideas were so interesting that we asked him to put them in writing. So in Liberty next Wednesday you are going to find a first-rate baseball piece by Joe DiMaggio called How to Watch a World Series Game. If you listen to the games as broadcast over the radio you will find the article equally valuable, and —what is most important—Joe DiMaggio winds up his article with a suggestion that will startle the world of baseball. We think his new idea is first-rate.

See if you agree. If you do, we may start something, all of us together, that will make baseball bigger and better than ever.

* * *

ONE NIGHT IN SHANGHAI we were watching a troupe of Chinese magicians perform in the drawing room of Captain and Mrs. Ronald Boone. The captain is chief of the Intelligence Service of the United States Marines stationed in the Far East, and a busy boy these days. But at the party that night all was calm.

Watching the yellow wizard produce huge bowls of water and goldfish from a shawl was one dapper little man with dark eyes and mustache and a skeptical smile. He was Victor Keen, staff correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune, who last week got a salary increase from the home office for his remarkable work during the Japanese attack on Shanghai. When we talked with Keen, he had just come out of the interior of China; after a hazardous journey of two months, he had actually penetrated into the very heart of the Communist stronghold. We asked him if he had seen Agnes Smedley, the Iowa schoolteacher who was living with the Communists. He had indeed—he showed a sheaf of pictures he had taken of her—and then began to talk. What he described that night in Shanghai he will tell you next week in his remarkable article on Agnes Smedley.

* * *

THREE MURDERS IN A STUDIO. All America has talked about the strange deaths of Ronnie Gedeon, her mother, and the sleeping lodger. Next week Liberty will print a study of this crime by that remarkable analyst of puzzling cases, A Headquarters Old-Timer.

And in the reason for printing this and other stories about actual murders lies a curious twist in the history of storytelling. About thirty years ago the world and his wife were reading Sherlock Holmes. Soon detective books that imitated Doyle's appeared in shoals. The writing of detective tales, often fantastic, incredible, flourished as a prodigy among infant industries. So it went on until Bernarr Macfadden did a new thing—he started a magazine called True Detective Mysteries. From then on we have seen the rise of the fact detective story, and of writers like our friend the late Edmund Pearson who specialized in mysteries of real life. Pearson wrote many great detective cases for Liberty.

Today the detective fiction story is on the wane.

The public seeks reality, more and more of it, in detective stories. Hence the popularity of such experts in the field as A Headquarters Old-Timer, and hence the story of the real detective work in the Gedeon case in Liberty next week.

* * *

W. C. FIELDS wires, bewailing the fact that our Frederick James Smith quoted him on the subject of marriage and doctors. But Mr. Smith says it was all in the spirit of good fun—and, anyway, no one could think that W. C. Fields meant any harm to any one—except Charlie McCarthy!

* * *

THAT MARK TWAIN STORY we told you about keeps rolling right along. Now the WPA is translating it into Braille for free distribution to the blind.

* * *

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

—FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Ten Million Prejudiced Charity Voters....Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Love Story..............................Scott Littleton 7
Father's No Fool..........................Walter Brooks 14
Rooms for Tourists.....................Rosamond DuJardin 20
Fred Weiss Takes a Ride—Liberty's Short Short. .Karl Detzer 29

SERIALS

Call Me Jim—Part IV..................Frederick L. Collins 30
The World Goes Smash—Part IV.....Samuel Hopkins Adams 38
Bright Danger—Part VI.........................Max Brand 51

ARTICLES

Fugitive..................................Eugene Lyons 5
The Boy Who Shot His Father............Edward Doherty 12
Spencer Tracy Conquers Himself...........Frederick Lewis 16
Women and Children First.................Fulton Oursler 26
Stumble-Backs—Does Football Make Players Stupid?
Frank Scully 35
Guest Girl ....Geraldine York 44
Look Out Below!...........................Walter Karig 57

FEATURES

Twenty Questions..........28
The Book of the Week.....34
To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 46
Yesterday's Zenda Lives Again—Movies—by Beverly Hills 47
Crossword Puzzle..........50
Two-Minute Story by Bill McCormick 55
$1,000 "Count 'Em" Contest..............56
Vox Pop 60

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY HAROLD ANDERSON

Answer to Fill-in Station Cartoon on Page 61:
"Comrade Czybrinzinuski is with us in spirit today, he's down with a cold."

For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

Making Amateur Photography Pay
HOW AND WHERE TO SELL YOUR PICTURES
ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES THAT EDITORS PREFER
LIFE MAGAZINE
BY A. J. EZICKSON
A Small Business of Your Own
1000 SPARE TIME MONEY MAKING IDEAS
BY WILLIAM ALLAN
MAKING ART PAY
CHARLES HOPE PROVOST

MAKING AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY—By A. J. Ezickson of New York Times-Wide World Photos. Introduction by Willard D. Morgan, Contributions Editor, Life.

Tells how to make your camera pay with advice contributed by editors of Life, and other nationally known pictorial publications—what sort of pictures to take—how to take them for best effect—where to sell them (including over three hundred names and addresses of publications and other organizations who purchase photographs). Also tells how to caption and mail pictures to editors of newspapers, magazines, syndicates, etc. Twenty illustrations showing types of pictures most in demand. Your present collection may contain saleable prints. A fine practical book for anyone owning a camera who wants to make it pay. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

MAKING ART PAY—By Charles Hope Provost

For the advanced art student, recent graduate or any artist who has not yet arrived, a practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to aid in turning their artistic ability into cash. A special section is devoted to aiding beginners in developing talent and a market for their output. Written by a man with forty years of successful experience creating and selling art work of all kinds including advertisements, magazine covers, cartoons, mail order pieces, oil paintings, etc., this outstanding book can be of great value to you. Order today. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

A SMALL BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas—By William Allan Brooks

This helpful book contains 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest dependable business. It is intended primarily for the thousands of men and women who do not want to trust their economic security to the whims of an employer—also for the woman who wants to add to the family income, for the middle-aged man or woman dependent upon others, the recent college graduate and the student wondering how to earn tuition, it will prove a sound and dependable guide. The 1000 plans set forth are not creations of the imagination but true reports of the various ways in which thousands of persons right now are earning money by their own initiative. Substantially bound—send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

A.B.C. SHORTHAND
WILLIAM ALLAN BROOKS
CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK
1000
THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING
AN INSTRUCTION BOOK ON HUMOROUS DRAWING
BY CHUCK THORNDIKE

A B C SHORTHAND—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons

By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs nor symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today—$1.00. (Because of copyright reasons we cannot accept Canadian orders for A B C Shorthand.)

CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK—By William A. Brooks

Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING

is a fascinating book for amateurs, beginners and teachers of elementary art, illustrated with over three hundred humorous drawings and diagrams by the author, Chuck Thorndike. The unique method of instructing is amazingly simple. You can learn to draw a head, express amusement, anger, surprise, action. These are a few of the features covered in the ten practical lessons it contains. Other chapters explain comics, sports, advertising, and various types of cartooning. The author, a popular artist, is gifted with exceptional talent for teaching others. So constructed with its big 8¼ x 11 pages and heavy antique paper cover that it will lay flat open on the drawing board. Our timely offer, postpaid $1.00.

Use coupon today—money back if not satisfied.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.

Dept. L. 10-9
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

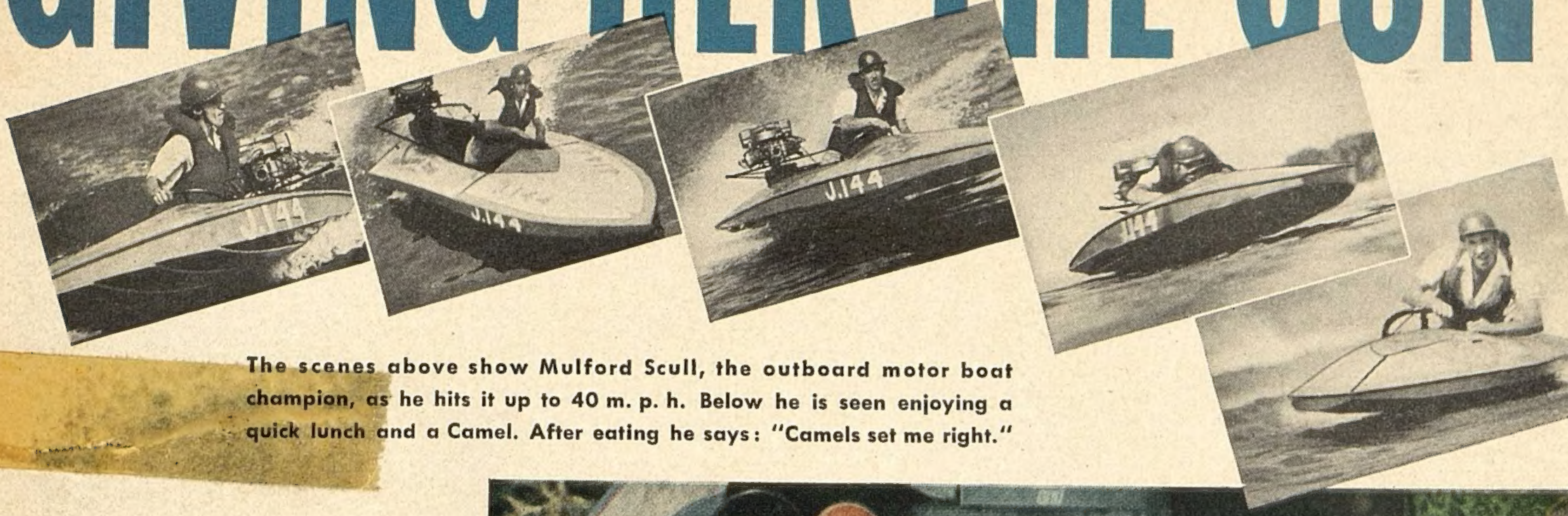
ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC. Dept. L. 10-9
205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

I enclose $........ for which kindly send me the book or books checked below. I understand my money will be refunded provided any book does not prove satisfactory.

☐ Making Amateur Photography Pay	$1.00	☐ A B C Shorthand	$1.00
☐ Making Art Pay	$1.00	☐ Civil Service Handbook	$1.00
☐ A Small Business of Your Own	$1.00	☐ Secrets of Cartooning	$1.00

Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....

GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

LIKES a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.

J.364
OUTBOARD-RACING-TEAM
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
SHOOTING STAR
J.64

IN 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension — are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylights out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there — all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

"A SALESGIRL can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels — once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band,* this Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

Costlier Tobaccos are Naturally Mild!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ... Turkish and Domestic ... than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOME
BLEND
CIGAR
CE QUALITY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!